Sept. 9, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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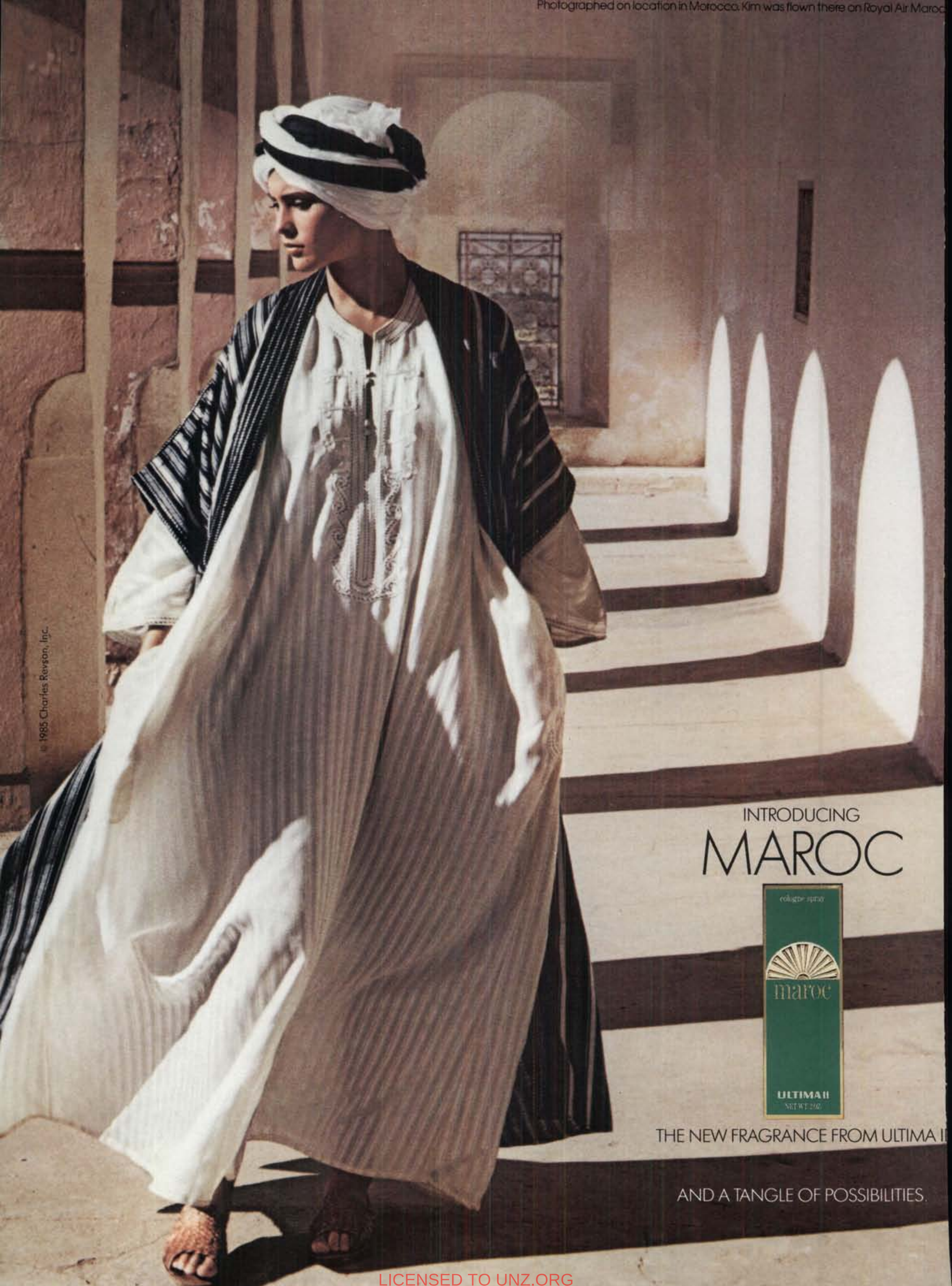
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the sizeable cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi, with a book by William Hauptman and music and lyrics by Roger Miller. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play, with a fine performance by Kathy Bates, as the mother of the family under examination. (9/2/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A comedy by David Wiltse about some fiercely competitive but not very interesting tennis players in far-off Norwalk, Connecticut. The director is Morton Da Costa. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Sept. 15: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **TWO CAN PLAY** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put-upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 29.)

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The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—A depressing novelty in theatrical history: the radical mutilation of a successful comedy by its author, Neil Simon, who has seen fit to turn the male characters in the original version into female characters. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) Following a week's vacation, performances resume on Tuesday, Sept. 10. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil

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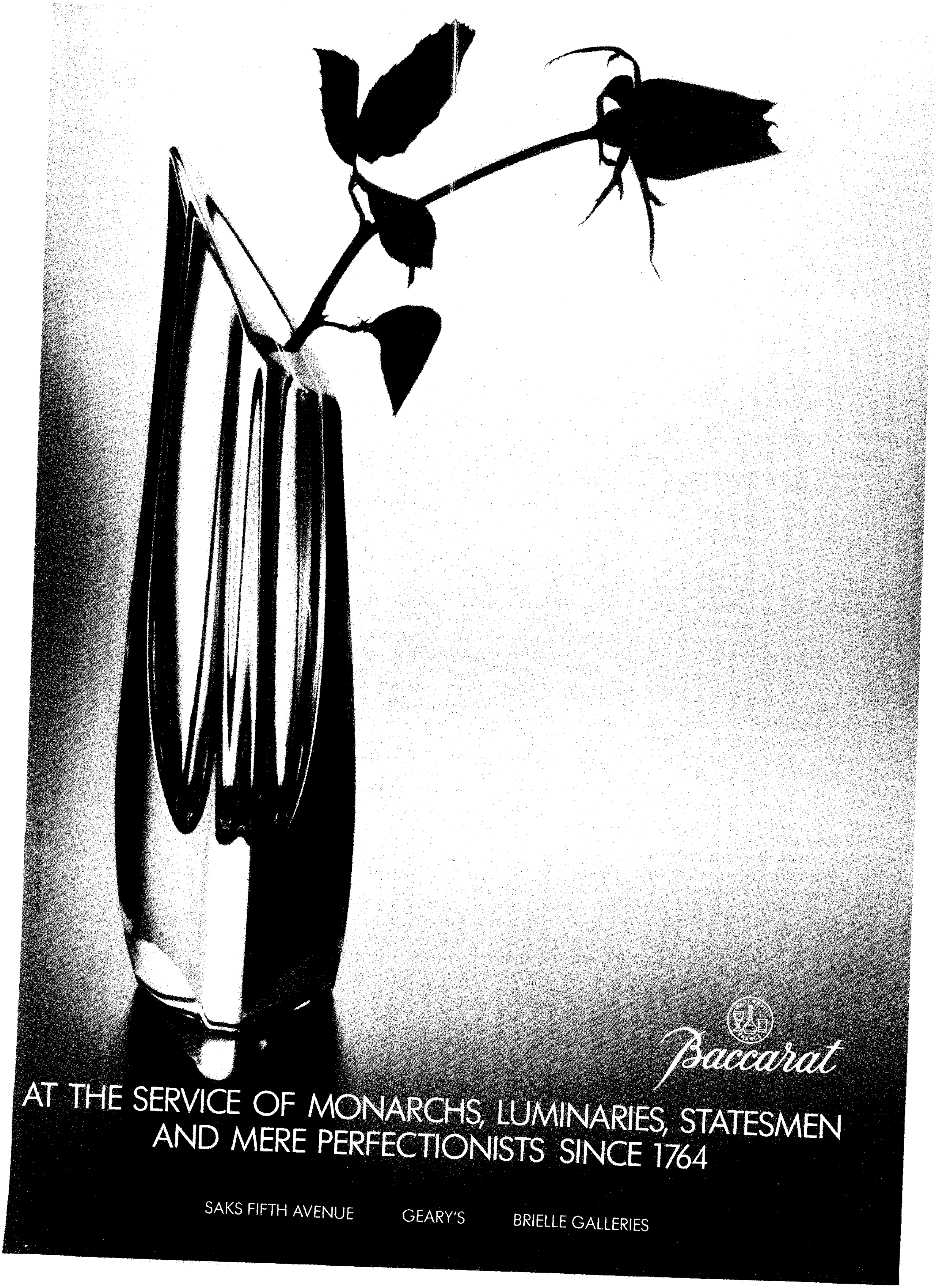
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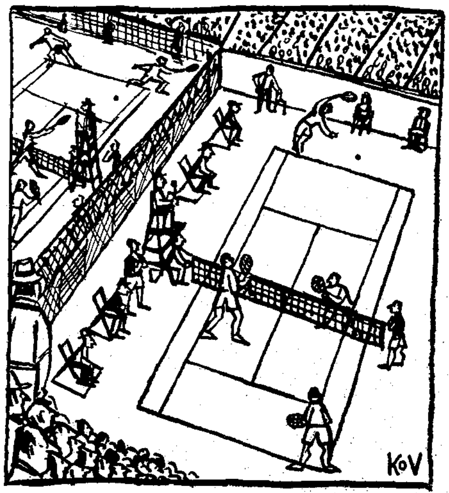
Simon's autobiographical comedy. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical starring Van Johnson and Walter Charles. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,552 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably Kevin Geer as a lovable halfwit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

FOLLIES—A concert version of the Stephen Sondheim (score and lyrics) and James Goldman (book) musical. With, among others, Barbara Cook, George Hearn, Lee Remick, and the New York Philharmonic conducted by Paul Gemignani. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 8.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)



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DANCE

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday, Sept. 4 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 477-3030), and Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 5-7, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 2: "La Bayadère," "Duets," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 8, at 8: "La Bayadère," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Tuesday through Thursday, Sept. 10-12, at 8: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 8: "La Bayadère," "Other Dances," "Duets," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30: "La Bayadère," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Theme and Variations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through Sunday, Sept. 15.)

INDIA FESTIVAL OF MUSIC AND DANCE—Thirty-six dancers and musicians from India presenting both classical and modern works. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 6:30; Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 11-13, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. **SONNY FORTUNE,** the driving, hard-edged alto saxophonist who can make an audience downright grateful for the age of the extended jazz solo, leads his quartet through Saturday, Sept. 7; Sunday, Sept. 8, singer Jerome Ames will work with his backup trio; Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 11-12, will belong to drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER'S** trio; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, will be claimed by the Richard Shulman trio. Mondays are now Mark Morganelli-jam-session nights. Sets begin about ten.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Outside, the Village streets teem with unbridled youth; inside, this dark, serene club offers up music for which there are no videos. **JON HENDRICKS** and **ANNIE ROSS** relive their musical past (known to the world as Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross) now that they're reunited onstage here; through Sunday, Sept. 8. Beginning Tuesday, Sept. 10, there will be more cooling-out on the vocal front, as **BLOSSOM DEARIE, BOB DOROUGH,** and **DAVE FRISHBERG** all come in. Monday, Sept. 9, will be devoted to bassist **MILT HINTON'S** band. Music from nine. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, the Zorro-like apparition **BO DIDDLEY,** rock-and-roll pathfinder and deviser of a jumping rhythm known for thirty years as the Bo Diddley beat, and the Nighthawks; Monday, Sept. 9, a festival of street entertainers; and Tuesday through Saturday, Sept. 10-14, **TOWER OF POWER** and Alan Havey. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate jazz duos. Pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and bassist Santi Debriano work together through Sunday, Sept. 8. On Monday, Sept. 9, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN,** a stalwart sideman and accompanist for Ella and others for years and composer of the classic "Freight Trane," will come in with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

CHINESE TEA ROOM, formerly Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** can be heard again, playing his delicate, elegant piano solos nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A snazzy downstairs jazz club. Soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON** performs Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8, and on Tuesday, Sept. 10, the very fine tenor saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkies, rockers, folk-rockers, and comics. Wednesday, Sept. 4, **ALEX CHILTON,** Naked Prey, and Salem 66; Thursday, Sept. 5, New York Improv Squad and Beverly Mickens; Saturday, Sept. 7, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE;** Sunday, Sept. 8, comedy night; Tuesday, Sept. 10, Stephen Thomas & Katie Mynette and Joe Ardigo; and Friday, Sept. 13, Kinvara, featuring Dolores Keane. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler; Sundays, **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano; on Mondays, pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A back-room restaurant that features Henry Francis, who is a research scientist part of the time and a robust stride pianist while he's here, which is Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by pianist Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by John Colianni. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. Longtime colleagues pianist **CEDAR WALTON** and super bassist **RON CARTER** are here enlightening patrons Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—A spirited, noisy, crowded hangout for expatriate Texans and French tourists, where they celebrate Texas Independence Day but not Bastille Day. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4-5, blues singer and guitarist **ALBERT KING** and the Bill Dicey Blues Band; Friday, Sept. 6, soul singer **WILSON PICKETT;** Sunday, Sept. 8, jazz and blues drummer **STEVE GADD'S** group and Sweet Liss & the Swells; Monday, Sept. 9, ex-Buffalo Spring-

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field drummer Dewey Martin and bassist Bruce Palmer and their band and Danny Toan; and Wednesday, Sept. 11, power pop from the fifties with the Ventures (after twenty-six years of practice, they really have "Walk Don't Run" down pat, and they even do "Telestar" and "Apache," too) and Joey Miserable & the Worms. Music after nine nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Eddy Davis and the Turn of the Century Minstrels are presenting a show called "The Roots of American Jazz." Music Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A worthy jazz and rhythm-and-blues haunt: pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will be present Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7; Monday, Sept. 9, **JUMP STREET,** a fine, swinging ten-piece band, will perform high-energy blues and jazz—everything from Willie Dixon's "Wang Dang Doodle" to Lee Morgan's "Sidewinder;" Tuesday, Sept. 10, will belong to Rhythmmotion; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, the great blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** will lead a quartet with bassist **RAY BROWN.** Roland Vazquez and his band play every Thursday. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS & THE SAVOY SULTANS** play such uplifting, swinging music that it's nearly impossible not to want to Lindy to it Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

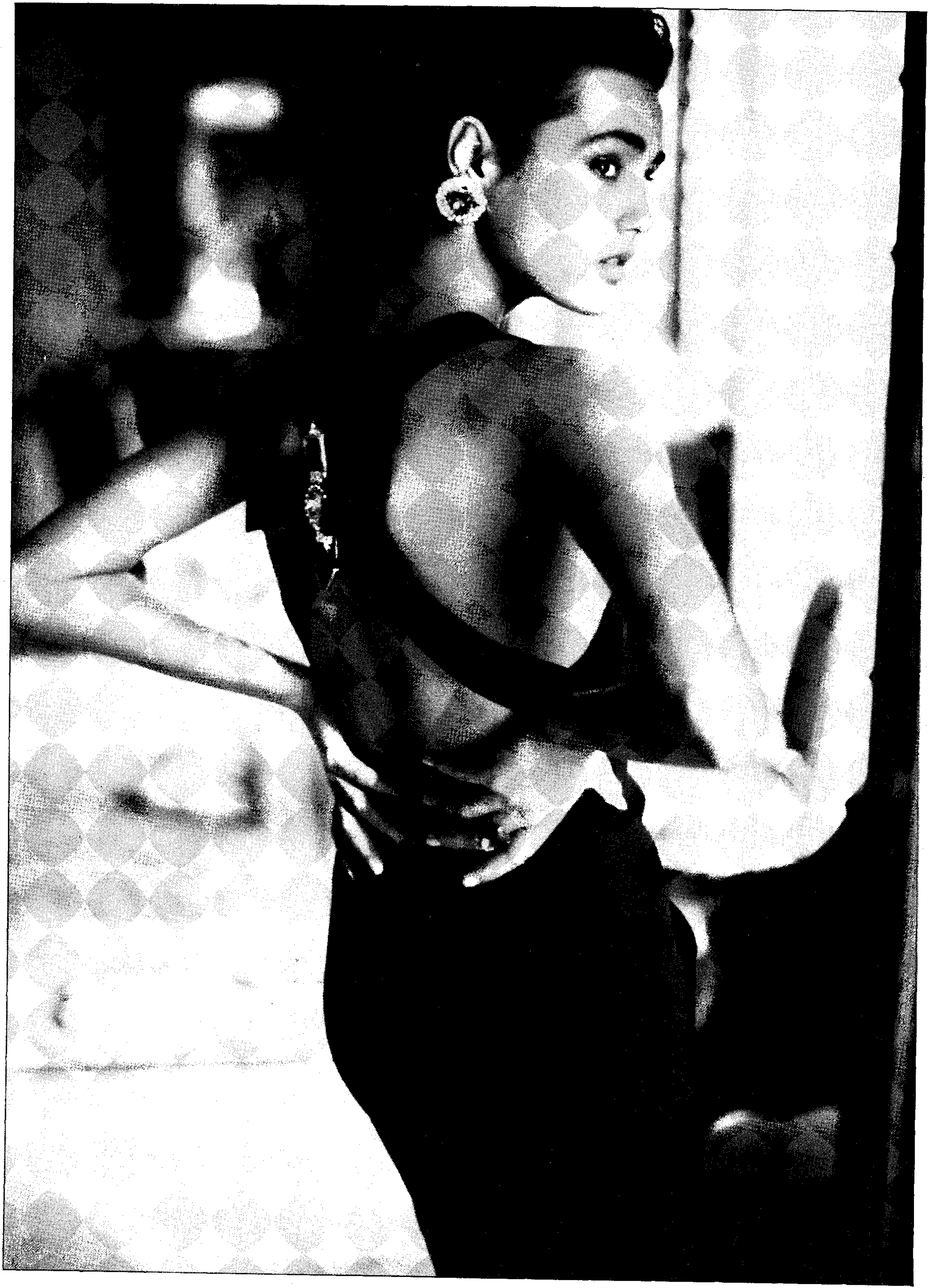
Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom, complete with eighties video, that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Thursday, Sept. 5, Newcleus and the Boogie Boys; Saturday, Sept. 7, the **FLESHTONES** and the Clintons; Monday, Sept. 9, Butch E. Ford; Tuesday, Sept. 10, **BABA OLATUNJI & DRUMS OF PASSION,** the **AFRICANA ALL-STAR JUJU BAND,** and **SARAH ABUKUTSA;** Friday, Sept. 13, Johnny Thunders and Angels in Vain; and Saturday, Sept. 14, the Weathergirls. Shows begin at nine Mondays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, funk, fusion, Latin-jazz lineup: Wednesday, Sept. 4, guitarist **VERNON REID;** Thursday, Sept. 5, Duda Band; and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, R. & B.-ists **WHO IT IS.** Mondays are reserved for the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This place offers the kind of authentic Brazilian (and African and salsa and reggae) exuberance that makes it feel like *carnaval* every weekend (and during the week isn't exactly dullsville, either). The music: Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4-5, the calypsonian **MIGHTY SPARROW;** Friday, Sept. 6, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Saturday, Sept. 7, a Brazilian Independence Day celebration with **PÉ-DE-BOI** and **LOREMIL MACHADO** among the participants; Sunday, Sept. 8, Cigano; Wednesday, Sept. 11, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Thursday, Sept. 12, **PABLO MOSES & THE REVOLUTIONARY DREAM BAND;** and Friday and Saturday, Sept. 13-14, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** guides his band here Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS** orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, exciting, adept salsa bands take over the big downstairs room at nine to play for excitable audiences. On Sept. 9, **EL GRAN COMBO; GRUPO FASCINACIÓN,** and saxophonist Tony Hinson, the guest jazz soloist, will all be present. On Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and his satisfy-



Karl Lagerfeld

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ingly haute-raunch gutbucket band will perform down here at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets through Sunday, Sept. 8; starting Tuesday, Sept. 10, **HILTON RUIZ** will take over the keyboard. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** also drops in on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The hallowed basement of jazz. Guitarist **CHARLIE BYRD** and tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** lead their quintet through Sunday, Sept. 8, and on Tuesday, Sept. 10, guitarist **LARRY CORYELL** will lead a quartet with guitarist **EMILY REMLER,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer **BILLY HART** in it. Monday nights are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Headquarters for non-matriculated jazz majors at Columbia. The Victor Lesser quintet is on the stand through Sunday, Sept. 8; Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 9-10, will belong to Shelton Gary; and on Wednesday, Sept. 11, trombonist **JIMMY KNEPPER** and pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will begin co-piloting a quintet. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleek and elegant piano-bass (and, sometimes, guitar-bass) and pasta hangout. **BILL MAYS** and **STEVE LA SPINA** are here through Saturday, Sept. 7, and **HAL SCHAEFER** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** will take charge starting Tuesday, Sept. 10. Sundays are now the property of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** who play compelling chamber jazz, and Monday, Sept. 9, will be given over to Brian Torff and James Williams. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

FRANK SINATRA—With Pete Barbutti. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Sept. 5, through Saturday, Sept. 14. Nightly, except Monday, at 8.)

LUTHER VANDROSS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday through Sunday, Sept. 5-8, and Tuesday, Sept. 10, at 7:30.

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DELAWARE DESTROYERS—With Southside Johnny & the Jukes. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Saturday, Sept. 7, at 8.)

"THOMAS COLE, A WAKING DREAM"—A theatrical music piece, with a score by Henry Threadgill, performed by the New York Art Theatre Institute and Mr. Threadgill's octet. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday, Sept. 11-14, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 15, at 3.)

FOREIGNER—With Joe Walsh. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8.)

BRYAN ADAMS—With Cock Robin. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8.)

JUDY CARMICHAEL—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8:30.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, Sept. 6: Haruko Nara quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7: Jerry Eastman & the Williamsburg Contemporary Composers' Orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14: Oliver Lake–Joseph Jarman quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Shows at 9 and 10:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

NIKI DE SAINT PHALLE—Large sculptures, cast in polyester and painted with acrylic, of figures from tarot cards; for instance, the Devil, *Death, and Temperance*. Through Oct. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

DOUGLAS FLORIAN—Abstract oil paintings by an artist who has contributed drawings to this magazine. Through Sept. 28. (22 Wooster Gallery. Opens at noon.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs related to this Conceptualist's earthworks. Through Saturday, Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

DAVID PARK (1911-60)—Figurative and still-life works done in oil, gouache, and ink on paper. Through Oct. 26. (Salander–O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Seventeen oils or gouaches, varnished like violins, by this Austrian Expressionist. The subjects include figures, landscapes, and boats. Through Saturday, Sept. 14. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ART ON THE BEACH—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. Through Friday, Sept. 13. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ Yoshiko Chuma & the School of Hard Knocks will perform on Wednesday, Sept. 4 (rain date Sept. 5), and Sunday, Sept. 8 (Sept. 12); Sun Ra & the Solar Arkestra will perform on Saturday, Sept. 7 (Sept. 11). All shows start at 6:30. On Saturday, Sept. 14 (Sept. 15), more than thirty performance groups and bands (many of which have been associated with this endeavor since its inception, in 1978) *will celebrate the conclusion of Art on the* Beach with continuous performances beginning at 1. Tickets at the gate.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARTISTS' CHOICE,** 394 West Broadway: "The Figure in the Landscape" is the title for this selection of paintings by thirty-four artists from all parts of the United States. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. . . . **RYAN,** 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St.: Color-linocut prints and their proofs and preparatory drawings, primarily from the thirties, by artists associated with the Grosvenor Art School, in London, who found modern movements, such as Cubism and Vorticism, well suited to this medium. Through Sept. 26. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two exhibits of Soviet photojournalism—some are prints used in the service of propaganda between 1917 and 1941, the rest show the Russian front during the Second World War. Through Sunday, Sept. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Photographs and works on paper, primarily, completed in the past year by Robert Mapplethorpe, Barbara Kasten, Sheila Metzner, and others. Through Sept. 20. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Black-and-white prints by four young Americans. For dates and times, see below under "Museums."

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians who lived there done by Swiss artist Karl Bodmer during an expedition in the early eighteen-thirties. Through Oct. 6. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano, built in 1720 by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ Also from the collection, fifty-five Chinese figure paintings (silk and paper hanging scrolls, handscrolls, album leaves, and fans), dating from the eighth century to the seventeenth. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. Through Oct. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** A show of more than forty photographs by Zeke Berman, Antonio Mendoza, Judith Ross, and Michael Spano. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

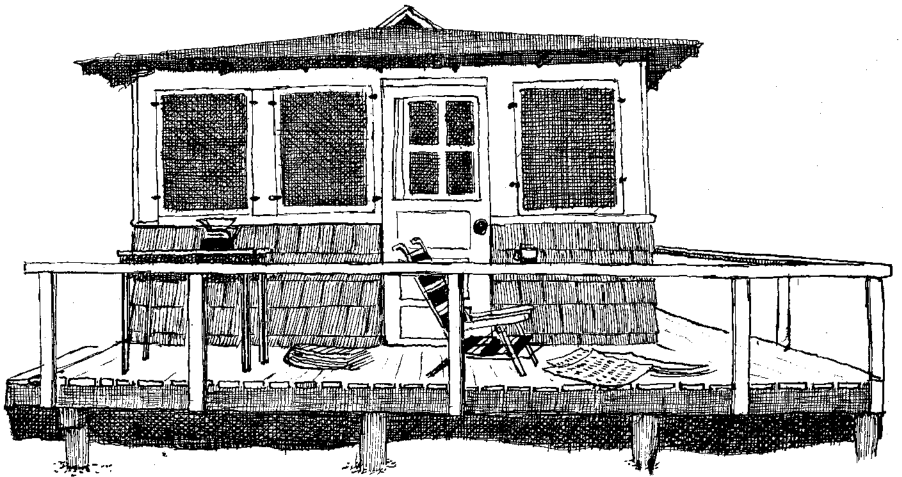
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ Models, drawings, and plans by architect Michael Graves for the proposed expansion of the Whitney Museum are on view in the lobby gallery. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

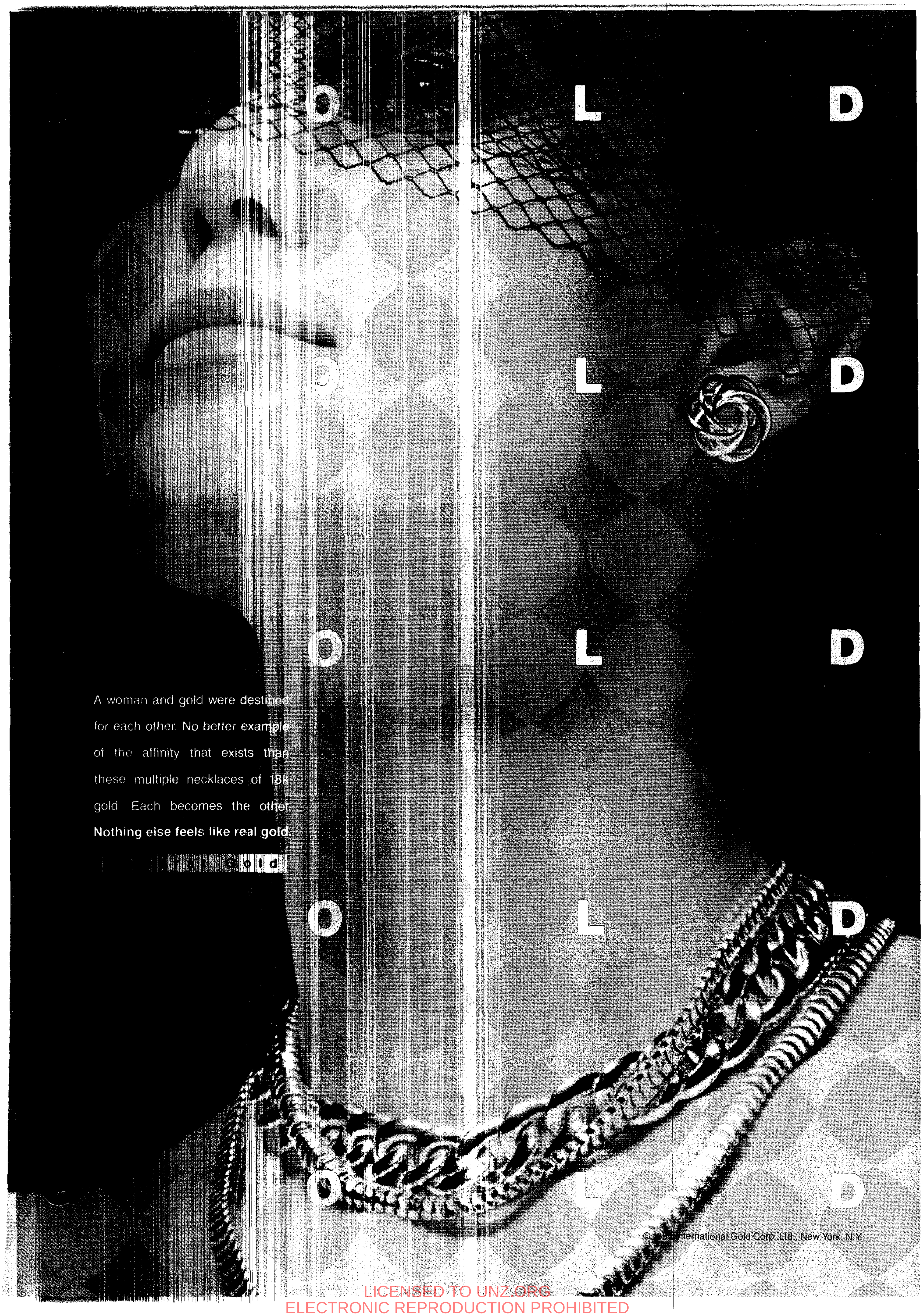
BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings, beaded wood sculptures, and ceremonial masks still used by Cameroon chiefs are among the objects on view from the West African nation. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, gob-



Stuart Leeds



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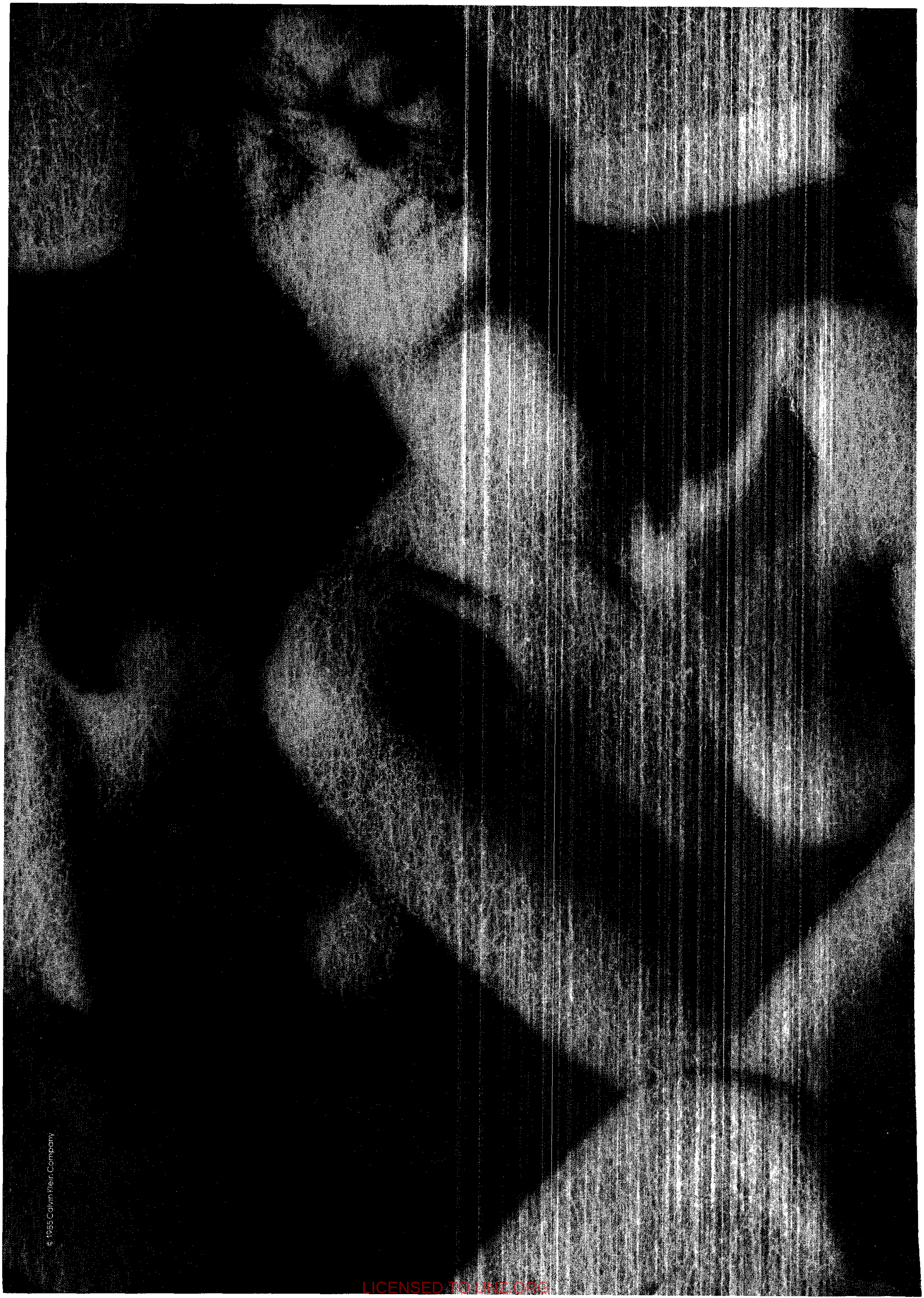

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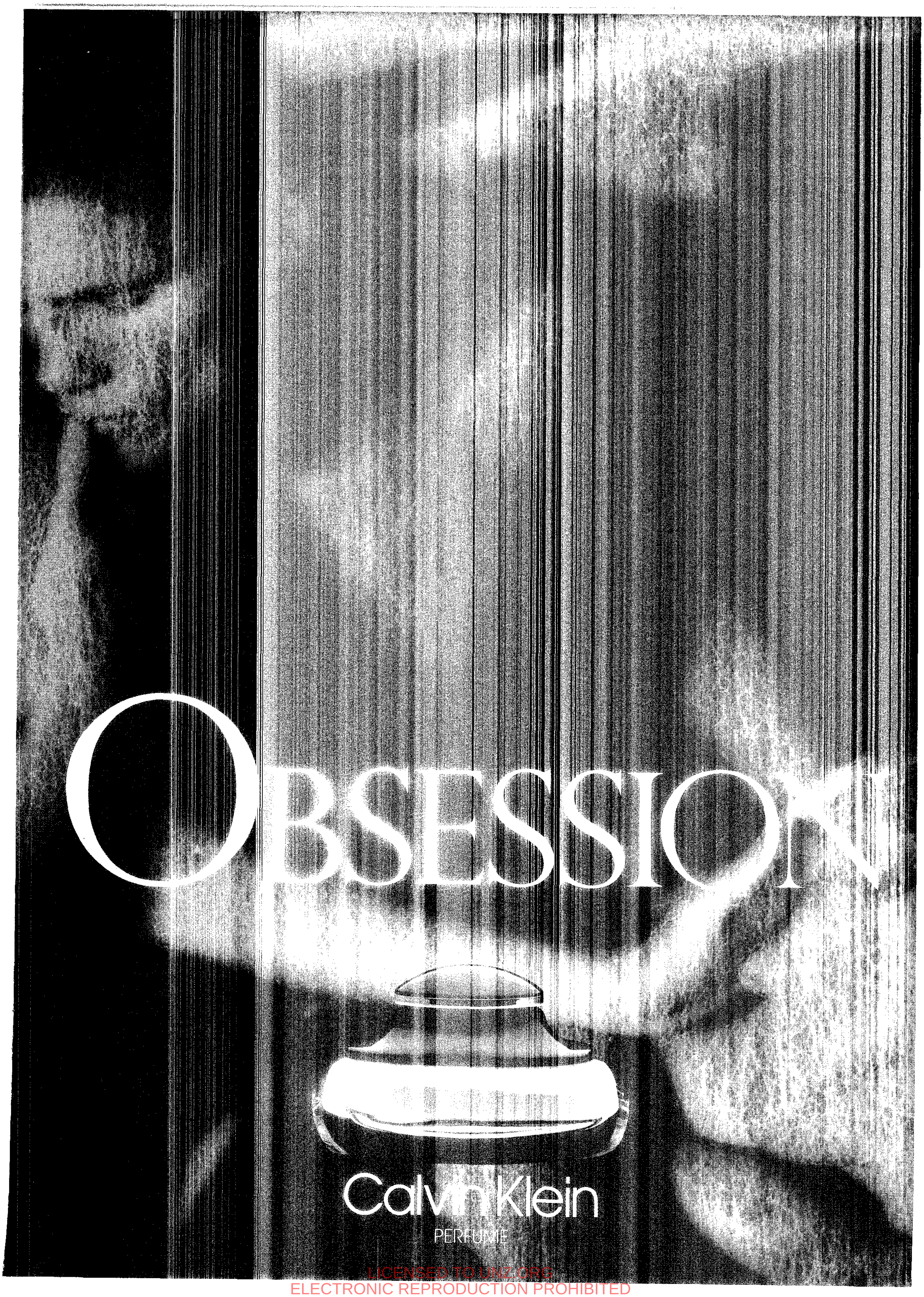
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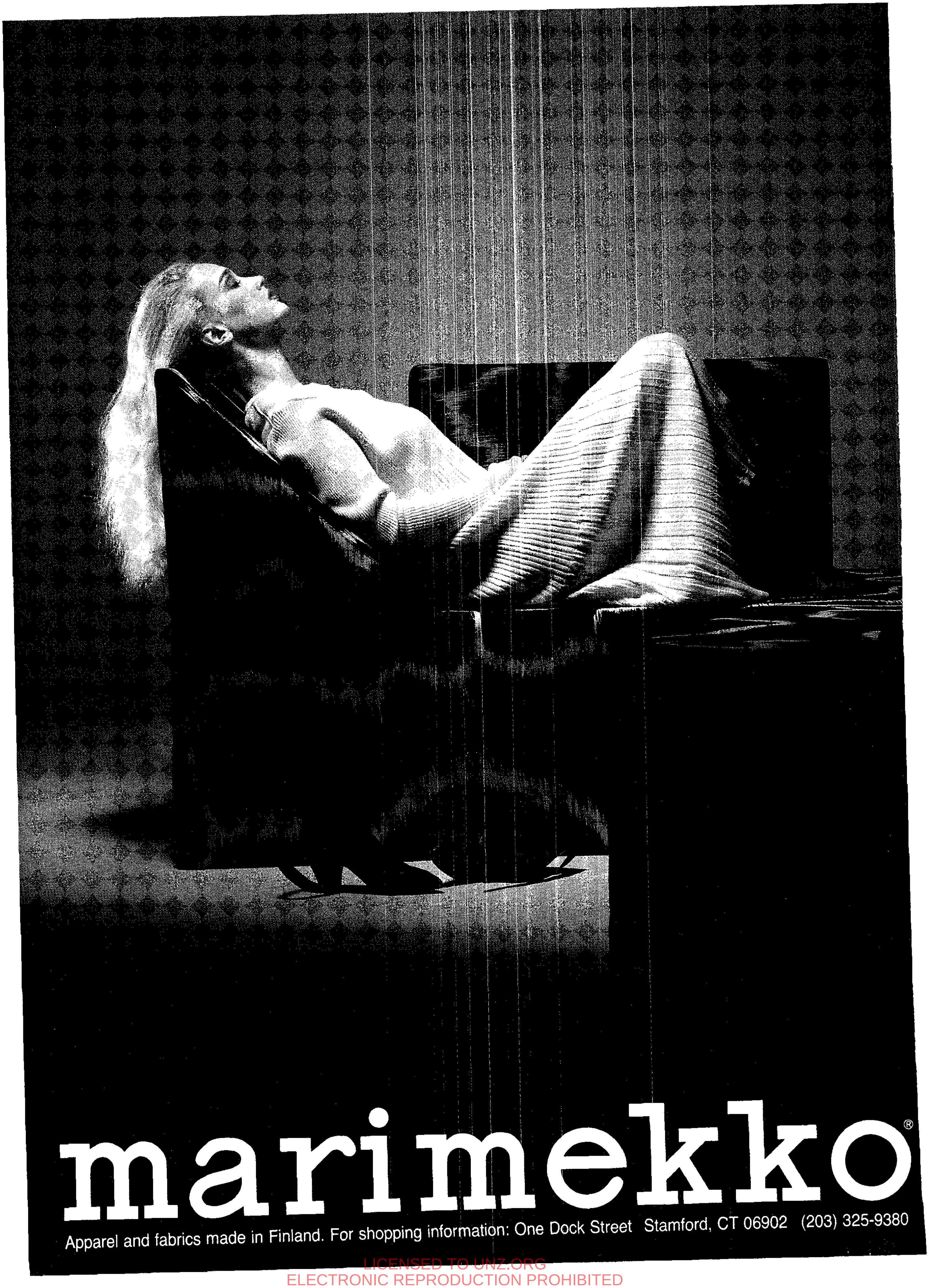

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lets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. Through Oct. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Primarily a show of drawings and watercolors from the Thaw collection, representing such artists as Rembrandt, Mantegna, van Gogh, Degas, and Klee. Also from that collection, a small selection of bronzes, silversmith works, and oil paintings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Saturday, Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Betina (performance), Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8:30; Stephen Holman and Danny Loker (performance), Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mark Anderson, Mark Dendy, Kinematic, Ralph Lemon, Barbara Mahler, and Nina Martin (performance and dance), Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 4-8, at 9; Man Act (performance), Friday through Sunday, Sept. 13-15, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8: "Turandot," with Linda Kelm, Elizabeth Hynes, Jon Fredrick West, and Harry Dworchak; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Leigh Munro, Susanne Marsee, Mark Thomsen, and Alan Titus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 7, at 2, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 7: "The Merry Widow," with Claudia Cummings, Carol Sparrow, Cris Groenendaal, and Michael Cousins; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8: "Manon," with Faith Esham, Richard Leech, William Parker, and William Dansby; José Serebrier. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8: "The Mikado," with Claudette Peterson, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Richard McKee; David Abell. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 8: A new production of Prokofieff's "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Rico Serbo, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 2: "Carmen," with Marianna Christos, Victoria Vergara, Harry Theyard, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Gran Wilson, and Richard McKee; Joseph Rescigno. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Saturday, May 17—Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8: A nonsubscription concert for the benefit of the Philharmonic, with Ravi Shankar, sitar, and drummers from southern India. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8; Friday, Sept. 13, at 2; Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8; and Tuesday, Sept. 17, at 7:30: A Copland–L. Subramaniam–Naresh Sohal program, with John Cheek, bass-baritone, and Mr. Subramaniam, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Sandor Balint and David Bradshaw—Violin and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Sept. 5, at 8.)

Hernan Pelayo and Joanna Wingert—Baritone and soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Sept. 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music—An all-Dvořák program, with Elizabeth Coss, soprano; Caroline Stoessinger, piano; and the Composers String Quartet. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Soon-Hee Lee—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

Eugene Bondi—Cello. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Wednesday, Sept. 4, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 8, and Sunday, Sept. 8, at 2. . . . ¶ Toronto, Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 12-14, at 8. . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Tuesday and Wednesday, Sept. 10-11, at 7:35, and Thursday, Sept. 12, at 1:35.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 1.)

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, Oct. 21. The Maskette, Saturday, Sept. 7, and the Astarita, the Futurity, and the Marlboro Cup Invitational, Saturday, Sept. 14. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Tennis—United States Open Championships. (U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center, Flushing Meadow. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 4-5, at 11 and 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Sept. 6-7, at 11; and Sunday, Sept. 8, at noon. For information about tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 3.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Bobbie Ann Mason reading from her new novel, "In Country." (Endicott Booksellers, 450 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. 787-6300. Monday, Sept. 9, at 8.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Fleet Theatre Company—Presenting performances of Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice." (Rotunda of the 79th Street Boat Basin, Riverside Park. Wednesday through Sunday, Sept. 4-8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

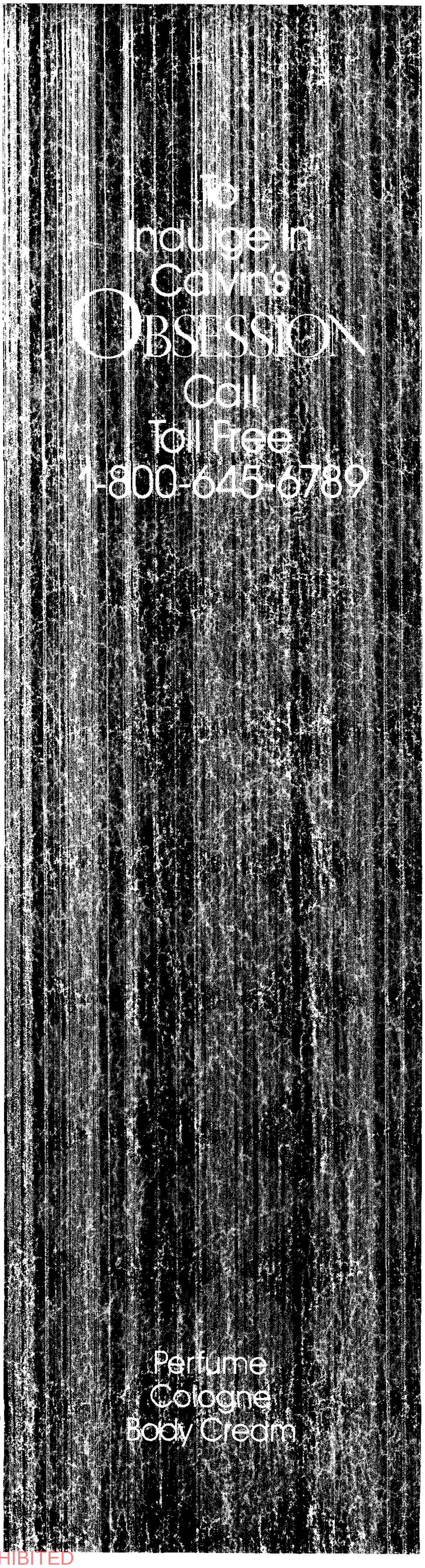
Naumberg Orchestra—Jens Nygaard conducting a Beethoven-Grieg program, with Steven Hough, piano. (Damrosch Park. Sunday, Sept. 8, at 8.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Tuesday, Sept. 10: Neil Young & the International Harvesters. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Sept. 12-13: The Kinks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14: A tribute to Folk City, with, among others, Eric Andersen, Arlo Guthrie, Odetta, and Tom Paxton. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

South Street Seaport—Free concerts on the River Stage. Wednesday, Sept. 11, at 8: New York Pops Orchestra and the Harlem Boys Choir. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 12, at 8: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 13, at 8: Nelson Riddle orchestra. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 14, at 8: American Symphony Orchestra. . . . ¶ Sunday, Sept. 15, at 6: Dukes of Dixieland and the Seaport Entertainment Company. (East River at Fulton St. Wednesday through Saturday, fireworks will accompany the final musical selections of the concerts.)

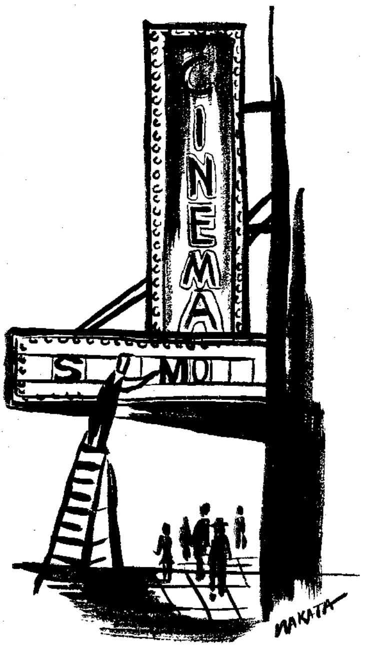
Walking Tour—"Upper Broadway: Clerics and Scholars," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, Sept. 8, starting on the steps of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit—The semiannual show will be on view Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7-8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 14-15, from noon until sundown.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 18.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Sept. 5: "Bar Esperanza" (directed by Hugo Carvana; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Marília Pera.

From Sept. 6: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660) "Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160) "Cocoon" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652) "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 2: "Year of the Dragon" (†).

Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255) "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020) "Gremlins" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Sept. 12: "Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

From Sept. 13: "After Hours" (Martin Scorsese), with Griffin Dunne and Rosanna Arquette.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262) "Cocoon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320) "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "The Protector" (James Glickenhaus), with Jackie Chan.

Theatre 2: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 12: "The Bride" (Franc Roddam), with Sting and Jennifer Beals. From Sept. 13: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Theatre 2: Through Sept. 11: "Silverado" (†). From Sept. 12: "L'Addition" (Denis Amar; in French), with Richard Berry.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630) "The Emerald Forest" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Theatre 2: "Bullshot" (Dick Clement), with Ron House.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 2: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622) "American Flyers" (John Badham), with Kevin Costner and David Grant.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 2: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302) "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313) "Compromising Positions" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100) "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Year of the Dragon" (†).

Theatre 2: "Godzilla 1985."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144) "Gremlins" (†).

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "The Protector" (James Glickenhaus), with Jackie Chan.

Theatre 2: "Creepers" (Dario Argento), with Jennifer Connelly.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 10: A program of four short documentaries on twentieth-century photographers. From Sept. 11: "Bastille" (1984; directed by Rudolph van den Berg; in Dutch and French).

Theatre 2: "Eureka" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gene Hackman and Theresa Russell.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

Theatre 2: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 5: "Gremlins" (†). From Sept. 6: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Sept. 12: "Creepers" (Dario Argento), with Jennifer Connelly. From Sept. 13: "Insignificance" (Nicolas Roeg), with Gary Busey and Tony Curtis.

Theatre 2: "The Shooting Party" (†).

Theatre 3: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Theatre 4: "The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

Theatre 2: "The Black Cauldron," an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Silverado" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Sept. 12: "Sesame Street Presents: Follow That Bird" (Ken Kwapis).

From Sept. 13: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600) "Ghostbusters" (†). No performances on Wednesday, Sept. 11.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Sept. 5: "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch); and "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970; Leonard Kastle), with Shirley Stoler and Tony Lo Bianco.

Sept. 6-7: "Meetings with Remarkable Men" (1979; Peter Brook), with Terence Stamp.

Sept. 8-10: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†) and "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (†).

Sept. 11-12: "Le Bal" (1984; Ettore Scola); and "Blood Wedding" (1981; Carlos Saura; in Spanish), with Antonio Gades.

From Sept. 13: "War and Love" (Moshe Mizrachi).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360) "Animals Are Beautiful People" (Jamie Uys).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013) "Dance with a Stranger" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959) "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070) "Compromising Positions" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Détective" (Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Nathalie Baye, Claude Brasseur, Johnny Hallyday, and Jean-Pierre Leaud.

Theatre 2: "Dim Sum: A Little Bit of Heart" (Wayne Wang).

Theatre 3: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Crossover Dreams" (Leon Ichaso), with Ruben Blades.

Theatre 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "La Chèvre" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Theatre 2: "My Other Husband" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Miou-Miou, Roger Hanin, and Eddy Mitchell.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Key Exchange" (Barnet Kellman), with Brooke Adams and Ben Masters.

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future" (†).

Theatre 3: "Compromising Positions" (†).

Theatre 4: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

Theatre 5: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

Theatre 6: "Year of the Dragon" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200) "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Year of the Dragon" (†).

Theatre 2: "American Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

Theatre 3: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox; and "The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

Theatre 4: Through Sept. 12: "Creepers" (Dario Argento), with Jennifer Connelly. From Sept. 13: "Sudden Death" (Sig Shore).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.

Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gremlins" (†).

Theatre 4: "Real Genius" (Martha Coolidge), with Val Kilmer.

Theatre 5: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

Theatre 6: "Weird Science" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408) "The Black Cauldron," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

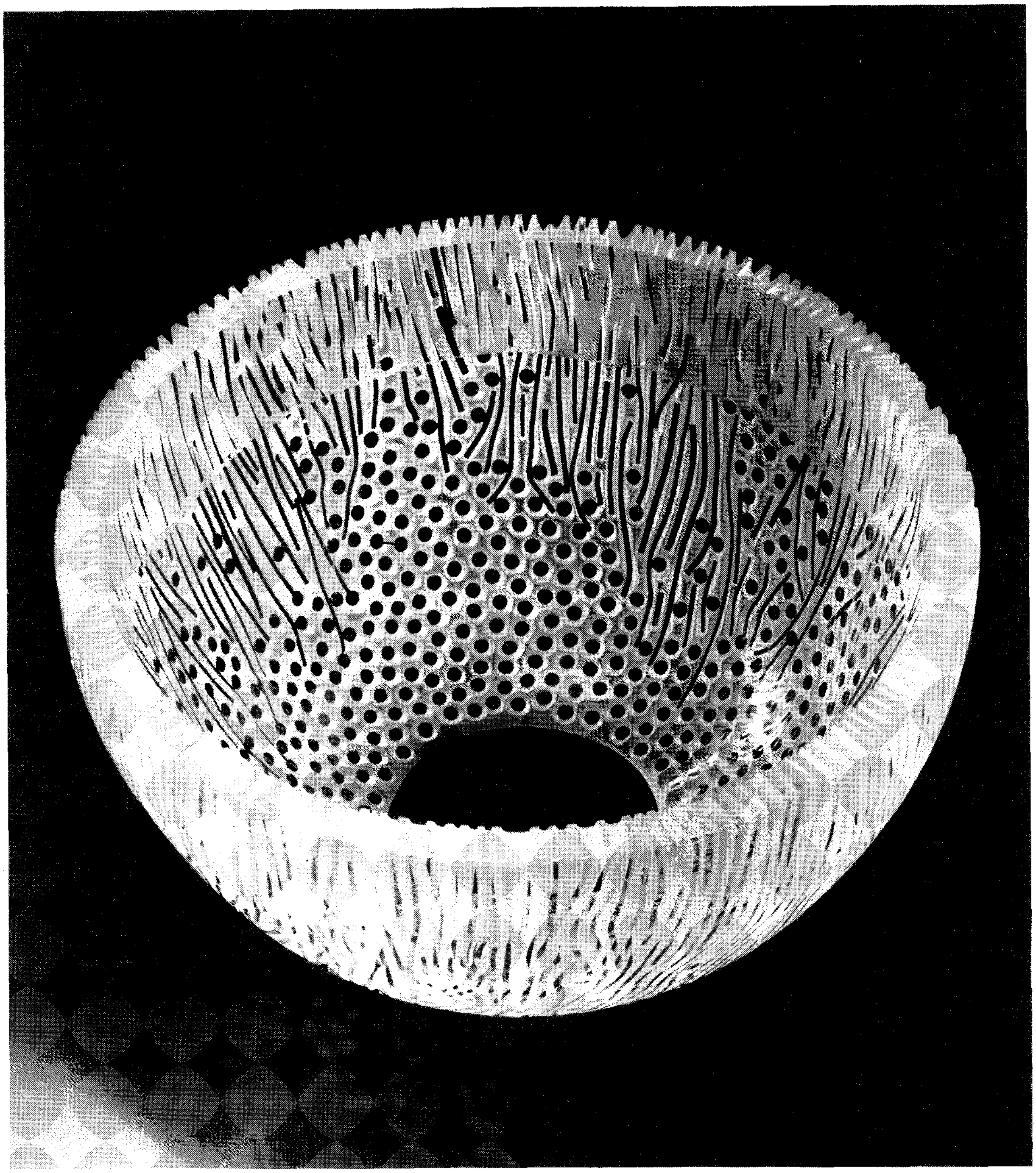
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (†).

Theatre 3: "The Emerald Forest" (†).

Theatre 4: "Volunteers" (Nicholas Meyer), with Tom Hanks and John Candy.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340) "Year of the Dragon" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)



Pool of Asrai

In this sand-sculpted, blown crystal bowl, artist Eric Hilton has frozen the mythical moment from Scottish-Irish lore when tiny creatures, called *asrai*, are captured and melt into a pool of water. Limited to a single example. Diameter 9¾". $7,500. Signed Steuben. Steuben Glass, Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. 1-212-752-1441. (For the Steuben Catalogue, send $5.00.) Steuben is part of Corning Glass Works and has been since 1918.

STEUBEN GLASS

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (†).
Theatre 2: "Teen Wolf" (Rod Daniel), with Michael J. Fox.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Return of the Living Dead" (Dan O'Bannon), with Clu Gulager.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Summer Rental" (Carl Reiner), with John Candy and Richard Crenna.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Godzilla 1985."
Theatre 2: "Pee-Wee's Big Adventure" (Tim Burton), with Pee-Wee Herman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Creepers" (Dario Argento), with Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 2: "The Protector" (James Glickenhaus), with Jackie Chan.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "American Ninja" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.
Theatre 2: "Fright Night" (Tom Holland), with Chris Sarandon.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Sept. 5: A program of jazz films.
From Sept. 6: "Kerouac, The Movie" (1985; directed by John Antonelli).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Sept. 4: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Lost One" (1951; Peter Lorre; in German), with Lorre.
Sept. 5: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937; Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
Sept. 6-7: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Ukrainian).
Sept. 8: "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
Sept. 9: "All These Women" (†); and "A Lesson in Love" (1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Eva Dahlback and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Sept. 10: "Monika" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson; and "Sawdust and Tinsel" ("The Naked Night;" 1953; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson.

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Sept. 11: "The Magician" (1958; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Illicit Interlude" (†).
Sept. 12: "Through a Glass Darkly" (1962; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Harriet Andersson, Gunnar Björnstrand, Max von Sydow, and Lars Passgård; "Winter Light" (1963; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Gunnar Björnstrand and Ingrid Thulin; and "The Silence" (1964; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom.
Sept. 13-14: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 4: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
Sept. 5: "Kill!" (1968; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese); and "The Sword of Doom" (1967; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Sept. 6-7: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Sept. 8: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).
Sept. 9: "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon; and "Madame Bovary" (1934; Jean Renoir; in French), with Valentine Tessier.
Sept. 10: "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz; and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.
Sept. 11: "The Blue Angel" (*1929* †) and "Lola Montès" (†).
Sept. 12: "Dersu Uzala" (1978; Akira Kurosawa; in Russian); and "The Lower Depths" (1957 †).
Sept. 13-14: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" (1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

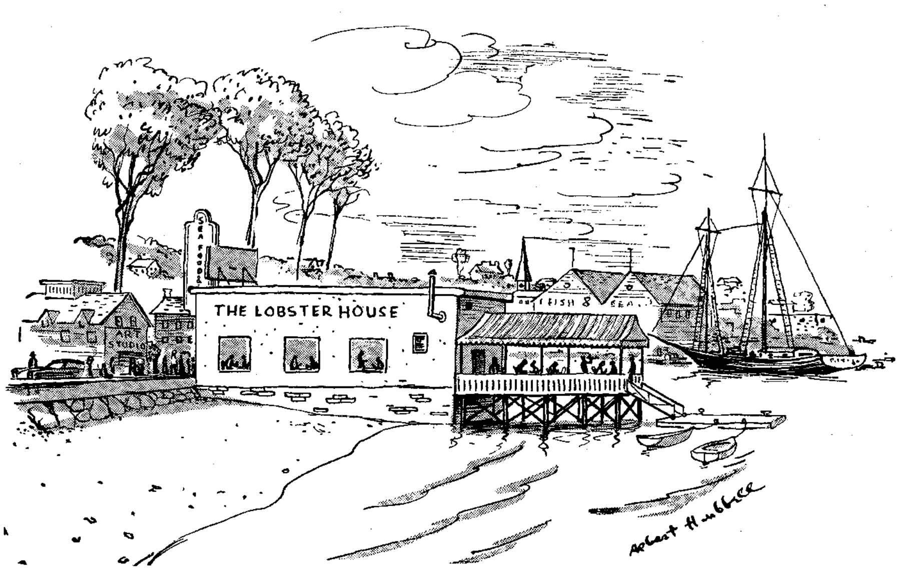
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 5: "Chariots of Fire" (1981; Hugh Hudson), with Ben Cross and Ian Charleson; and "Careful, He Might Hear You" (1984; Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.
Sept. 6-7: "Das Boot" (1982; Wolfgang Petersen; in German); and "The Tin Drum" (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Sept. 8: "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn; and "Anne of the Thousand Days" (†).
Sept. 9-10: "The Seven Year Itch" (†); and "The Girl Can't Help It" (1957; Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell and Jayne Mansfield.
Sept. 11-12: "Tootsie" (1982; Sydney Pollack), with Dustin Hoffman, Jessica Lange, Teri Garr, and Charles Durning; and "Victor/Victoria" (†).
Sept. 13-14: "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr; and "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt.

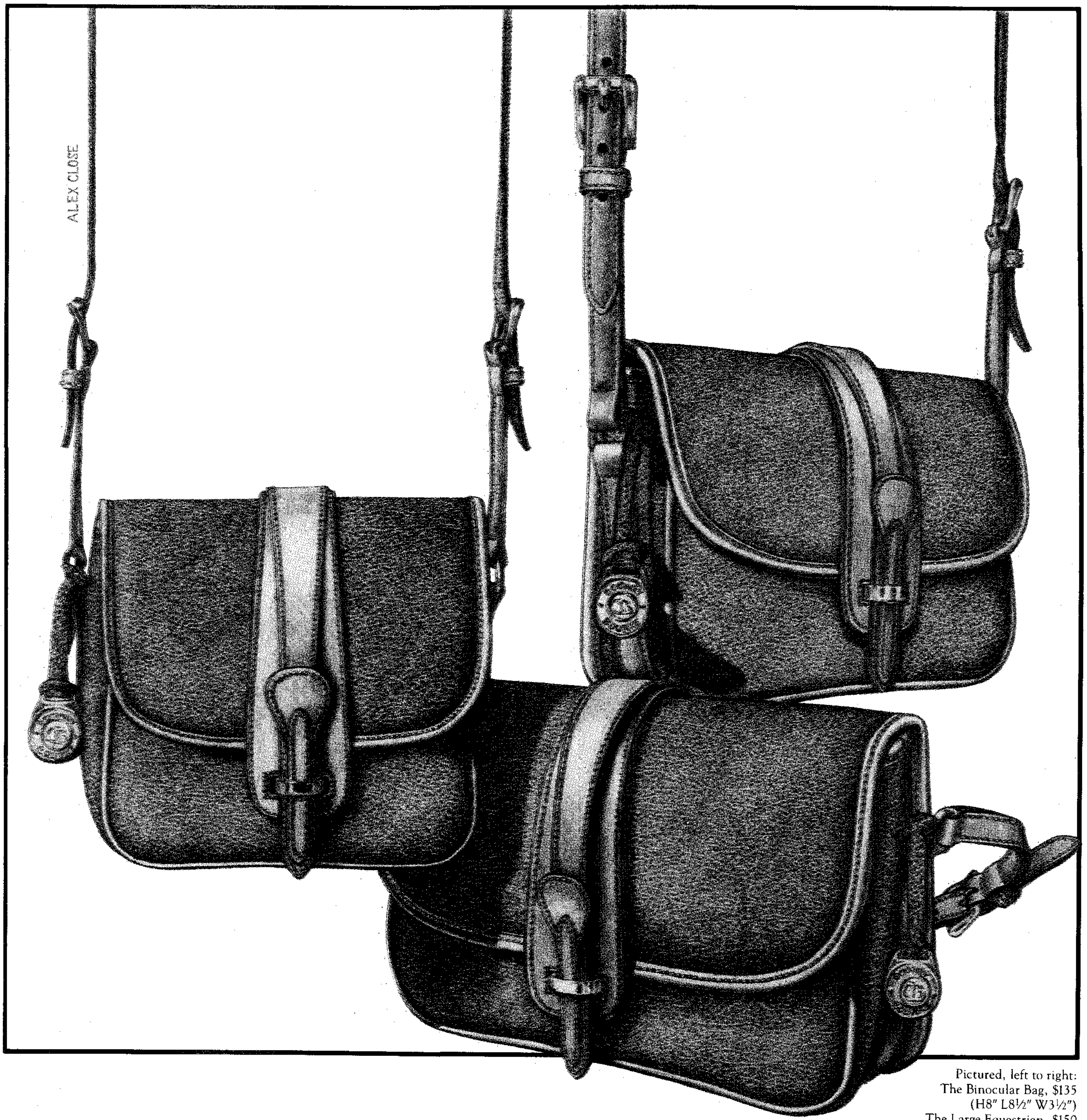
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Godzilla 1985."

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Sept. 4: "Dressed to Kill" (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon; and "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta and Nancy Allen.
Sept. 5-7: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (1985; Woody Allen), with Mia Farrow, Jeff Daniels, and Danny Aiello; and "Broadway Danny Rose" (1984; Woody Allen), with Allen, Mia Farrow, and Nick Apollo Forte.
Sept. 8-9: "Fellini's Roma" (†) and "Fellini Satyricon" (†).
Sept. 10-11: "Les Misérables" (1935 †); and "The Lion in Winter" (1968; Anthony Harvey), with Peter O'Toole and Katharine Hepburn.
Sept. 12-14: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Sept. 5: "Zabriskie Point" (1970; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Mark Frechette, Daria Halprin, and Rod Taylor; and "Blow-Up" (1966; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings.
Sept. 6-7: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Keer.
Sept. 8: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (†); and "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid" (1969; George Roy Hill), with Paul Newman and Robert Redford.
Sept. 9-10: "Alice's Restaurant" (†) and "Bound for Glory" (†).
Sept. 11-12: "Police Academy" (1984; Hugh Wilson), with Steve Guttenberg and Kim Cattrall; and "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (1985; Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Sept. 13-14: "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren; and "The King of Comedy" (1983; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Jerry Lewis.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Sept. 4: "Black Legion" (1936; Archie Mayo), with Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Dick Foran; and "All Through the Night" (1942; Vincent Sherman), with Humphrey Bogart, Peter Lorre, and Conrad Veidt.
Sept. 5: "Angels with Dirty Faces" (1938; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and Ann Sheridan; and "Knock on Any Door" (1949; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and John Derek.
Sept. 6-7: "They Drive by Night" (1940;





Pictured, left to right:
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The Large Equestrian, $150
(H7½" L11" W2½")
The Small Equestrian, $135
(H6½" L10" W2")

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Raoul Walsh), with Ann Sheridan, George Raft, Ida Lupino, and Humphrey Bogart; and “It All Came True” (1940; Lewis Seiler), with Ann Sheridan, Jeffrey Lynn, and Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 8: “Racket Busters” (1938; Lloyd Bacon), with Humphrey Bogart and George Brent; “Crime School” (1938; Lewis Seiler), with Humphrey Bogart; and “You Can’t Get Away with Murder” (1939; Lewis Seiler), with Humphrey Bogart.

Sept. 9-10: “Brother Orchid” (1940; Lloyd Bacon), with Ann Sothern, Edward G. Robinson, Donald Crisp, and Humphrey Bogart; and “The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse” (1938; Anatole Litvak), with Edward G. Robinson, Humphrey Bogart, and Claire Trevor.

Sept. 11-12: “In a Lonely Place” (1950; Nicholas Ray), with Humphrey Bogart and Gloria Grahame; “Love Affair” (†); and “Dead Reckoning” (1947; John Cromwell), with Humphrey Bogart and Lizabeth Scott.

Sept. 13-14: “The Two Mrs. Carrolls” (1947; Peter Godfrey), with Barbara Stanwyck, Humphrey Bogart, and Alexis Smith; and “Across the Pacific” (†).

Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)

Sept. 4: “That Hamilton Woman!” (1941; Alexander Korda), with Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier; and “The Divorce of Lady X” (1937; Tim Whelan), with Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier.

Sept. 5: “Time Stands Still” (1982; Péter Gothár; in Hungarian); and “American Hot Wax” (1978; Floyd Mutrux), with Tim McIntire.

Sept. 6-7: “The French Lieutenant’s Woman” (1981; Karel Reisz), with Meryl Streep and Jeremy Irons; and “Betrayal” (1983; David Jones), with Jeremy Irons, Ben Kingsley, and Patricia Hodge.

Sept. 8: “Providence” (1977; Alain Resnais), with Ellen Burstyn, Dirk Bogarde, John Gielgud, David Warner, and Elaine Stritch; and “Hiroshima, Mon Amour” (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Sept. 9: “The State of Things” (1983; Wim Wenders); and “Alice in the Cities” (1974; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

Sept. 10: “The Rubber Gun” (1978; Allan Moyle), with Steve Lack; and “Pink Narcissus” (1968).

Sept. 11: “Distant Thunder” (†) and “The Adversary” (†).

Sept. 12: “Becket” (1964; Peter Glenville), with Richard Burton and Peter O’Toole.

Sept. 13-14: “Mad Max” (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson; and “Razorback” (1984).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 4: “The Tenant” (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and “Knife in the Water” (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).

Sept. 5: “Beyond a Reasonable Doubt” (1956; Fritz Lang), with Dana Andrews and Joan Fontaine; and “The Big Heat” (1953; Fritz Lang), with Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Alexander Scourby, and Lee Marvin.

Sept. 6-7: “Easy Rider” (1969; Dennis Hopper), with Peter Fonda, Hopper, and Jack Nicholson; and “Five Easy Pieces” (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Sept. 8: “The Mask of Dimitrios” (1944; Jean Negulesco), with Zachary Scott and Peter Lorre; and “Three Strangers” (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Peter Lorre, and Sydney Greenstreet.

Sept. 9: “Diabolique” (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and “Panique” (1946; Julien Duvivier; in *French), with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance,* and Paul Bernard.

Sept. 10: “Hold Your Man” (†) and “Riffraff” (†).

Sept. 11: “Brief Encounter” (1946; David Lean), with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard; and “Hobson’s Choice” (1953; David Lean), with Charles Laughton and John Mills.

Sept. 12: “Humoresque” (†) and “Possessed” (†).

Sept. 13-14: “Jamaica Inn” (1939; Alfred Hitchcock), with Charles Laughton, Maureen O’Hara, and Emlyn Williams; and “Shadow of a Doubt” (1942; Alfred Hitchcock), with Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, Patricia Collinge, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Sept. 5 at 2:30: “Tightrope” (1984; directed by Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6: “The Deer Hunter” (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, John Savage, and Meryl Streep. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 2:30: “S.O.B.” (1981; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, William Holden, and Robert Preston. . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6: “Local Hero” (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Burt Lancaster and Peter Riegert. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2: “The Conversation” (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Gene Hackman. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 5: “Chan Is Missing” (1981; Wayne Wang). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2: “La Nuit de Varennes” (1983; Ettore Scola; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean-Louis Barrault, *Marcello Mastroianni, Hanna Schygulla,* and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5: “S.O.B.” . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 2:30: “Local Hero.” . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6: “The Conversation.” . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 2:30: “La Nuit de Varennes.” . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 2:30 and 6: A program of films by Alice Guy-Blaché. . . . ¶ Sept. 13 at 2:30 and 6: A program of cartoons by Friz Freleng. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2 and 5: A program of cartoons featuring the voice of Mel Blanc.

THEATRE 2: Sept. 5 at 3: “Shakespeare Wallah” (1965; James Ivory), with Shashi Kapoor, Felicity Kendal, and Madhur Jaffrey. . . . ¶ Sept. 5 at 6:30: “King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis” (1970; Ely Landau). . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 3: “Ice” (1970; Robert Kramer). . . . ¶ Sept. 6 at 6:30: “Who’s That Knocking at My Door” (1968; Martin Scorsese), with Zina Bethune and Harvey Keitel. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 2:30: “Dementia 13” (1963; Francis Ford Coppola), with William Campbell and Luana Anders. . . . ¶ Sept. 7 at 5:30: “Night of the Living Dead” (1968; George Romero). . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 2:30: “Shakespeare Wallah.” . . . ¶ Sept. 8 at 5:30: “Monterey Pop” (1968; D. A. Pennebaker). . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 3: “King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis.” . . . ¶ Sept. 9 at 6:30: “Ice.” . . . ¶ Sept. 10 at 3: “Night of the Living Dead.” . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 3: “Under Fire” (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Joanna Cassidy. . . . ¶ Sept. 12 at 6:30: “Xala” (1975; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof and French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 2:30: “La Crabe Tambour” (1977; Pierre Schoendoerffer; in French, with English subtitles), with Jacques Perrin and Jean Rochefort. . . . ¶ Sept. 14 at 5:30: “Under Fire.”

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Across the Pacific (1942)—The film was supposed to be about a group sailing to Honolulu to thwart a Japanese plan to blow up Pearl Harbor; during the second week of shooting, the Japanese *did* blow up Pearl Harbor. The production was shut down and there was a hasty rewrite. The result is a complicated plot about spies who plan to blow up the Panama Canal, and there are assorted captures and hairbreadth escapes. John Huston manages to give the sequences some tension, and though the shipboard scenes were filmed on the studio back lot, the images are airy and spacious. But Huston couldn’t do anything about the essential mediocrity of the material. The movie isn’t really bad—just bewildering. With Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Regency; Sept. 13-14.)

The Adversary (1971)—A shining comedy about an ex-medical student looking for a job in Calcutta, made by Satyajit Ray, whose quizzical humor has a way of coming up and hitting you from behind. The hero—played by Dhritiman Chatterjee—lives in a crammed apartment with his mother, his uncle, his beguiling sister, and a student brother rabidly revolutionary about nothing in particular. The hero falls in love with a gentle girl who has the insight to tell him that everyone is different, whereas his medical training has taught him that everyone is the same. Absorbing, alert, comic. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arthur Penn’s extension of Arlo Guthrie’s talking-blues record “The Alice’s Restaurant Massacree.” Made with attractive simplicity, and with great affection for the hippies’ humor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 9-10.)

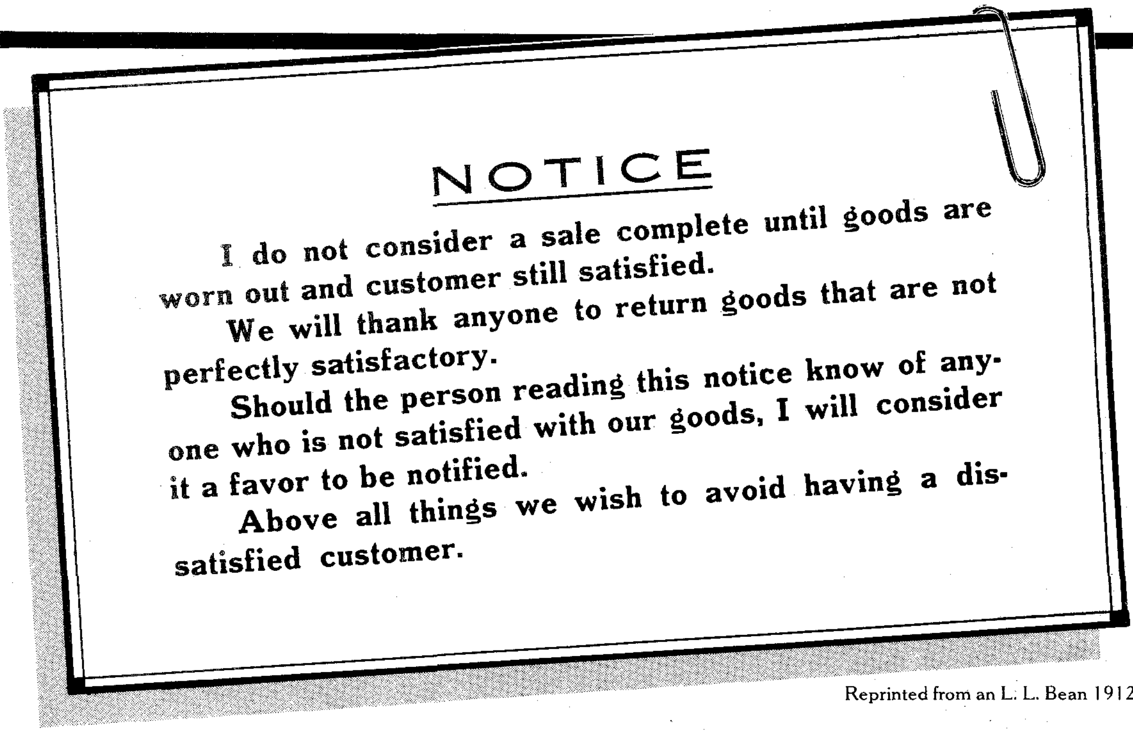
All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman’s first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, and Gertrud Fridh. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 9.)

Anne of the Thousand Days (1970)—This version of the events that led Henry VIII to make himself head of the Church of England is intelligent from line to line, but the emotions that are supplied seem hypothetical, and the conception lacks authority. Richard Burton’s Henry is conceived as a weak, tentative, somewhat apologetic monarch, and though Burton delivers his speeches with considerable sureness and style, his performance is colorless. The script has a structural weakness: it does not convince us that after all those years of waiting for Anne (Geneviève Bujold) the King would turn against her when she gives birth to a daughter. The director is Charles Jarrott. (Cinema Village; Sept. 8.)

Back to the Future—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn’t have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings’ request, to direct this film. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students’ visiting Lola Lola (Marlene Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich is extraordinary, and “The Blue Angel” is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it’s made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don’t really like it on an emotional level. With Hans Albers. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Bound for Glory (1976)—As the singer-composer-writer Woody Guthrie, David Carradine has an ornery intransigence that gives this Hal Ashby film a core, and the re-creation of the late thirties is superbly lighted and shot (by Haskell Wexler). There’s real love in Ashby’s staging of the incidents, and a unifying romanticism. Though the story doesn’t build dramatically—it straggles just when you want it to soar and it bogs down in backward and forward movement and it’s filled in with woozy generalities—this is an absorbing and impressive piece of work. With Melinda



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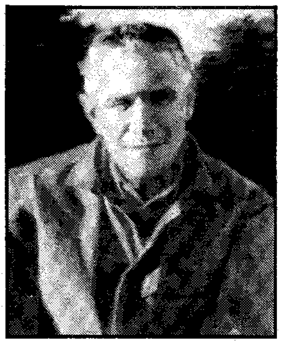

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Dillon, Ronnie Cox, Randy Quaid, and Lee McLaughlin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 9-10.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. But Howard keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Wilford Brimley, Don Ameche, Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy. (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

Compromising Positions—With Susan Sarandon and Raul Julia, directed by Frank Perry. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, Loews Paramount, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dance with a Stranger—Set in London in 1954 and 1955, and featuring Miranda Richardson as Ruth Ellis, the demi-prostitute who put a few slugs in her weakling young lover (played by Rupert Everett), and was the last woman in England to be sent to the gallows, this English film might be described as kitchen-sink *film noir*. Working from a no-nonsense script by Shelagh Delaney, the director, Mike Newell, doesn't give you a minute's relief. He's obviously biting off a serious theme—he might be chewing on tinfoil. Trying for an unsentimental look at England's cold hypocrisy about class and sex, he seems mortally afraid of light. He shoots in dim, smoky interiors, in a color range from olive-drab to gray. The picture is assaultingly cramped and monotonous; it's all style—style used to show us the shabbiness of the characters' lives and how they're all trapped, doing what's inevitable. Miranda Richardson's hard-edged, snippy performance took a lot of technique, and you see it all. She acts as if every cell in her body were overstimulated; she can't stop acting, even when a viewer is begging her to, hoping for a glimpse of something besides white-knuckled control. With Ian Holm. (8/26/85) (Paris.)

Distant Thunder (1973)—Satyajit Ray sets this film in a torpid Bengali village in the early nineteen-forties. Soumitra Chatterji, Ray's one-man stock company, is cast as a newly arrived Brahmin, the only educated man for miles around. "You are the jewel in our crown," the ignorant villagers tell him, and he agrees. But the faraway Second World War causes the price of rice to soar, the traditions that bind the community are eroded, and the condescending Brahmin is no longer treated as a jewel. This isn't one of Ray's greatest films: it's forced and riddled with flaws. Yet it's still a Satyajit Ray film, full of feeling and astonishingly beautiful. In Bengali. (Thalia; Sept. 11.)

The Emerald Forest—John Boorman sets his story in Brazil, where the son of an American engineer (played by Powers Boothe) is abducted by an Amazon-rain-forest tribe. For ten years, the father searches for the boy in whatever time he can take off from his job of building a giant dam. When, at last, he locates his seventeen-year-old son (played by the director's son, Charley Boorman), he realizes that the boy's consciousness surpasses his own and that the boy's life is superior to anything civilization has to offer. And soon the father realizes that the dam is destroying the boy's tribe. The faults that have plagued Boorman's films—his lack of interest in character, his rather lordly failure to dramatize the issues that excite him the most, his wacko ear for dialogue—really pile up this time, and he doesn't seem able to get any kind of seductive flow going. With Rui Polonah, Meg Foster, Dira Paes, and Eduardo Conde. (8/12/85) (D. W. Griffith, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue to the modern post-Christian period. Fellini draws upon his master entertainer's feelings for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross," and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. The fresco effect becomes monotonous; we anticipate the end a dozen times. In Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 8-9.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—It's an imperial gesture at documentary: a sketchbook about the city of Fellini's imagination, that love-hate dream-nightmare city which is more familiar to us by now than Rome itself. Some of the images are magisterial and marvellous, like a series of stormy Turners, but whenever there's dialogue or *thought*, the movie is fatuous. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 8-9.)

Ghostbusters (1984)—A scare comedy, with Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Ziegfeld. No performances on Wednesday, Sept. 11.)

Gremlins (1984)—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The movie never comes together, but Dante is a genuine eccentric talent with a flair for malice. With Frances Lee McCain, Polly Holliday, Dick Miller, Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, and Judge Reinhold. The critters were designed

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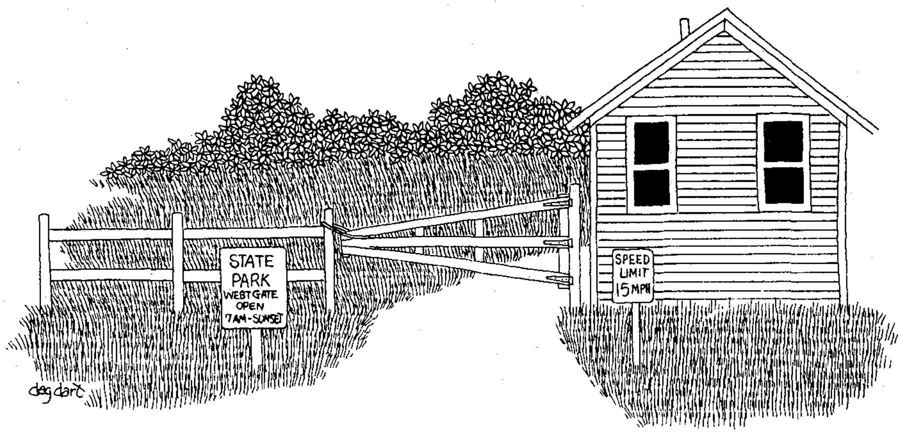

by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Eastside Cinema, 86th St. East, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Sept. 5.)

Hold Your Man (1933)—Jean Harlow and Clark Gable in a mixture of farce and melodrama that begins in Brooklyn and ends in jail. Anita Loos concocted some raucous bits, and Harlow goes around smacking and swatting people—she has a wonderful left. There's less fun when she shows signs of budding maidenliness and things go lofty in the women's reformatory. Sam Wood directed, and the cast includes Stuart Erwin and Dorothy Burgess. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

Humoresque (1946)—In this second version of Fannie Hurst's hokey weeper, the heroine (Joan Crawford) is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her husband (Paul Cavanagh), older than her ghetto-born violinist lover (John Garfield), and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes widen. She bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist, she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells. Jean Negulesco directed. With Oscar Levant, J. Carrol Naish, Craig Stevens, and Ruth Nelson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

Illicit Interlude (1951; "Summer Interlude")—This early Ingmar Bergman film is about the loss of love: a tired ballerina of twenty-eight (Maj-Britt Nilsson), who has ceased to feel or care, is suddenly caught up by the memory of the summer when her life ended. We see her then as a fresh, eager fifteen-year-old, in love with a frightened, uncertain student (beautifully played by Birger Malmsten), and we watch the delicate shades of their "summer play," interrupted by glances at adult relatives, as Bergman contrasts decadence and youth, corruption and beauty. Bergman found his style in this film, and it is regarded by cinema historians not only as his breakthrough but also as the beginning of "a new, great epoch in Swedish films." Many of the themes (whatever one thinks of them) that Bergman later expanded are here. But this movie, with its rapturous yet ruined love affair, also has a lighter side; it is the highly personal work of an emerging director—a work with elegiac charm and sweetness. With Alf Kjellin, Stig Olin, and George Funkquist. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film version of Manuel Puig's famous novel is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt (whose performance took the first prize at Cannes this year) is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor, and the picture can work on audiences in the way that "Midnight Cowboy" did back in 1969. (The times having changed, it can make explicit what was potential in that earlier relationship.) But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with; that is to say, it moves an audience at the obvious points. The novel is a sly celebration of the seductive, consoling power of movies; Babenco reaches for something larger, something aggressively moral. Valentín, a Marxist prig and a puritan about pleasure, learns humility and becomes more of a man through his close friendship with the sweetly maternal Molina. And Molina is transfigured through the power of love and happiness and a new self-respect. This Brazilian production, made in English, was shot in São Paulo; the screenplay is by Leonard Schrader. (8/26/85) (Cinema I.)

Lola Montès (1955)—This ambitious phantasmagorical treatment of the scandalous life of the nineteenth-century courtesan and dancer is a reflection on the ephemeral nature of fame, beauty, and pleasure. It was the last film completed by Max Ophuls; as he lay dying his producers were shortening and reëditing his version in the hope of recouping their investment, which had been large. But even in a restored form it's diasppointing—poorly acted and too shallow for its melancholy tone

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and its rich décor and elaborate structure. Lola (Martine Carol), far past her prime, is seen being exhibited and humiliated in a circus in New Orleans; the ringmaster—Peter Ustinov—tells the audience that it will see Lola's life story, and her early conquests and adventures are shown in flashbacks. Regrettably, Martine Carol couldn't manage to look young enough for Lola's radiant early days, and she was too bad a dancer to play even a bad dancer—she was a non-dancer. There is nothing unusual about her Lola—nothing that would explain why men are going mad over her. What makes this folly so poignant and so painful to watch is that its virtuoso director didn't allow himself any middle ground: the film had to be his greatest masterpiece to be any good at all. According to his script girl, he died knowing he failed. With Anton Walbrook, Oskar Werner, Ivan Desny, and Will Quadflieg. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 11.)

Love Affair (1932)—Humphrey Bogart in his juvenile-lead days. This was the eighth movie he appeared in; it was taken from an Ursula Parrott story, and the star is Dorothy Mackaill. Thornton Freeland directed. (Regency; Sept. 11-12.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese lodging house in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The inhabitants, blown about by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before shooting started, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 12.)

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie: Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam in the turn-of-the-century Northwest. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated, this modern classic is not like any other film. Altman builds a Western town as one might build a castle in the air—and it's inhabited. The actors of his stock company turn up quietly in the new location, as if they were part of a floating crap game, and he creates an atmosphere of living interrelationships. With Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, René Auberjonois, and John Schuck. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Sept. 8.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavsky, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, and John Carradine. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Sept. 10-11.)

The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser (1975; also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All")—In this nightmare film, written and directed by Werner Herzog, Kaspar (Bruno S.) is a grunting lump of a man, chained in a dungeonlike cellar from infancy. Covered with sores and welts, unable to stand, he is fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. One day, the man carries him to a town square and leaves him there. The townspeople train him in human habits, but he balks at what he is taught. Before the issues are resolved, he is struck down by the caped figure, who returns, first to maim him, then to murder him. The film is a double fable, intermingling the stultifying effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of a demonic universe. Bruno S. (who was once believed to be a mental defective himself) is amazing. His Kaspar has sly, piggy eyes, yet he's so totally absorbed in experiencing nature, his head thrust out ecstatically, straining to grasp everything he was denied in his cave existence, that he becomes Promethean; the light dawning in that face makes him look like a peasant Beethoven. In German. (Festival; Sept. 8-10.)

Possessed (1947)—When Van Heflin, who is an engineer as well as a coldhearted ladykiller, points out, in a passage of technological ecstasy, that he finds a girder he has devised more beautiful than Joan Crawford, she whimpers, "Why don't you love me like that? I'm a lot nicer than a girder." Heflin can't see it her way, and presently, in despair, she marries Raymond Massey, a big oil man with a lively daughter (Geraldine Brooks). Watching Heflin fall in love with her stepdaughter proves too much for Crawford, who comes down with a case of schizophrenia that really rattles the walls of the Massey homestead. In terms of suspense, this picture, directed by Curtis Bernhardt, is often very striking, and, clearly, he and the cast are giving it all they've got. There isn't a trace of believability—that's part of what makes it enjoyable. With Stanley Ridges, Moroni Olsen, John Ridgely, and Monte Blue. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 12.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Greenwich Playhouse, Cinema 3, and Cinema Studio.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

Riffraff (1935)—Jean Harlow and Spencer Tracy as cocky working-class people in love, and Joseph Calleia as the wily Greek who runs the tuna fleet and the cannery. Anita Loos was on the script, and the wisecracks fly, but the direction (by J. Walter Ruben) is weak. M-G-M produced, and the corporate hand is clearly visible: the labor troubles are the result of an outside agitator who comes in with bombs. The film might be used as an index to Hollywood-movie social attitudes of the period. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Sept. 10.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, and Oscar Homolka. (Cinema Village; Sept. 9-10.)

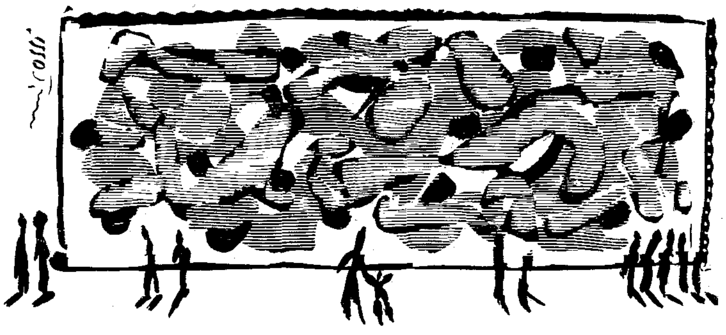
The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Quad Cinema.)

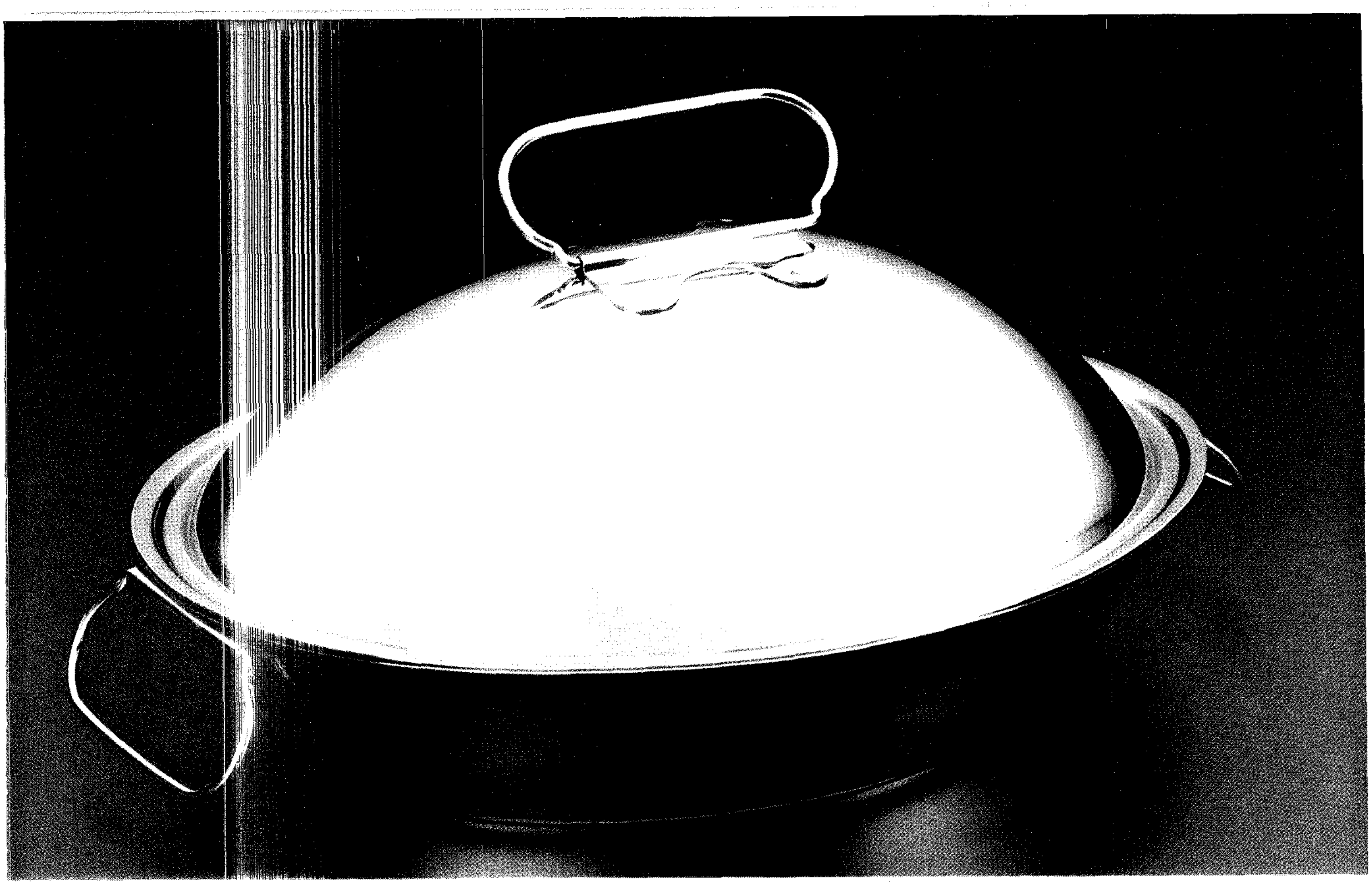
Silverado—The director, Lawrence Kasdan, uses accomplished actors: the four heroes journeying west to Silverado in the eighteen-eighties are played by Kevin Kline, Scott Glenn, Kevin Costner, and Danny Glover, and they're variously involved with Linda Hunt, Rosanna Arquette, Brian Dennehy, John Cleese, and Jeff Goldblum. But the atmosphere is arch and uninvolving, and these actors don't seem sure what their characters are meant to be. The film is like a homage to the expensive Western; it's so opulent it has a nouveau-riche aura about it. (7/29/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Sept. 11.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With James Garner and Alex Karras. (Cinema Village; Sept. 11-12.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie, by Dusan Makavejev, that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravić. A Yugoslav film, with English subtitles and dialogue. (Festival; Sept. 8-10.)

Year of the Dragon—With Mickey Rourke and John Lone, directed by Michael Cimino. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia Quad, and Loews Astor Plaza.)





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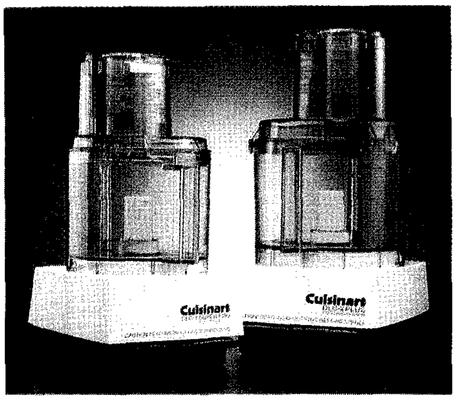

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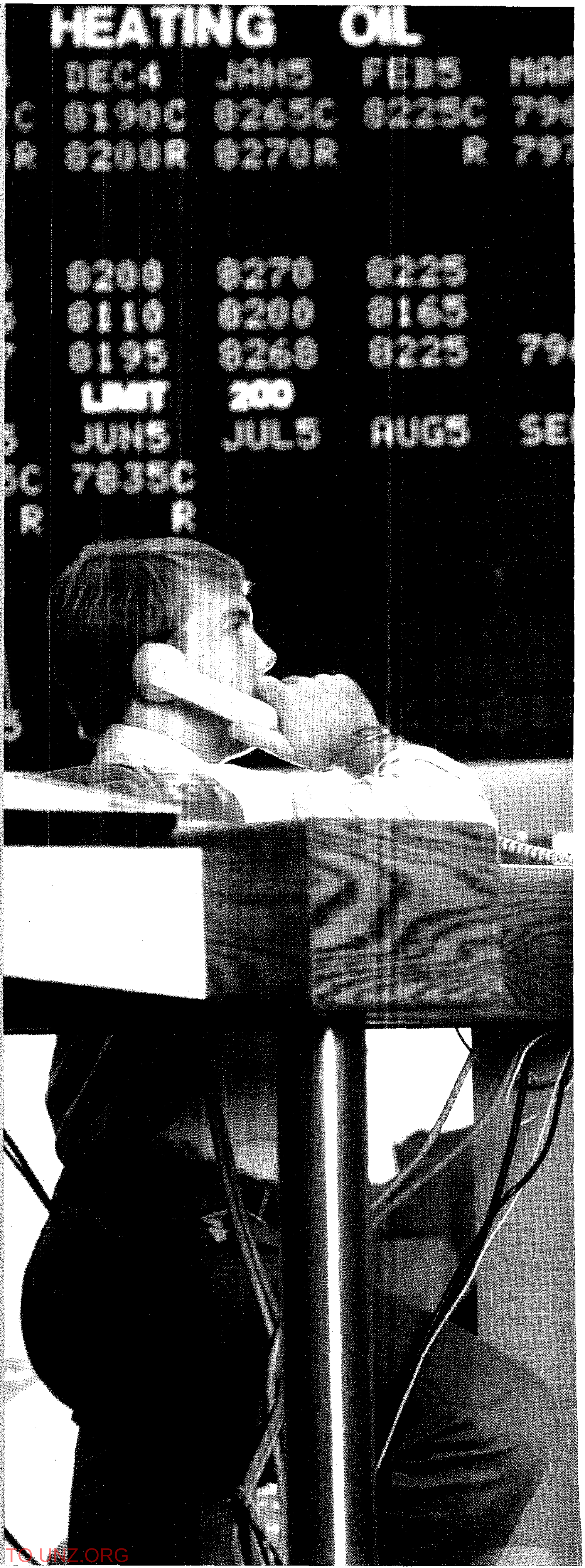

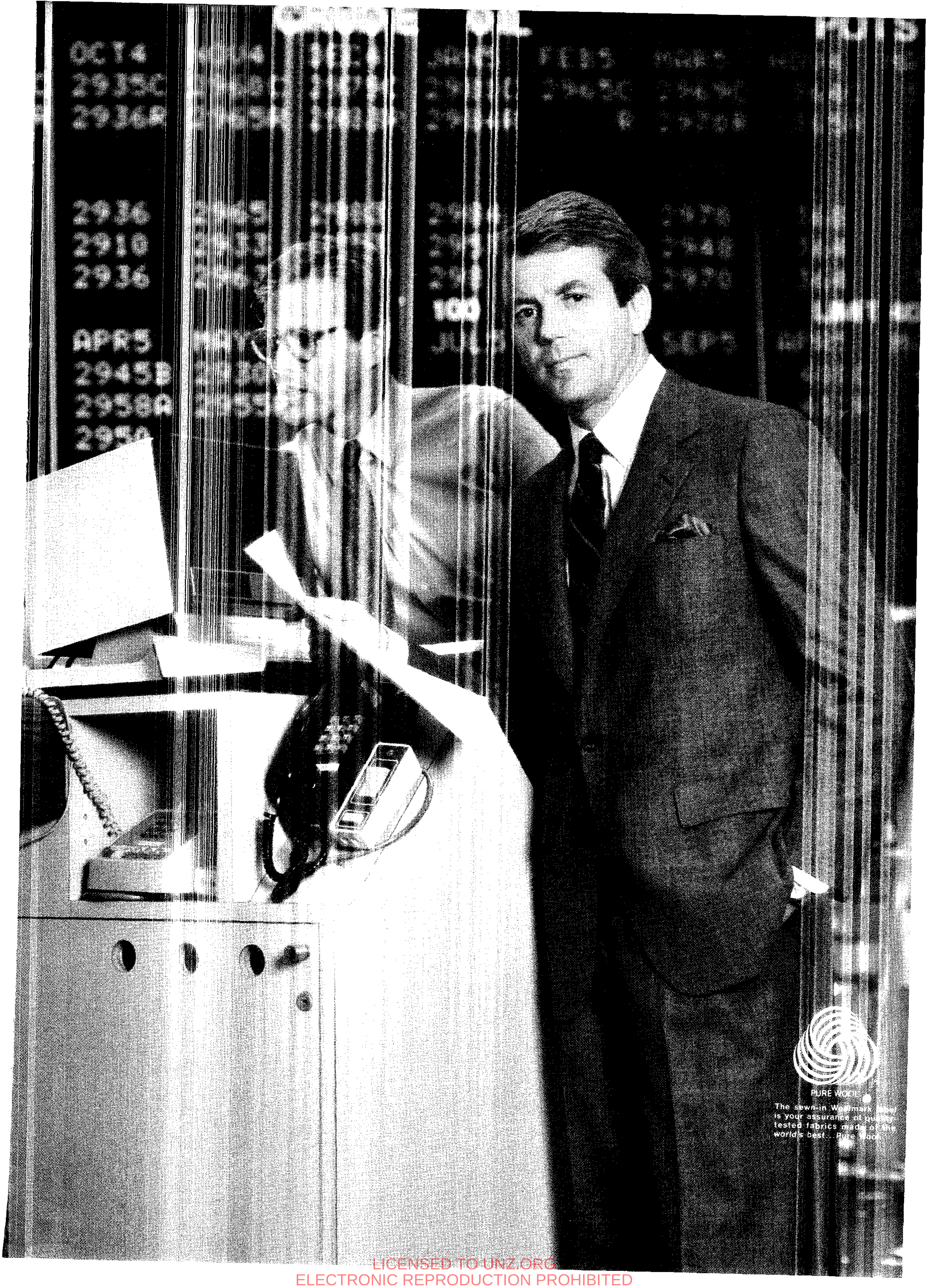
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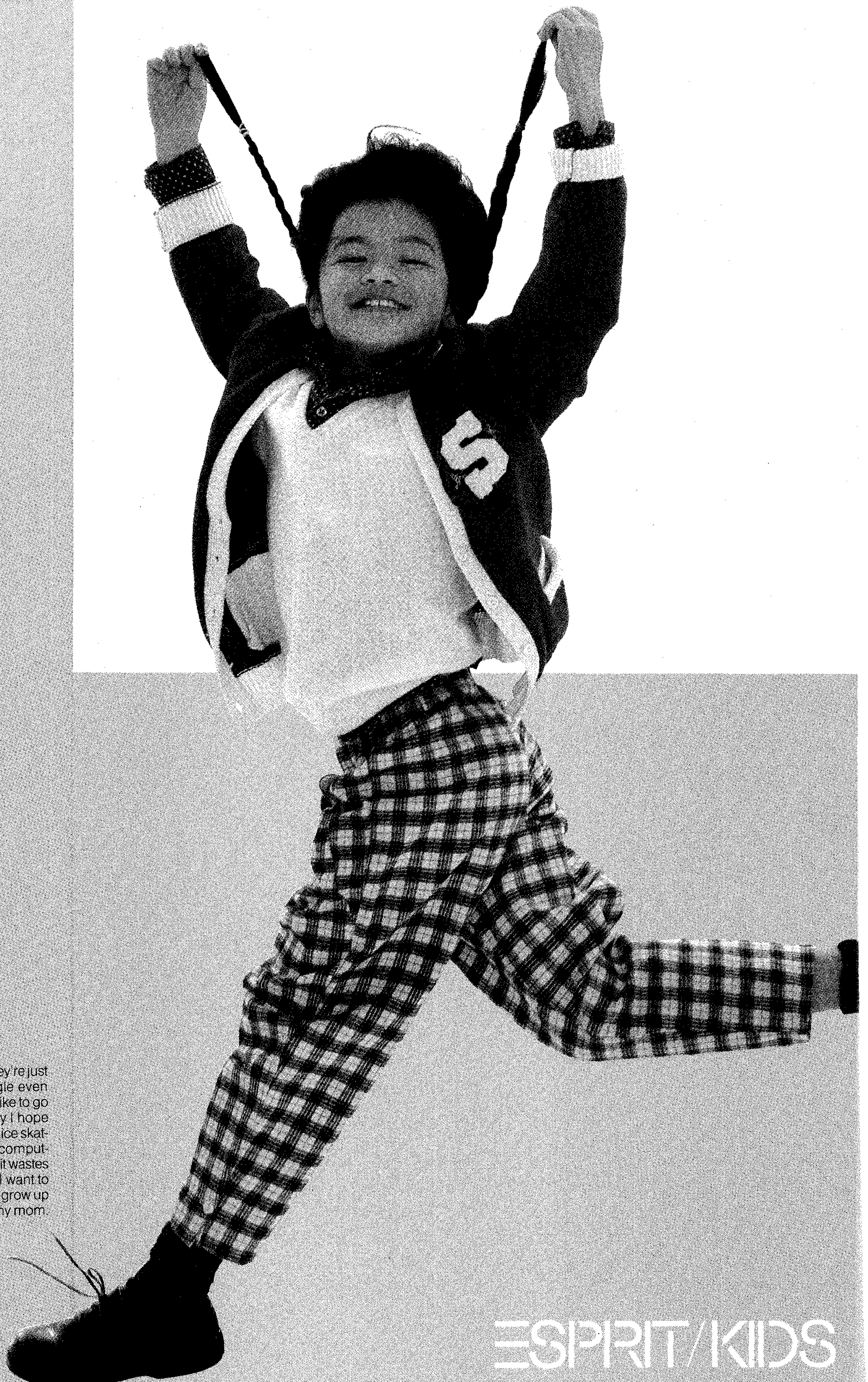

Violetta Luna
Daughter of Isabela Tigno
Esprit/USA Receptionist
Age: 9

I don't like boys because they're just rotten. I'd rather stay single even when I grow up because I like to go places by myself. Someday I hope to be an Olympic winner in ice skating. I don't like going to the computer room at school because it wastes my time. When I get older I want to take care of my parents and grow up to be pretty and smart like my mom.

Photo: Toscani

ESPRIT/KIDS

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG woman we know writes:

On the last Sunday in July, it was raining in Paris. It was a soft rain and then a hard rain, the drops slapping against the sidewalk and bouncing under the awning where I stood, determined to wait it out. I could have crossed the boulevard and had a *thé au lait* at the corner café, but I didn't want to sit. Sitting is best kept for late-night Paris, although it is certainly allowable when, say, a mother needs to tie her child's shoe, or if a person is suddenly overcome by the need to feel like Hemingway circa Deux Magots.

It rained harder. I stood against a building with a bouquet of flowers wrapped in a triangle of stiff cellophane with a pale-pink ribbon wound around the bottom and a little silver label in the shape of a heart stapled near the top. (I speak French well enough to have told the florist that the flowers were just for me, to brighten my hotel room, but I didn't want to say that. As she cut and rolled and tied and glued, I was imagining glitter squirted on, zigzags Keith Haringed on the cellophane, endless touches of further perfection.) The flowers inside fanned out in shades of pink and orange and white—lilies, orchids, and daisies—and a plastic disc supported the head of the African daisy, which was the only flower whose head broke off as the rain lightened and I ran for a cab.

Well: What to do on a rainy day? Go back to the hotel and put on dry shoes that were less comfortable to begin with than my wet Nikes? Cut the flowers' stems and transform the water glass into a vase? The flowers could easily be made the right height. I had my Swiss Army knife with me. I carry it in my big change purse, because it makes me feel efficient, although, only a few days before, I hadn't had any sense of humor when, after a swim, a friend decided to take me to dinner at a fancy restaurant *right that minute* and I couldn't find a bobby pin to keep my hair out of my face. As I told him, while I pulled on a wrinkled dress behind a car, it said everything about my life that I could go through my purse and instantly fish out a dozen paper clips and a miraculous instrument that would take care of everything from filing a fingernail to extracting a cork, but a simple bobby pin couldn't be found anywhere.

So here I was again, drenched, but with my hair clipped back, thinking about where I might go both *en déshabillé* and *avec fleurs*. The Musée Rodin, of course! So I had the taxi take me there, and I paid my six francs to get in, and at the counter where others checked their umbrellas and raincoats I checked my bouquet. (I understand French well enough to know when people think I'm strange, but why linger to hear that?)

I wandered through the museum, and for a long time I looked at the piece of sculpture that is my favorite: Lady Sackville-West, done in 1914, her head turned sharply, her face entirely tranquil—that fascinating evasiveness which is so maddening in life and so wonderfully mysterious in art. What could she have thought in those hours and days when her head was turned just so as she became a work of art? And, whatever she felt, how was the sculptor to allow (or persuade) her to show it? Sculptors say that what they see is there, and that their task is to pare away what is extraneous. I stared at the piece of sculpture and realized that there is often extreme vulnerability in extreme postures. In spite of Vita Sackville-West's peaceful countenance, what head would be turned away in such a manner except with regret? Did Rodin think that he might be exposing the lovely shamelessness of sadness?

On the second floor, there was a man sitting in a tall-backed chair with its back to a window. He was clearly an American: about thirty-five and wearing a white cotton shirt, Bermuda shorts, and sandals. He had slipped down low, his long legs stretched in front of him, his arms squeezed inside the arms of the chair. He seemed too constrained in that awkward posture to be sleeping, but he was. Four illuminated chandeliers overhead didn't disturb him, and the crowds, moving around each other and the pedestals a little like bumper cars in slow motion, went unnoticed. If he had opened his eyes, he would have seen the big-bellied "Étude de Nu Type C pour le Monument à Balzac," but his eyes stayed closed. Behind him, beyond the tall glass windows, was the world: the sculpture gardens, the wet grass, the sculpture, the wet leaves, the roses. And while a man in a foreign country was tired enough, and comfortable enough, to sleep, the all-day rain continued to fall on "The Thinker."

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AND a young man writes:

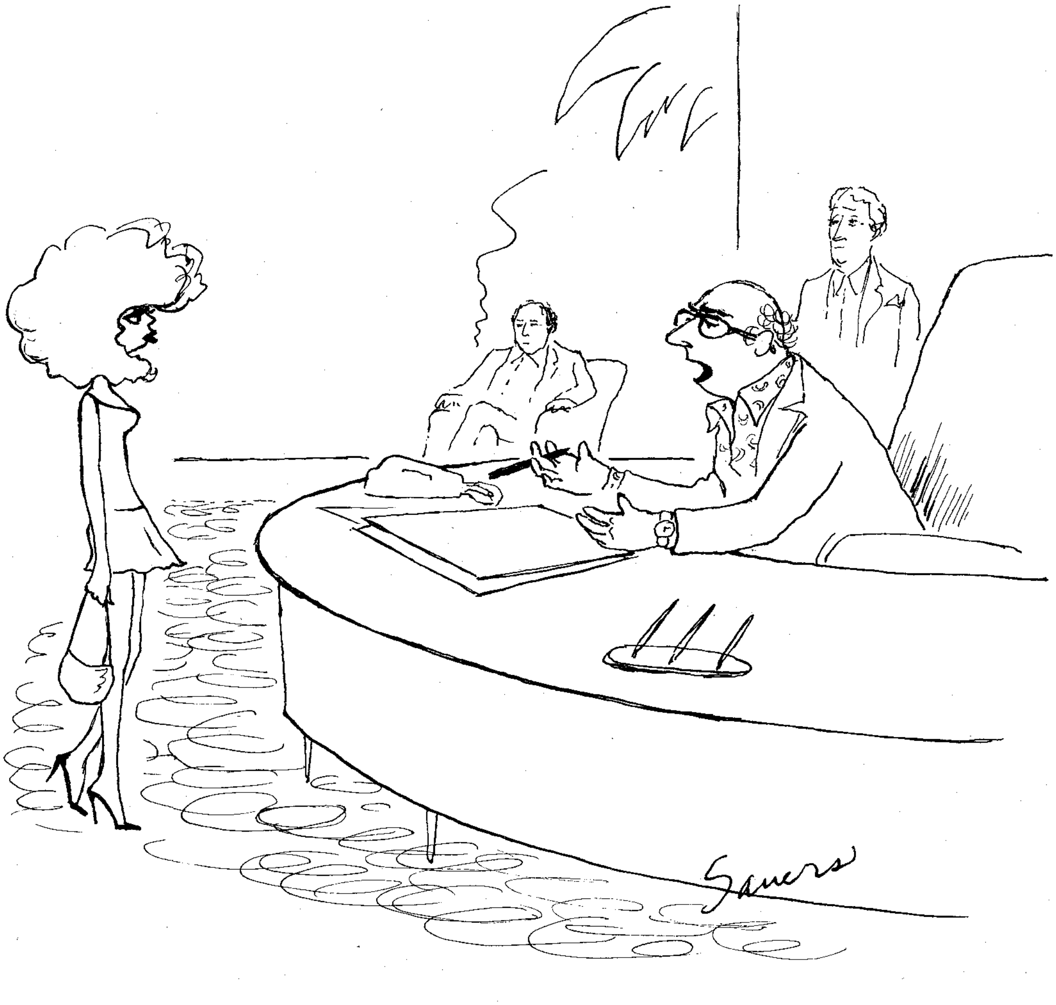
Last winter, I was talking with this guy I know. It was snowing, so we talked about, you know, snow. "It's not so bad here—I used to live in Minneapolis," he said.

"Minnesota's pretty far north," I said. (I could have added that *I* used to live in Canada, but that would have been boasting.)

"Yeah, Minneapolis is on the same parallel as Juneau, Alaska," he said. We were about to go on to some other topic—Patrick Ewing, probably—when a rough map of the continent appeared in my head. (It may have been the radar weather map from Channel 7.) Anyway, Alaska looked to be significantly north of Minneapolis. We tracked down an atlas, and found that the Twin Cities lie at a latitude of about forty-five degrees, while Juneau, a snowball's heave from the sixtieth parallel, is about a thousand miles to the north. "Someone told me that about Juneau, and I've been passing it on for years," this guy said. "I guess I'll have to stop." And he did, I bet. He just happened to be wrong about this one thing. No big deal.

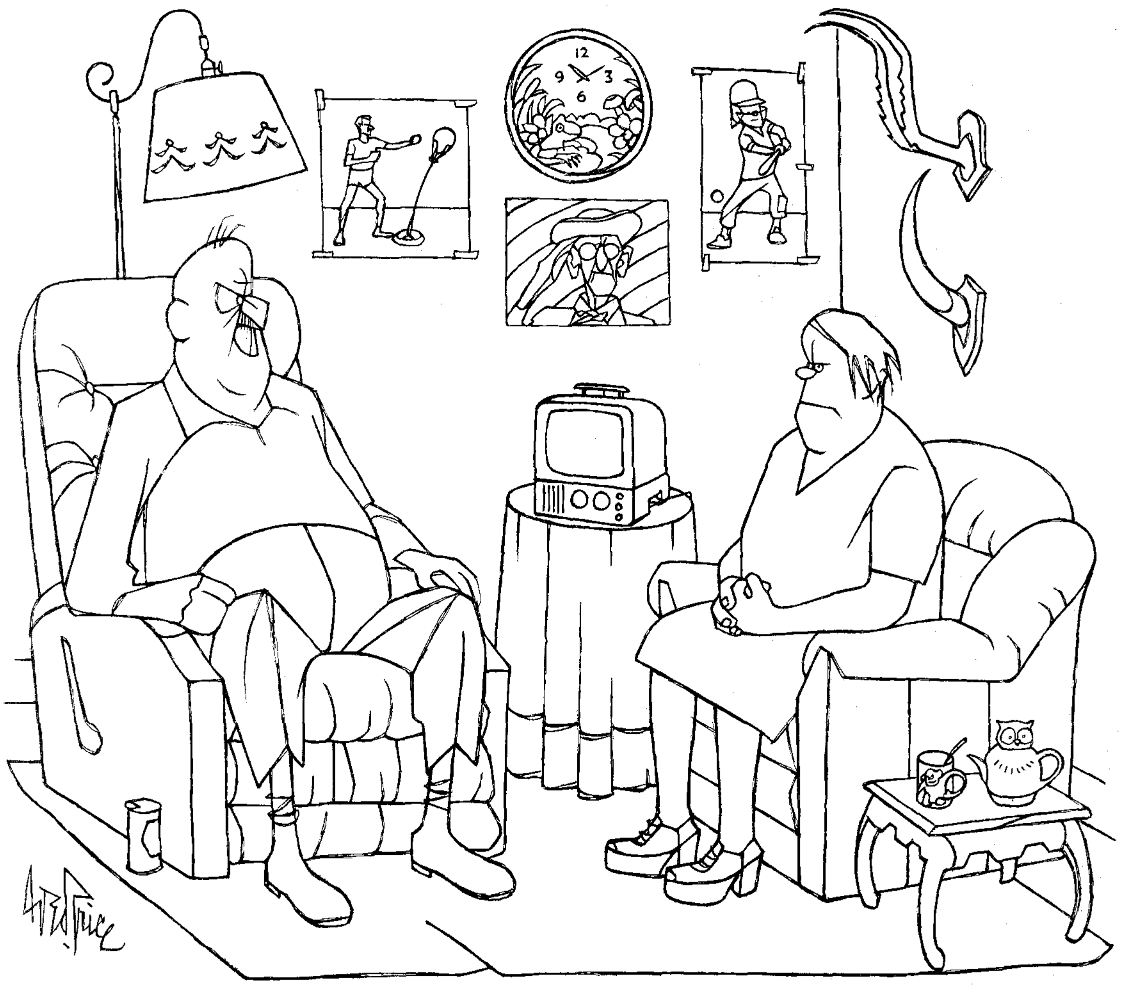
I started thinking about that conversation when I read the papers last Tuesday and found that President Reagan had praised the "reformist" government of South Africa. "They have eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country—the type of thing where hotels and restaurants and places of entertainment and so forth were segregated—that has all been eliminated," the President told radio station WSB, in Atlanta. "They recognize now interracial marriages and all. . . . Blacks can buy property in the heretofore white areas, they can own businesses in some forty white-dominated districts," he continued. Mr. Reagan's point, in each instance, was that his policy of "constructive engagement" had helped bring about these improvements. Taking his statements in reverse order, blacks in fact cannot own businesses in white-dominated districts. Under the country's Group Areas Act, each inch of South Africa has been zoned white, colored, Indian, or black. Only whites can own property in white areas, only Indians in Indian areas, and so on. A new law, proposed by the government but so far not put into effect, would allow blacks to *operate* businesses in some white, central-city areas. But they cannot own the buildings, or the land beneath them, and, under the strictures of the Influx Control Act, they cannot even enter the white neighborhood where the businesses are situated without written government permission. In shantytowns like Soweto, blacks were recently granted the right to acquire a ninety-nine-year lease on the land beneath their homes, but, according to the Washington *Post*, "that policy has been mired in red tape," and very few leases have been granted. As for the idea that the government now recognizes interracial marriages "and all," it is true: the ban on mixed marriages was repealed. A black married to a white cannot live with his or her spouse in a white area, though.

Mr. Reagan's assertion that all hotels and restaurants and places of entertainment have been opened to black people was his most powerful rhetorical point, because in this country true political freedom for blacks followed closely on the demise of Jim Crow laws. On the first day of February, 1960, four students from North Carolina Agricultural and Technical State University staged a sit-in at a Greensboro lunch counter. In August of 1965, the Voting Rights Act was signed into law. Petty apartheid and political domination were closely linked. In South Africa, Jim Crow was breached very slightly a decade ago (during the Nixon and Ford Administrations). Certain hotels and restaurants catering to international travellers were permitted to rent rooms and serve meals to black people. But this did not lead to widespread integration. Almost all places of public accommodation, including buses and trains, are still strictly segregated. In all of South Africa, there is not a single movie theatre that a black person and a white person (including a



"Brooke Shields is yesterday, Madonna is today. You, baby, are tomorrow."

couple married under the newly relaxed miscegenation laws) can both be admitted to. More telling, though, is the fact that political reforms did not flow from the minor breaches of apartheid. Schools are still entirely segregated, and the money spent on white children far surpasses the amount granted to blacks. (No one can say, however, that the authorities aren't concerned with educating black children. Just last week, they jailed several hundred students, some as young as eight, for cutting classes.) Last month, of course, President P. W. Botha pledged that South Africa would never countenance giving each man and each woman a vote.



"*Now that you ask, no, I don't believe there* is *a bottom to my little bag of tricks.*"

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And South Africa is much worse than all that. All of us, not just Ronald Reagan, forget how bad. Every night, it seems, the evening news opens with pictures of black teen-agers scattering at the approach of tanks. "FOUR MORE DEAD IN SOUTH AFRICA," "THREE DIE IN DURBAN FIGHTING," "SIX KILLED AT FUNERAL"—day after day the drone continues, until the casualties and the riots all seem alike to us distant observers. We have so little experience with domestic violence in this country that it is hard to imagine how it must shred hope and faith. Consider that the Boston Massacre, which claimed the lives of five people in 1770, still sticks in our national memory. The killing of four young people at Kent State in 1970 convinced—briefly—large numbers of young Americans that they lived in a police state. In South Africa, they have a Boston Massacre most mornings and a Kent State nearly every afternoon. It is a sick, sad, ugly country.

That the real South Africa bears so little resemblance to the South Africa in Ronald Reagan's mind is mildly alarming. He has the resources of the State Department and the Central Intelligence Agency to call upon when he wants information; he has a National Security Adviser and a National Security Council; every morning, an aide hands him a digest of all the world's news; he can summon any expert on any topic to the Oval Office and the expert will catch the next flight; the White House library subscribes to two hundred and fifty magazines; he has a bank of television sets with enough damn screens to look at all three networks and CNN simultaneously. And yet he is wrong about South Africa—not "wrong" philosophically or morally but *wrong*, factually. He is off by a thousand miles. And that is somehow reassuring. Surely it explains why he has shown so little concern, why he has kept whispering softly to the South Africans, why he has spoken so often of progress. He didn't understand; he just got it wrong. Other people have known about South Africa for years, but then other people have known where Alaska is for quite a while, too. When I was a kid, I thought for some reason that Los Angeles and L.A. were two different cities. We get things mixed up in our heads, and they stick until someone explains the mistake. By now, someone has certainly told the President the truth—told him blacks can't go to the white movie houses in South Africa—and from this time on he will obviously act differently.

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Toys

SHORTLY after going to work for the On-Site Program, a new therapy program for children and adolescents in the South Bronx, two young therapists—Helaine Eisenberg, a social worker, and Karin Brenner, a psychologist—drove up to Toys "R" Us, a low-markup toy supermarket in Yonkers, and in three hours bought a thousand dollars' worth of toys: enough to fill a U-Haul trailer. Toys have a special function in therapy, so they had to look for specific kinds of toys. For young children, who often have trouble talking about themselves, they needed toys the children could find themselves in, like hand puppets and dolls; seeing aspects of themselves in these toys, children are eager to talk about the toys' inner lives and feelings. And Helaine and Karin looked for toys that engage *only* part of children's attention, like dominoes and coloring books, so that their children could be free to think and talk about other things; and toys that children could share in groups, like building blocks, games, model trains. Playing together, according to Karin, "brings out all that's good in these kids." They also looked for traditional, non-trendy toys—"the stuff of childhood," Helaine calls them—which most of their children have never had: puzzles, softballs, finger paints.

At first, the On-Site Program, which is made up of three clinics in three different schools and is funded by the city, provided therapy for several dozen children enrolled in the public schools of the South Bronx, but within two months the program had grown: two new full-time staff members were hired, making eight in all, and about a hundred children were enrolled. More toys were needed. When we heard that Helaine and Karin were going back to the toy store for a second huge load of toys, we asked to go along, and drove up with them on a sometimes bright, sometimes cloudy Tuesday in Karin's boyfriend's big old burgundy '74 Malibu. The two women resemble each other, though Helaine is from Riverdale, in the Bronx, and Karin is from Caracas, Venezuela: both are very pretty, with wavy blond hair and light-brown eyes. At the Toys "R" Us parking lot, we met up with Perry Savino, a young, newly hired social worker. Perry has a full beard and a mustache, brown hair, and light-blue eyes.

The first moments inside Toys "R" Us made us feel we were in a place that was both familiar and peculiar. In many ways, it's exactly like a supermarket: it's one room on one level; there are checkout counters up front; products are stacked on shelves; people push shopping carts through the aisles in what would look from above like a sound-wave pattern. But everything is Alice in Wonderland big: the walls extend two hundred feet in one direction and almost a hundred and fifty in the other; the shelves are twelve feet high; the ceiling is fourteen feet high; there are eighteen thousand different kinds of toys and accessories for sale; the specially designed Toys "R" Us shopping carts are twice as large and deep as a supermarket shopping cart. Grabbing hold of an enormous cart in this vast store, we felt small.

Perry began by going over to the Magic Markers and tossing pack after pack into his cart—three hundred and sixty markers in all. "Kids don't like crayons anymore," he said. "The tips mush."

"These puppets are gorgeous," Helaine said, near a rack of hand puppets. "And so soft." She held a furry white unicorn to her cheek. "Puppets are the greatest. Children's whole lives come out when they put their hands inside puppets. Each puppet truly becomes part of each child."

She tossed about thirty unicorn and bear puppets into her cart. The store was fairly empty; there were always a few customers ambling by, with the mild, vacant expressions found in supermarkets everywhere. Some of the shoppers were accompanied by children, some were alone. Adults passing Helaine and the puppets eyed her with suspicion.

"Kids go nuts over these," Perry said, gathering up an armload of GoBots—toy robots that turn into planes or cars or trucks. "A toy that looks like one thing and then becomes something else says something about growing up."

Karin was picking out little orange, blue, purple, red, and green wooden blocks. "We use these with groups," she said. "They have to build a village, but they're not allowed to talk. They have to work together and communicate only with their hands and expressions."

"Oh, *no*, I *can't believe it!*" Helaine said, laughing. "These dolls *smell*." She was holding up a see-through box with two dolls inside: an old, stooped woman in a purple gown and a tiny troll in a purple suit. "It smells like bad grapes or cough medicine, or something. We can't use these—way too distracting."

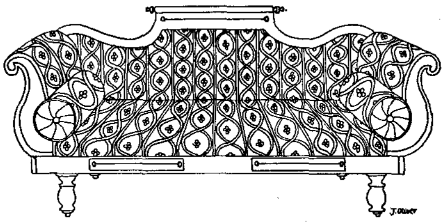
"We need dolls," Karin said. "But they have to be very plain and simple, containing only the essence of man, woman, and child, so that together they could be anyone's family."

We passed an entire shelf of Marilyn Monroe dolls, which seemed wrong by a generation or two. All the dolls were identical—Marilyn with a big, sexy smile, chin raised, lids lowered—but each doll was dressed differently, from a different movie. "Bus Stop" Marilyn wore fish-net stockings and a skimpy, low-cut black chanteuse dress. "Our kids would never relate to her," Helaine said. "And when we get white dolls we always look for matching black dolls."

Raggedy Ann-type dolls wouldn't do, either. "Their arms don't move enough," Karin said. "The kids would feel slowed down, stuck, immobilized."

Among other things they got were construction paper in all colors; a three-foot-high doll house with five rooms of furniture; several globes the size of beach balls, with mountains in relief; a few copies of each of several children's books ("Bears in the Night," "Fly Went By," "I Can Read with My Eyes Shut!"); and basketballs, volleyballs, plastic badminton sets, aluminum baseball bats, and kites. "I want the kids to have the thrill of *having* something in their hands take off into the air and soar," Helaine said.

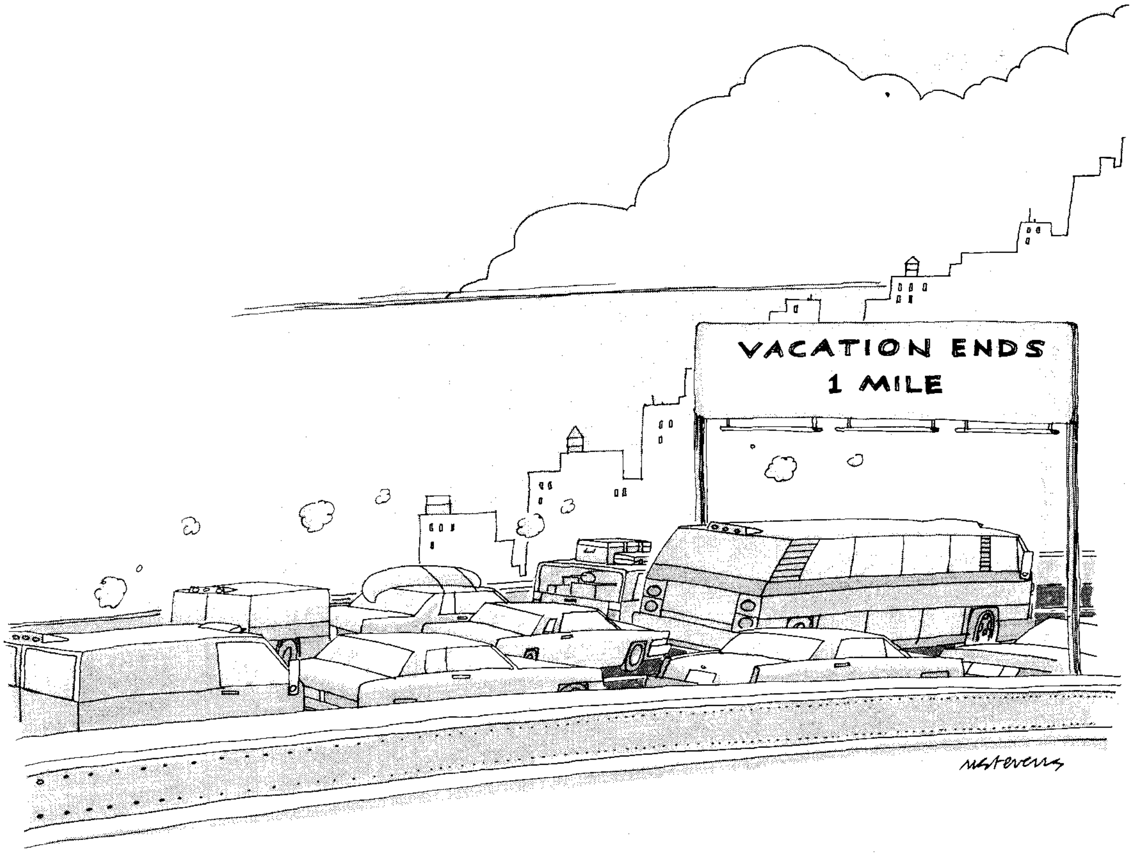
After two hours, they had four and a half shopping carts of toys.



Tartar

FIRST of all, the TV screens are in direct sunlight, so you can't see anything. You can hear someone describing an actual dental cleaning, but it's nil on the visuals. And then the artificial tartar on the tooth the size of your torso—you feel it's bogus. Nothing like that on my teeth, you think. Maybe on my driveway but not on my teeth. A lot of people were coming up to the big booth in Union Square Park last month, and they were receiving a lot of information, and some were even scoring pretty well on the automated Tartar I.Q. Test, but you had the feeling they weren't buying into the whole tartar phenomenon. And they'll have to if new Crest in the silver box with tartar-control formula is going to move off the shelves. You can tell someone over and over again that tartar is partly dead bacteria (the carcasses, it turns out, of plaque), but it's harder to convince them that it's a threat—or, at least, a threat in the same league as travellers' checks from the wrong company. Fear sells. We prepared an ad campaign:

Man in bearskin wrap, with deep voice and many pectorals, triceps, etc.: "Historians talk about the cossacks, and deliver long, dry papers regarding the Huns and the Visigoths and the Vandals. Many of the Mongol hordes have been written about in some detail. But even tenured professors wait until late at night, when sherry has loosened their tongues, to talk about the Tatars. How bad were the Tatars (not to be confused with the five million present-day inhabitants of the Volga River region of the Soviet Union)? The Tatars were so bad that they poisoned a friend of *Genghis Khan*. They swept through Europe, and not with brooms. Cuba sent advisers, but the Tatars taught *them* a trick or two. And now, spelled almost the same way, a new scourge—no longer confined to the steppes, no longer giving fair warning with screeches and hollers. It's in your mouth. It's silent. It's . . ." There could be some actual combat footage. The point is, you practically have to force people to do what's good for them.



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Beams

"PEOPLE are always saying 'They don't build things the way they used to,' but that is crazy," Edgar Tafel told us when we dropped by his Eleventh Street office last week. "Absolute nonsense. No one would ever build anything so *badly* now—not the most profit-hungry contractor." Mr. Tafel—a former apprentice of Frank Lloyd Wright, and an old friend of ours—has been spending his summer restoring the Church of the Ascension. Ascension, which is a block from Mr. Tafel's studio, used to be known as the Church of the Open Door, until its board decided that the risks of vandalism had become too great; it is the oldest church on Fifth Avenue, and the home of the largest of John La Farge's murals, and at its altar President John Tyler married Julia Gardiner (of the Gardiner's Island Gardiners). For the time being, though, its congregation meets in the sanctuary of the adjacent First Presbyterian Church, since Mr. Tafel's scaffolds fill the Ascension nave. We climbed fifty feet above the handsome old pews, because Mr. Tafel wanted to show us the six trusses holding up, more or less, the roof. The trusses—No. 3 in particular—are the trouble. "See that long crack?" Mr. Tafel asked. "This beam has completely failed. One heavy snow and the roof might very well have fallen in. People are always saying how well built those European cathedrals are, but half of them caved in. When they built this church, in the eighteen-forties, they had no idea about structural engineering."

"They probably looked in a book and the book said put in three-by-eights," said Jeff Paine, Mr. Tafel's associate and the man who first climbed up into the rafters (in his good clothes) and saw the splitting, chipping wood.

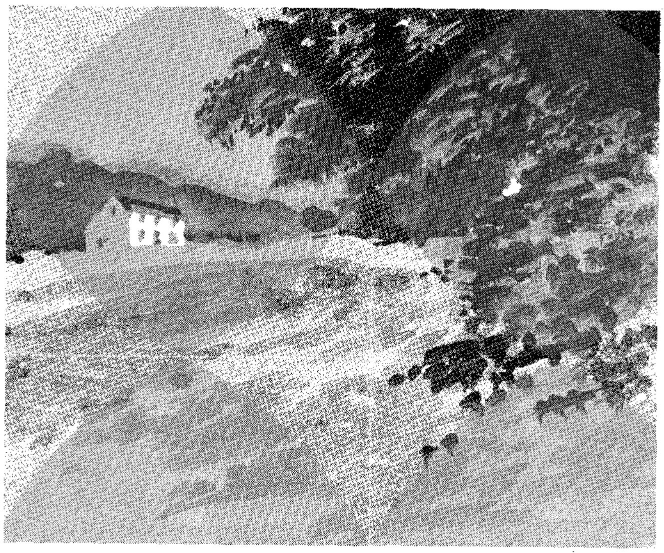
"There is no real architectural reason these trusses should hold up much of anything," Mr. Tafel said. "This was probably built by ships' carpenters. They said to themselves, 'Let's build a hull upside down.' "

We descended from the roof and went into the parish house to meet the rector. A movie director in need of a priest would hire this lofty, erect, white-haired, red-cheeked, pulpit-voiced man in a minute, but even the simplest screenwriter wouldn't let him use his real name. "I'm Father Goodness," he boomed at us pleasantly. "Donald Goodness."

We asked him how he had noticed that his roof was falling in.

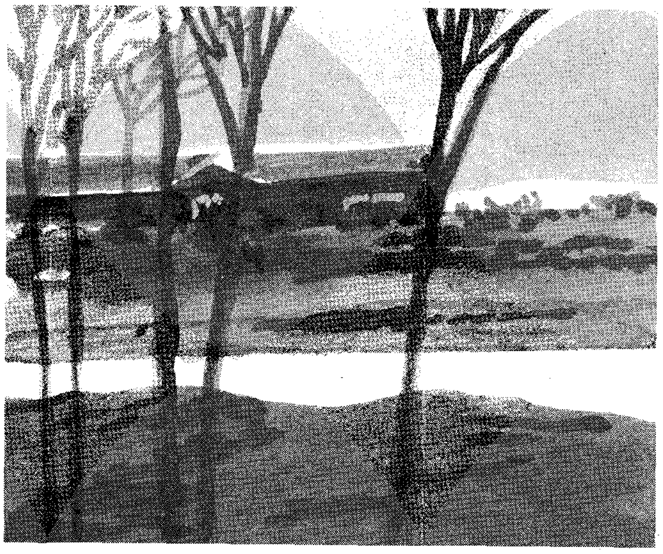
"It wasn't me," he said. "It was a curate. It was during a service, and he just happened to be observing the ceiling. We turned the lights down—we're very dramatic here at Ascension—and he was looking at the beams and just noticed how bent out of shape the supports were. If it had been a riveting sermon, he might not have noticed it. That may say something. Anyway, they put in the first scaffolding right away. We held one more Sunday service, but then they looked more thoroughly at the roof and told us not to take any chances, what with the organ thundering, and all—we have a superb organ. So we moved our services to the parish hall and then to First Presbyterian for the summer. I was worried that people might desert us for some other parish after a few months of this inconvenience. When a child breaks his arm, everyone is full of sympathy for a while, but eventually even his parents start to lose patience. That hasn't happened, though. Everyone has rallied around. We're a very healthy parish despite our roof."

CURRENT LISTINGS



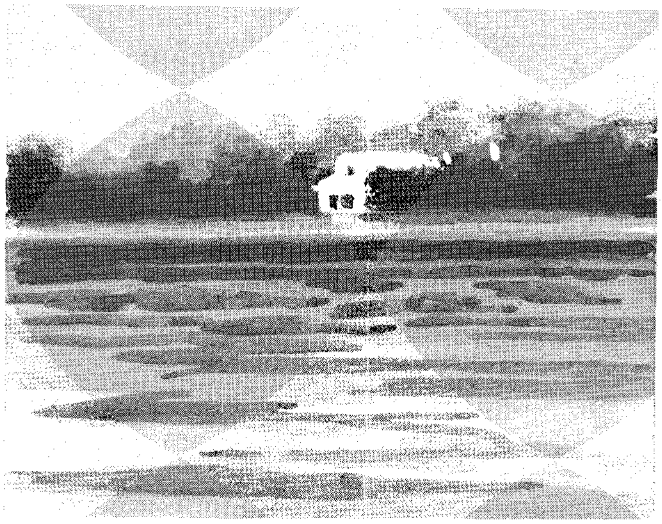
For Ambience Chasers

Dripping with elegance, you will disbelieve the Old World sophistry of this last of the one-of-a-kind Kentish Modern villas, both quaint and quixotic yet ideal for the multichild family wishing a single-bedroom life style. Walk-in kitchen, semi-attached porte cochere, only an hour's drive to nearest road. One billion dollars.



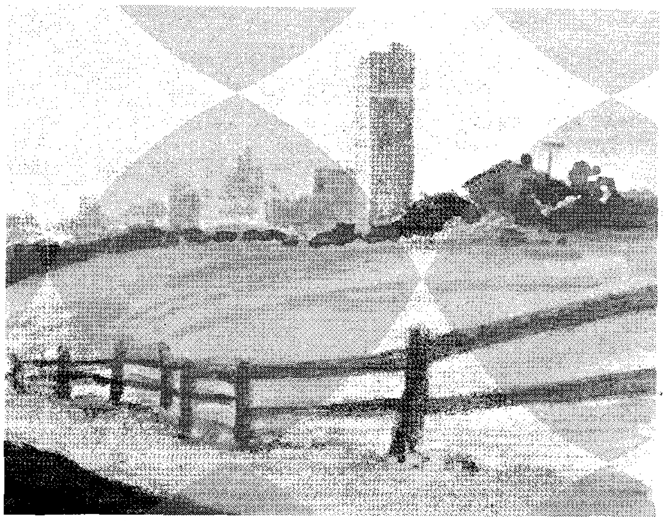
Money Talks

And the fortunate buyer walks away with the deed to this archetypical dream home of your wildest imaginings, a rolling Jacobean Revival set in half-timbered fieldstone grounds of more than 4,000 acres, every one of them on the property. Includes guest cottage larger than the main house, private formula-one Grand Prix racing circuit, long-lost Huguenot family.



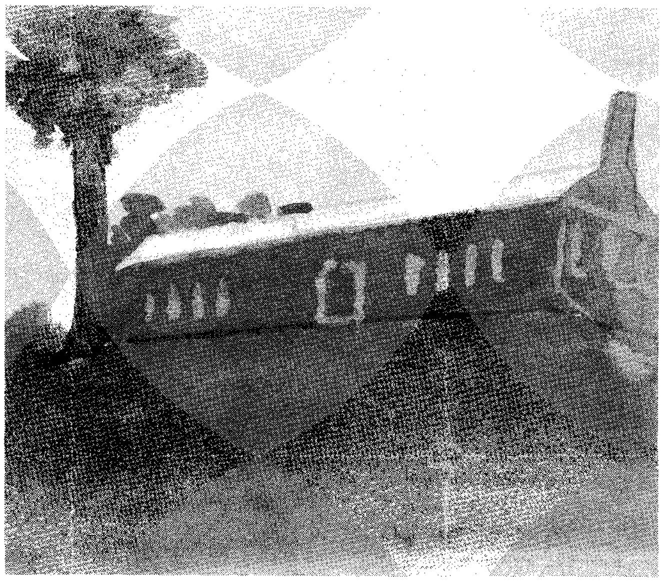
Nothing to Sneer At

. . . except the rabble over whom you will lord it in this unctuously sumptuous, mellifluously harmonic mock Georgian ranchette. All this and two live Grenadier Guards await the wealthy arriviste who arrives at the wrought-iron gates with the correct password and is invited inside to confront 32 rms, oil ht, full a/c, 5 bths, fplc, gdn, flds, prvt hwy, etc.



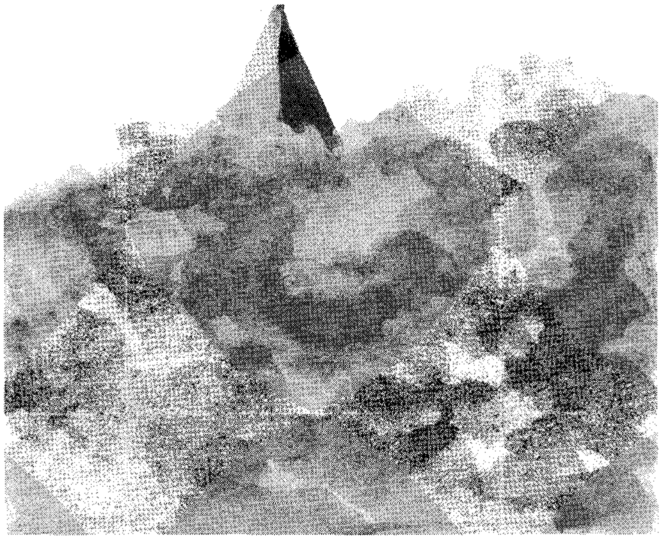
Your Pied-à-Terre in the Sky

Ascend far above the pinnacle to dwell atop the summit of your dreams, here in the penultimate penthouse, so far above the ordinary—and sea level—that each room is pressurized. The lights of Manhattan (or any major city of your choice) twinkle at night from every window should you choose fenestration. Security-minded? Co-op board does not allow crime on building premises.



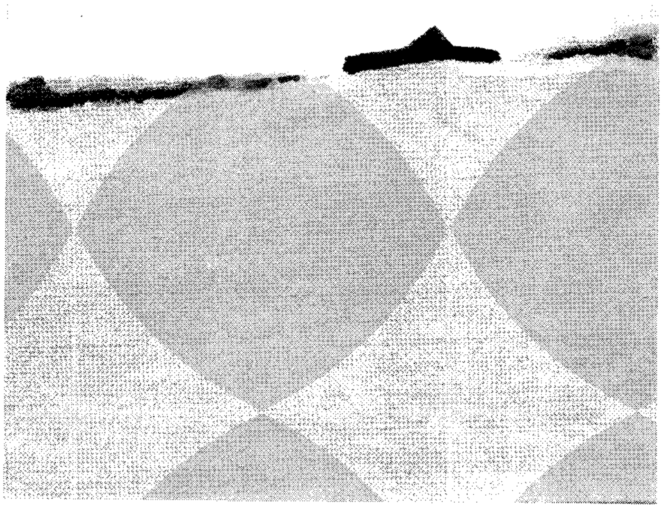
Oceanfront Property Going Fast

Twenty-room Florida Coast estate recently converted into cozy 2-bedroom beach house for sportsman who prefers deep-sea fishing out own kitchen window. Spectacular views, unforgettable sound of pounding surf night and day, especially night. Subject of color spread in official U.S. Army Corps of Engineers journal. Priced for quick sale. Hurry!



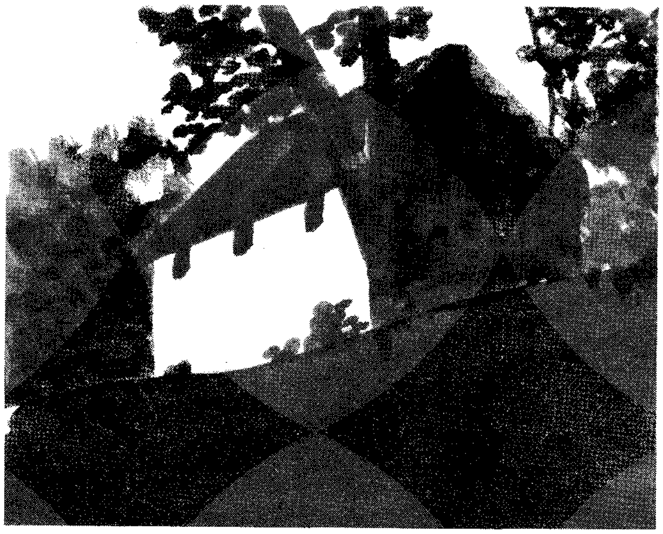
Charm Is a Four-Letter Word

Year-round land abuts this sui-generis Moorish bungalow. Ten-car garage with tiled lube pit both symbolizes and epitomizes the lavish care expended on this showplace retreat by a succession of owners. Listed by Soviet missile command as one of the 100 prime first-strike targets in event of nuclear war. That's prestige!



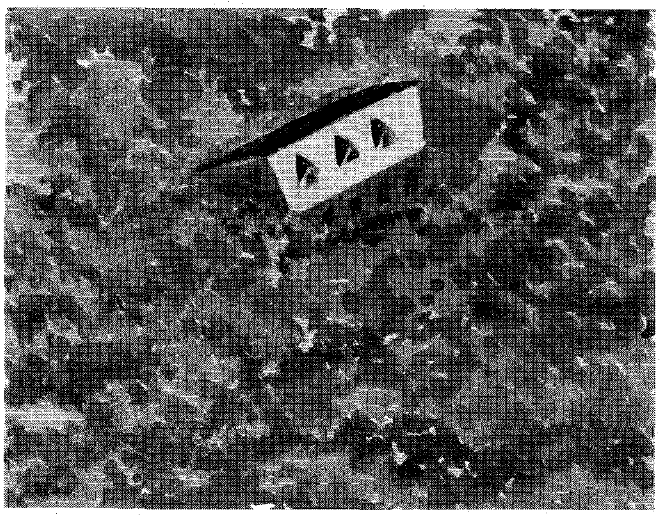
A Rural Corner of Connecticut

. . . is nowhere near this splendid 18⅓ room Tuscan Gothic with electric wishing well, self-vacuuming eaves troughs, indoor laser barbecue and oh so much more among a myriad of superfluities designed to make the easy life a challenge, not a privilege. Less than 30 min. from New York City by Concorde.



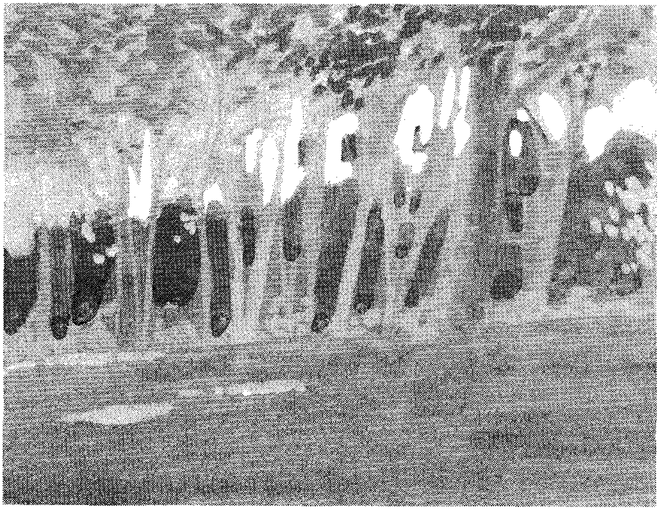
Not for Sale

Far from the "maddening crowd," yet adrift in the apocryphal luxury of a vanished age, here is an architecturally designed home that is a residence for the discriminating, both modern and new. Master bedrooms and baths boast master bedrooms and baths of their own. This, truly, could be your dream come true . . . come true.



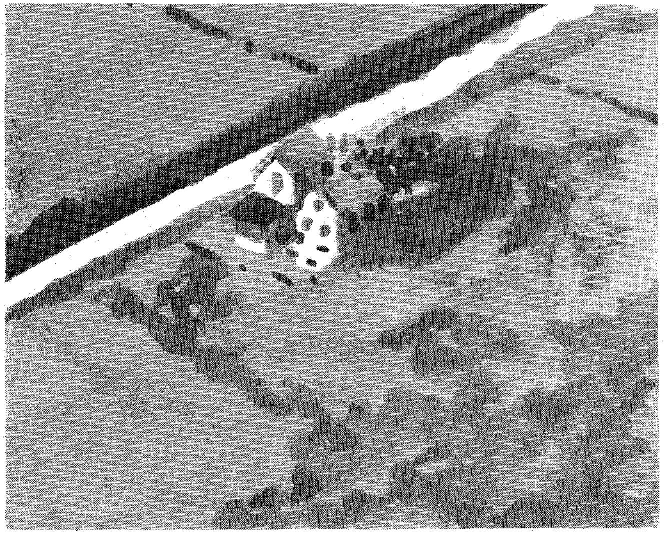
No Palace Like Home

The fin de siècle atmosphere of a Louis XIV French château mingled with the rustic charm of 19th-century Appalachia and round-the-clock convenience of man-eating attack dogs—if one could ask for more, it would undeniably be this custom-built "castle on the Hudson" on the Housatonic River, a symphony of marble and Formica that is your overture to luxury living beyond the pale. Serious inquiries only.



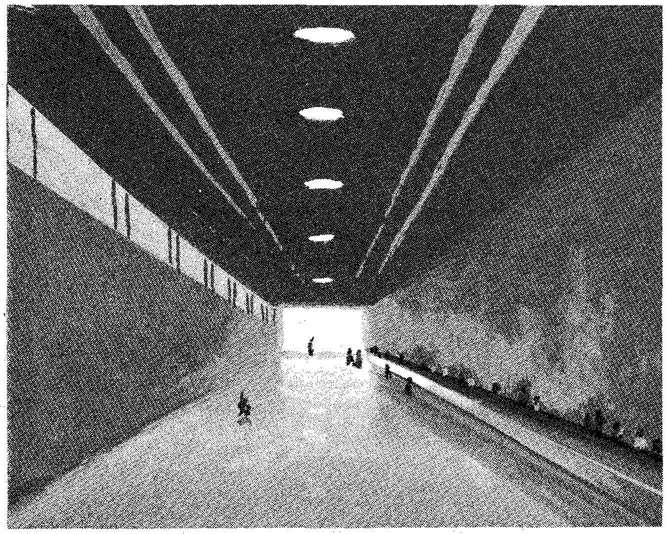
Only Brownstone in Locust Valley

Stanford White, legend has it, designed this 16-rm + jewel w. fplc in every rm, gaslites, tin ceilings & wkg horse stbls, intending it to be built on NYC's swank 5th Av., but after his demise at hands of H. K. Thaw & amid following confusion, it was built instead in charming Locst Val. Is romantic legend true/false? $400K lets U decide!



What Has Tudors and 64 Lintels?

This magnificent English Tudor mansion, an exact reproduction of the original in Glen Cove, N.Y., will transport you back to Merrie Olde England in the reign of Henry VIII and his spitfire wife Queen Elizabeth. Authentic 16th-century plumbing, kitchen and heat. Magnificent view of house from lawn, magnificent view of lawn from house are just 2 of 3 outstanding features of this property, said to be based on 1585 plans for the house of Sir Walter Raleigh, the pipe-tobacco mogul.



"Airport 1985"

What happens when a Colombian agricultural broker converts the former main airline terminal of a major U.S. city into a sprawling suburban high-tech hideaway, then mysteriously vanishes? It goes on sale to the first cash buyer sophisticated enough to appreciate 5,000 acres of newly paved grounds, breathtaking views from half-mile-long sundeck, picture windows galore, five-hundred-seat living-room-cum-atrium and only guest rooms on East Coast equipped with baggage carrousels. Reasonable.

—Bruce McCall

S.L.

He lifts me by putting his arm around my middle from behind, and I am held like a puppy or a piglet—he says so. “Puppy pig, piglet, that’s you. We’re going for a walk—you don’t feel like vomiting, do you?”

I vomited all the time the first year. I would vomit without warning and rackingly. If I’m permanently damaged, they will send me away. To a home. *S.L. hasn’t asked you to marry him yet.* Lila has said that to me already; she’s S.L.’s wife; she talks to herself when she’s with me. She’s not comfortable talking to *anyone mute*—she’s said so. In a casual way, she competes; but she’s being nice anyway. She doesn’t say, *Maybe he won’t want you.* She doesn’t say that I may or may not be nutty, defective, genetically weird. I may be accursed or wrought with ill temper and disobedience or be boring to him. Or too persistently have the wrong look on my face. I may not be acceptable to S.L. So, quite honestly, his devotion goes in and out of focus. In the fluster of the moments is this other fluster of a man with certain male gifts, male expertise: in small machines, in certain kinds of business deals, in certain kinds of competition and male acquaintanceship and friendship, in giving pleasure—and in running things by showing or withholding approval.

The last skill is marred somewhat by his *tragic sense*, which has a major component of sheer nerves, a fear of being wrong and being accused of it—punished for it. So he tends to blur things a lot, to blur them and then to be doubly willful, as if to insist you get the point. Devotion and eternal promises are usually contingent in real moments. I could feel him being on trial, being in a state of reality of being tested, but testing, too, trying me out, trying us out: “You want to risk getting rained on? I want to risk it. Let’s get a breath of air while the rain holds its breath. We are a nice-nice child in a world of bastards, we’re as happy as ten thousand pair of blue jays who turn into ducks when it rains . . . Little Sweets . . . Little Sweet Friend, here. . . . Here we go: Bumpety-bump.”

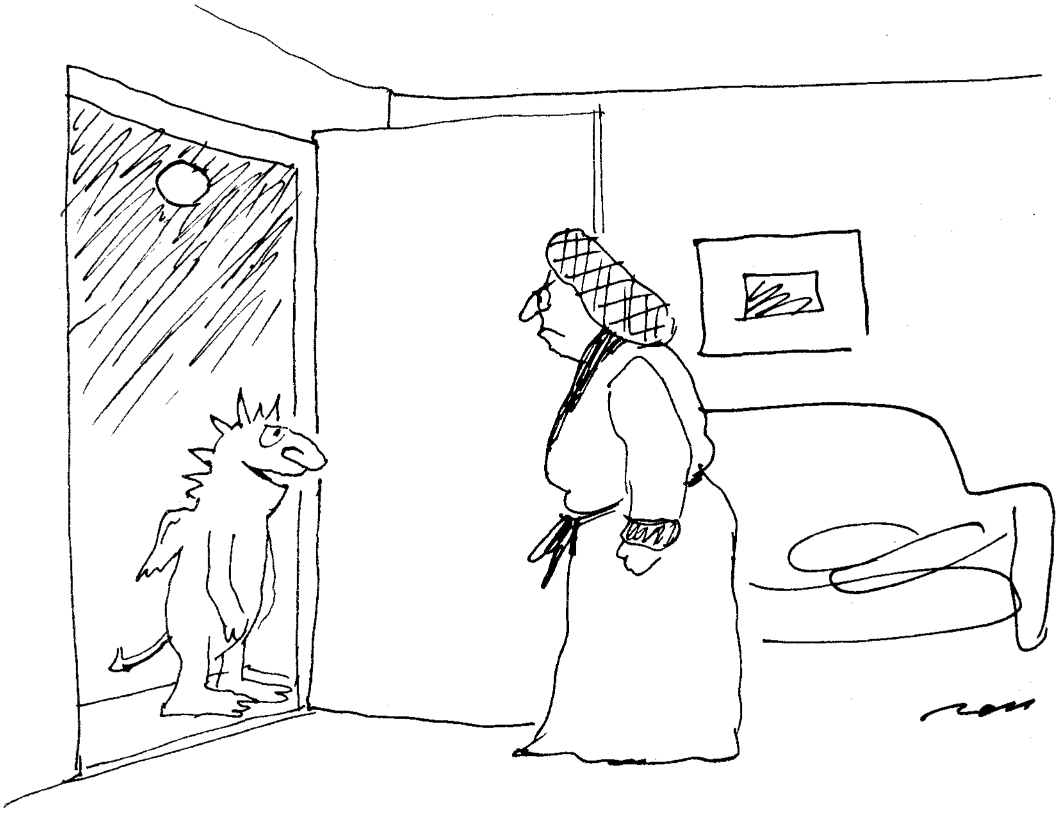
He and I go outside. I am a small child. We go outside onto a wooden deck. The rain is at a pause. In the air a batting of droplets and mist is suspended softly. It wraps everything as if to keep it safe so that it won’t break.

Encumbered by that mist and stillness, the air yet has movement second by second, a pigeon flutter. It trembles, silver-gray, silent. And everything in the world, everything that I see—the small pillars of the porch, the handrail of the steps, tall bushes alongside the steps—gleams and drips.

In a style of ironic sadness and in an unfocussed fond mood, S.L. sings, tunelessly, an impromptu song as he carries me down the steps: “*Oh, what a shame it is.*” Inside the blind field of his singular loneliness, in a peculiar state of American self-indulgence, his voice rises and falls, oversized, a seemingly unbounded mumble in the wet stillness.

Me, the silent child—mute and new in this household, the not really very well child—listens. *He*—S.L., for now my acting father—says, “Aren’t you the trembler! Well, I won’t bite.” His voice grandly imitates a little voice: “Poor birdie thing.” His male unhappiness adds grace to his sympathy—he knows I am ill and sad, and he makes that part of his complaint against the World: my condition accuses the world and so does his mood, and this makes him and me twins. “Just be friendly and I’ll get the idea that I’m O.K. with you. I’ll get the idea that I’m O.K. all the way.” S.L. picks up his moral absolution here and there where he can find it. He’ll take it as a compliment from nearly anyone—a man saying, I’ll tell ya, S.L., you’re really all right.

His will has preserved the child for a while now. Three months ago, S.L. was shown me, motionless and unspeaking, bruised and meagre. Now the child walks hesitantly when encouraged. But he has not shown any sign of being willing to speak again (he once spoke), or even to make noises as signals. His mother, the mother of his infancy, fell from sight, was taken to a hospital six months ago and has been invisible, has been absent since. She died yesterday (I



“Your husband is still at Grogan’s Bar, and he said to tell you he’s staying at Grogan’s Bar.”

think). *S.L. felt easier when she was dead; he didn't want to steal anyone's child.* He may adopt me now.

Or not. In general terms, he is considering the burdens and the pleasures and the chances for our success as a father and a son. I don't know how odd an example of fathering this is or if it applies to other lives, too.

"I drove home to be with you—just with you." He is handsome, young, and affluent; people, including children, are rivals for his company. "I came like the wind in my merry old Buick to have a little happy daytime lovey-dovery with you, you. You are very fine—you are a fine child, a real fine person, yes, you are."

The back yard is a landscape of mist, a brown rain mist, almost black. There are odd cloudy walls at the end of the yard. In the suffusive light, in the cleared part (a room under low clouds on this high bluff), colors have the quality of paint, rich and floating. More perceptibly color without the rivalry of sunlight. The damp, dulled, particled, dispersed, shredded glow is a special light, a special silence. In it, the closely shaved stubble of his neck makes a noise on his collar, not far from my ear.

At the head of the gravel driveway, he puts the child down on the gravel; he bends over me, he urges me along with his hand on my backside, his forearm on my back. I walk reluctantly on the unfamiliar footing here, the shifting and noisy gravel. There is gravel noise that I hear, and I hear S.L.'s breath all around my head—he begins to congratulate me: "Look at you, look at you go—let me tell you, kiddo, you're not far off seven-league boots, you're a tremendous walker—you know how wonderful you are? Isn't it time we all gave you a testimonial? It is, it is. So listen, little bird, little birdskull, oh, you're a sparrow, you're perky is what you are, I'll tell you, well, it's all over town now, you're going to be all right now, I say so everywhere. You're famous, you're a hero; I'm glad I know you and the whole town is talking—Jesus God, oh, Jesus God—" My silence and my despairing walk on the lumpy gravel depressed him. He lost interest. He mostly hadn't meant what he said in any way that extended beyond the moment—he wasn't speaking timelessly. It depended now, for instance, on my responding—not on what was in him just then.

He is faintly angry in his sadness, in the sadness in which *tragic* becomes his judgment on how things go in the world. *I am a tragic man, don't you know that, don't you understand anything? My life is pain. I hate everyone.* His style hid that but hinted at it, said it in an obscure tongue—a fineness, a tragic dimension, male pain: a greatness, a dignity.

Suddenly he begins to name everything out loud; he is instructing the child: "House, howdy. . . . Howdy, old house. . . . Hello, lawn. Hello, azalea bush with a broken branch on it. Hello, puddle. Rain, rain, go away, come again another day—don't make the little kid sad—that is bad—I'll get mad—and I'm a poet—and I know it. I'm a poet; don't be fooled. I'm the best in the goddam school. So listen to me; I know what's good and bad. It's not all what meets the eye." He means he's a realer poet than famous poets are although people wouldn't say so.

He's looking at me to see if I am glad to be free from the attentions of women. "You are with a hero of the Marne and points west." Actually,

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THE EMPIRE OF CHANCE

Its terrain is dry and spreads out so you glimpse only bits
At a time; its cities have been known to shine
But are usually hidden, appearing, suddenly
And by accident, around a bend.
I live near the mountains in a barren
Valley spread with boulders round and red.
I work a field that dims and disappears,
Then circles back to greet me. And after work
I often sit in the emerald evening air,
My legs stretched out before me,
The collar of my coat turned up,
The wicker chair tilted back,
And wonder what they do up there
In the crystal hills, so cold, so filled
With the lack of what we have down here.
The sound of distant trains, their long
Monotonous whistles, floats down the frozen passes.
And in the dark, under the pressure of starlight,
I dream I'm somewhere else: I hear the sea heaving itself
Upon the shore and the sheer wind
Threading its way through patches of stunted pine
And layers of misted air. And while I strain
To keep that prospect near,
The small night garden behind the house
Sheds its scented, moonlit flesh.
When daybreak comes,
The grassless plain beyond my field
Turns grayish pink, the moon's old face
Is pitted and blind,
And a few clouds drag their skirts of rain.
And in the unshakable flush
Of sunlight curving down
To take me in everything spins
Away, beyond my reach, as if my being here
Were some mistake. So the day begins.
The great lake to the west sends up a wall of haze,
The mountains to the south and east a frieze
Of snowy peaks, and the airy reaches
To the north a bank of cold.
Despite its ancient bounds, the empire has no shape.
I work my plot under the screech of gulls
And the sky's deep stare. I work myself
Until I cannot bear my work.
It is the hard truth of what I do.
My shadow shudders in the morning air.

—MARK STRAND

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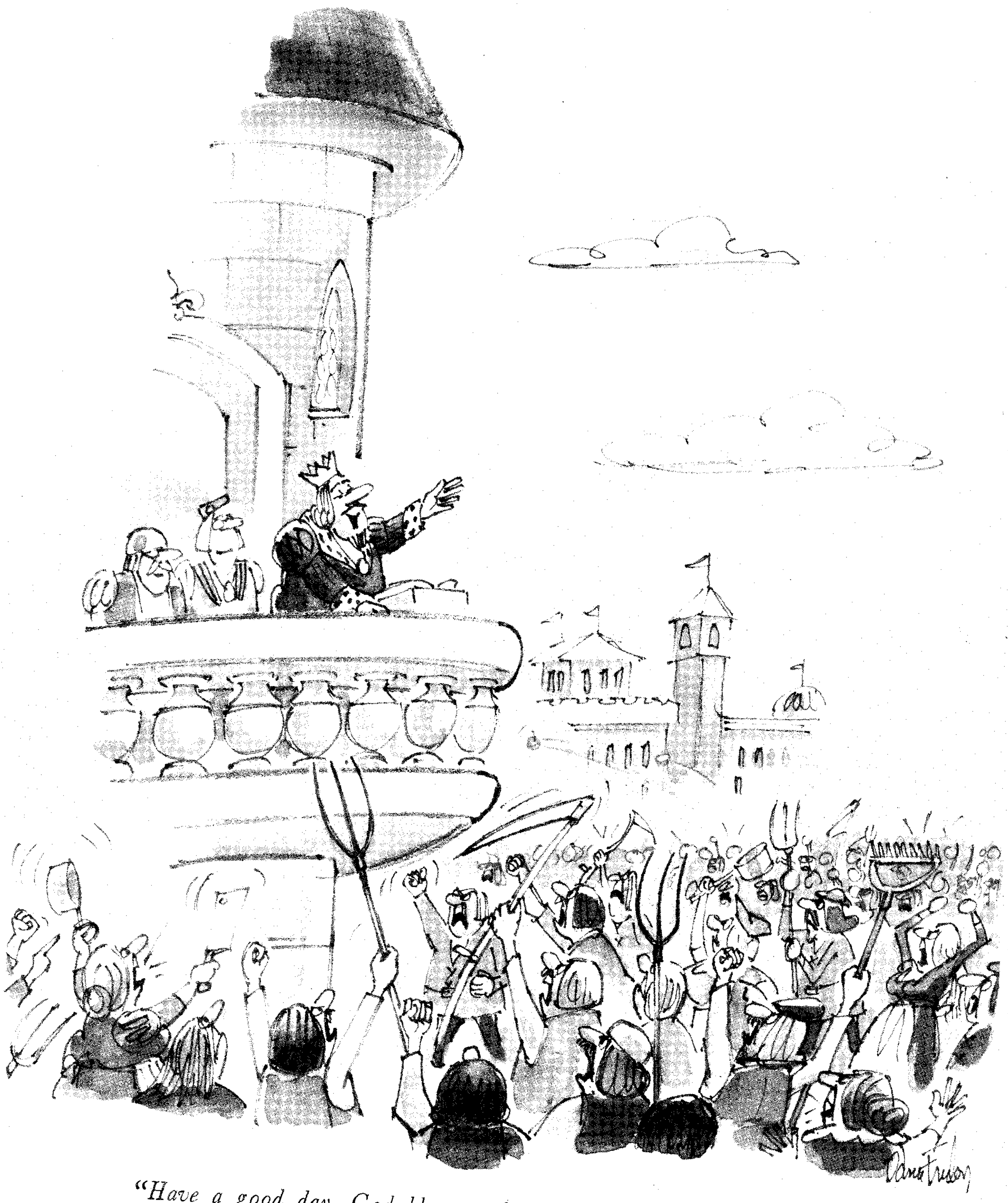


"Have a good day, God bless, and for heaven's sake lighten up."

• •

Château-Thierry and the Argonne. "Smile and see what you get, pretty sparrow bird." His voice urges me. He wants me to pantomime or lisp a child's version of the way he is talking to me. He is lonely.

His manner has a doting, nursing thing in it among the riotous sexual qualities and *don't fool me* stuff of his daily postures. When I don't talk, he says, "All right, be silent, silent knight—ah-hemm."

He is pleased and then sad and then—sensually—saintly: wistful, feminine, as if only women were saintly in America. "I do, do, do like youuu, youuu, youuu, ditsey, dittlesee dotsy dossippity—I'm a nursemaid. . . ." He minced for a step or two, being a lordly parody of a girlish nursemaid, a girl without money, and good and pure. Uncalculating. Then he lost interest but went on mincing, but less so and sort of absently, and tugging my hand so that on one side I was lifted off the ground. He stopped. "I'll tell you true. I'll tell you something so true it'll burn your breeches off: yes, sir, it pleases me, it feels good to be good, yes sirree—being kind to you is a privilege, sweetie-poots."

He's probably going to adopt me. It depends.

He gives me funny names. The child has no real name yet in his present circumstances. The child is between names. Names, essences, hopes, realities of safety of a kind.

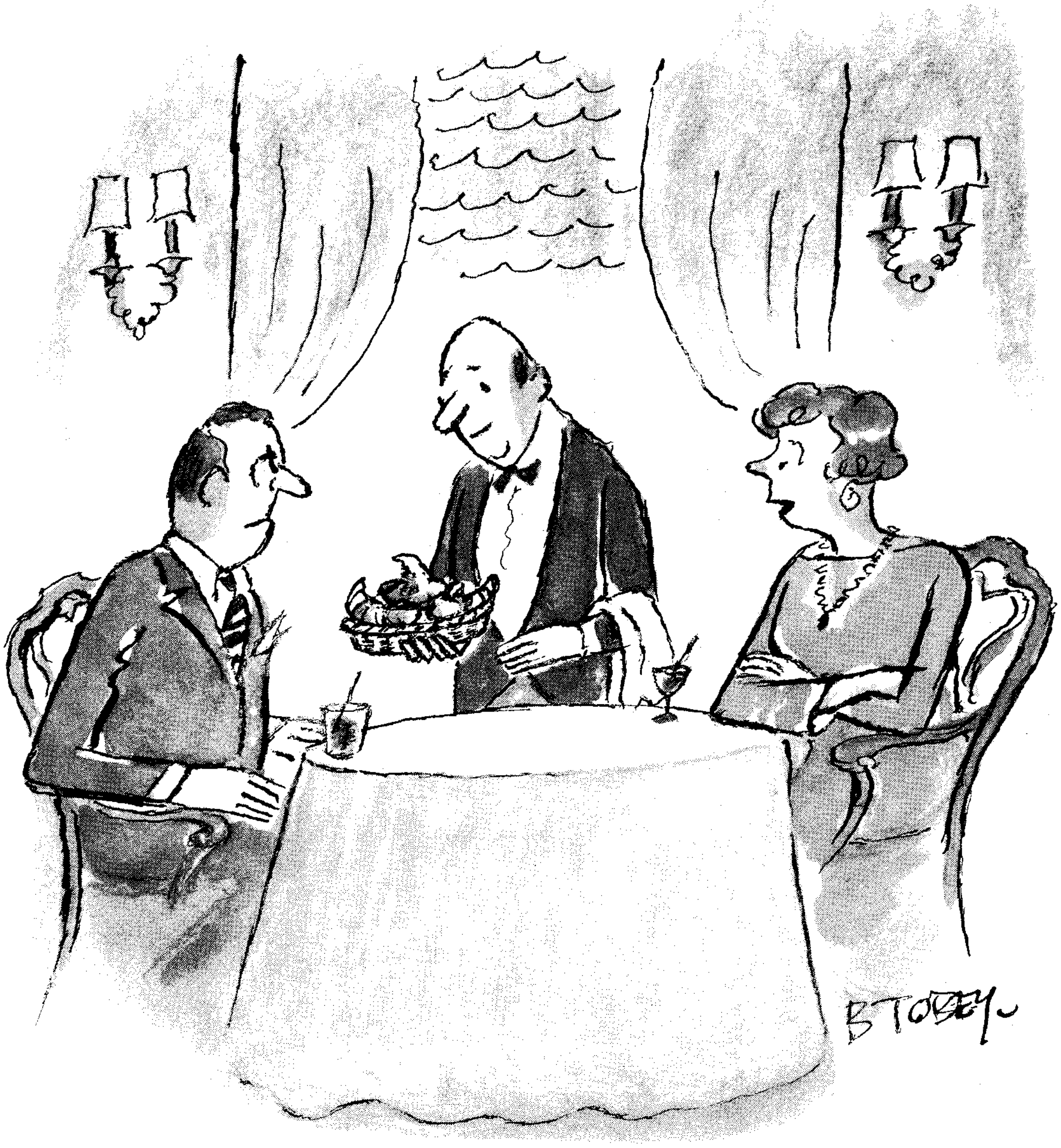
S.L. is somewhat sentrylike and dutiful inside his glamour, his lustre, self-conscious, a beginner at being dutiful with a small boy, certainly not yet professional at it. He is professional at being handsome. He is expert at softening his male willfulness and being pleasant in a real way. S.L., sentrylike, softened, pleases the child, and the child's wall of illness and silence thins somewhat. The child's attention is more present. The child is now nervously alert. He begins to feel S.L.'s presence in a more immediate fashion—this is the first time S.L. has seen this in the child. "I like your smile," S.L. says. "I know how to read a smile. You have very particular smiles, but you don't have enough of them, if you ask me. Well, this is a threat, from the sheriff: Smile or get out of town—I'm gonna make you smile."

Almost openly, the child stares upward, stupefied and beguiled—it is the boundlessness of that man's voice, a flood outside me in the mist and air and inside me overturning my mind, my head, and its shallow cups of electric comprehension. Perhaps it was like being a child on a beach, in the sand and sun, in the noise and at the edge of the expanse of water, a new combination at that size; it is toy-like and giant. His intentions, his purposes as he shows them, as they show themselves to me, are not business-like but open and strange, like a beach, friendly and temporary: the child has no abiding sense of the future. Maybe the women will not only be pretending that S.L. is *good with the child:* maybe it will genuinely be so now.

I turn my head aside, but I hear him. I vibrate with his voice. His intention is this, is to affect me, malely. To be honest, I have only limited faith in anything human. The child was dark-souled, and so am I.

The damaged kid is spoken to: "You're a problem—but what kind of problem is there that a lot of love won't solve? Maybe a whole, big, great amount of love. I don't know anyone who wants you but me, so you have to put up with me—I'm new at this, but you can count on one thing: I'll never be a liar or a bully to you."

After a few seconds, his mood alters into nervousness. He's not all that sure of himself. He says, looking at a house across the street, remembering something that happened there, or maybe he's thinking of his dead sons—two sons that died in their first year whom I will in some degree maybe replace in his life—or maybe he's thinking of war or business or of his genital acts: "It's tragic; there's too much that's tragic in the world; it gets a man down." The *tragic sense* of things that accompanies him almost always gives a quality of depth, of grace, to him, nearly always, or maybe only to me and to the women who care for him at one time or another. He says, "Sometimes, like now, I can stand still and it just seems to me I can hear everyone in the world who's weeping. Everyone's crying but us, kiddo." He said *you* to me in a particular way; he never said *you* the same way twice to me. He was aware of the Joseph's-coat colors of his voice, its labor, its vanity in this regard; and as with his clothes and his posture and his *being nice* he got exhausted from time to time over it. Now he is intimate, conspiratorial—it was so intimate, so mournfully affectionate, it so firmly included me and was so apologetic toward the world, that the word was like a whole wriggling or gliding animal, bright head, pursed neck, strong back, and long tail: *Yuhuhuuuuuuuu.* Then he took a breath and rested, sort of:



"Mr. Ralston appreciates that these were flown in from Paris, but he still prefers your little raisin-pumpernickel rolls."

"(*Uh*)*n*(*duh*)." Then: "Meee-ihhhhhhhh . . ." The "me" was modest, even disgusted, that modest: "We're happy as larks—we're happy, because that's the way it is, thank you very, vereeee, MUH-hutch (chuhhhhh). . . ."

The actuality of the man, like the actuality of his voice, was not familiar, or like a formula, to me, but was incomprehensible and real, which I partly minded and did not mind, the immensity of fact and of my incomprehension.

He lifts me. "Are you going to vomit?" he asks me. I see his eyes. They are enormous to me.

I shake my head no, but it is more to be polite and to establish that I can hear him that I do it and not because I am sure of my stomach.

S.L. looks at me. Neither S.L. nor I know if I am *sick to my stomach* or not. I feel him as partly hollow; the presence of his consciousness was an actual chamber, or set of chambers, in the air for me; they were built onto my own head, a larger set of rooms, extra porches.

Some kinds of anxiousness are the same as fringe territories of sleep—the sinking and rising when sleep starts and ends and the undefinability of the medium of air and ground then. He had in him a black shadow, guilt, self-doubt, the edge of dreams, always. Even if he were a truly pure substance, a mechanical but maybe holy figure, he would still doubt, but, of course, he is a liar, and a man whose lies were not always kind and not always not-self-serving and not always not-dangerous. This man lies and wins things in the world; he is a thief off and on, sometimes in a fairly large way and seriously; he's mixed up in county things; and he's in business with two different men and they're "realistic," and he's not a snob, he's complicitous; he fits in—he has certain kinds of impostures, as when he makes deals and gives orders and whatnot; and he slanders and he sells his good opinion. Still, he's not doing those things right this minute; and the extent to which he's stained, dirtied by his life, the degree to which he's no good because of all he's done, or whether, in spite of that or because of it and the way he does it, he is really good, and a decent man—that's an unclear issue.

He's not insane—he says so as he lifts me to look at his Buick. He says, "That cost plenty; I was insane not to get a La Salle. Well, what the hell, I'm not insane, I'm as American as apple pie and a real sucker when you get right down to it." He says—suddenly—"I allus embezzles me a little money when I gets me duh chance, Marsa Sweetie-Poots. This car was a steal, but green is a bad color, nest paw? This is a reward for keeping my mouth shut, but I ain't a-gonna tell you the story today. Any man feels he wants to sell me a sedan for the price of an itsy-bitsy coupé is a friend of mine, and that's the truth—heigh-ho."

The car is enormous and clouded with moisture on metal and glass. For me, it is half cowlike, half wet grass blade (because it is green and wet) and seriously alive for me as toys are.

"I come home at night and pay my bills, I'm a father, so don't make my car a lemon, you hear me, God?" He puts me down. "I'm reformed. I'm what you call a reformed character, when I get around to it. Actually, I am reformed when you come right down to it. That's how it goes. Another day, another dollar. And it all depends on Washington, D.C.”

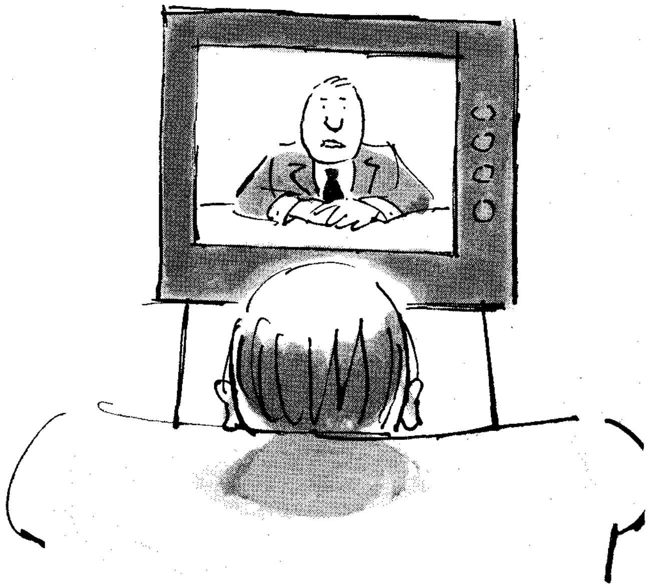
I'm an experiment. He tells me so: “I am a reformed character, I am; I hereby promise to keep my trousers zipped. And my pockets dry. If things work out with you, pooty-poo, you show me you're one hell of a *well* kid and you'll be one hell of a *swell* kid in my book, and I'll show you a good time more than youuuu dreeeem uvvvv.” Pause. “I'll show you what a father is, I'll show you love and a half.”

He has to be corruptible at every moment: it's part of being a man, a businessman, a man who's on his toes; it's part of being on the *qui vive* (he liked that phrase for a while), it's part of his charm, part of his sense of the moment, of reality, of how things are done. He wants me to be corruptible but loyally so—along a single line, specialized in my corruptibility—not universally corruptible. It's not impossible that this can be managed. Everything in him, in me, that concerns him and me is from only a limited number of moments, it's not from all my life, and it's not eternal. We don't have a contract.

He liked it that I liked the car. He says, “I think I'm going to show you a nice park. If you throw up, I warn you, I'll have to take you home. I'll know I'm on the wrong track; a man can take only so much humiliation.” My nurse—Annemarie—and Momma will rebuke him. He feels comfortable enough to threaten me. “With those biddies at home, believe me, I'm taking my life in my hands.” I can feel his latent humiliation, how potent a thing it is in his large presence; it throbs near the surface, a raw thing, a web of nerves, presentiment, a raw distaste for being hurt.

Carrying me, he walks past the beaded skirt of a wet-leafed willow. He's full of head-cockings and self-searchings; he says, “What I mean is this: I'm going to tell you something, little one—I'm a free man. No one will let a man be a free man, but anyway I charge for my services.” There's a sense in which I never knew what he meant. It was, all of it, all, over my head. “It's a hell of a wet day, you know that, gorgeous? It'll put roses in your cheeks—and that means thorns up your ass. Ho, ho, ho.” “Thorns up your ass” meant a comeuppance, meant your having to be humble, but sometimes it meant only *Nothing's perfect*. But he said, “Everything's perfect. We have a little heaven, right here—just stop and think about it.”

Then, a minute later, he's not convinced, but he sort of blames me, or fate—I mean, he feels it *could* be *perfect*. He's in his thoughts and far off, and then his attention comes rolling and roaring back like a train backing up in a switchyard. He smiles distantly, although his attention is fixed on me. “A freckle-faced kid, but you don't have freckles; well, you could be well and sweet and make me happy . . .”



“This is Fred Monder with the news. The Slovodian capitol was bombed at ten o'clock this morning. We now take you live to Slovodia and Sam Niles.”

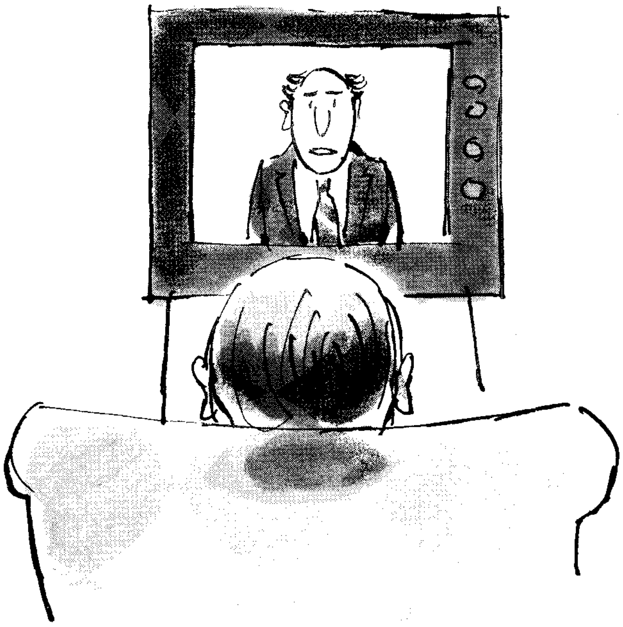
• •

Then he turns into a new version of a sentry-nurse, half a beaming lighthouse, public, publicly friendly-faced, fatherly in damp air. A wind has started up, and the clear spaces are larger, but we are still closed in. “But we'll do what we can, can, can to keep the wolves at bay. . . . And it's all a can of worms, but so what? That's what I say to you.” This is a variant of saintly-but-sneaky—he's in motion; he's all thunder and big stuff and amusements: he displays a high-keyed grimace, a locally sophisticated smile at the foggy air: he's an O.K. fella, shy, distracted—handsome: that's what he looks like: *Root for me*. He's not meanly vain except sometimes, in the way he dismisses everyone and the way he expects indulgence for what he does. But with me he's self-conscious, restless but *patient;* he's a good man, *not a bastard*. He's sort of on fire physically; he's so restless that his softness and crooningness have a comic beauty. He knows that. He tends to display a deep comic knowingness about himself and people—it's a noticeable part of what he does. I would say he has a public anxiety to feel deeply; this is part of his persona: to be someone who is *real* and *strongly true*—not a thief, not an embezzler, not a lost, seductive crook, but a man of great emotions, the best emotions, the greatest version of the emotions that there was. He needs to feel he feels deeply as he needs to take a full breath from time to time. In his business life—and with Lila, Momma—he is ironic and sarcastic and sometimes “good-hearted and shrewd;” he is careful rather than a man of deep feeling. He's experimenting now with deep feelings. It's as if he had dark shafts and mines in him in which fires raged in veins of coal—long-term fires.

I feel his attention as a refined space that I am in. He maybe had a bad morning, a complicated one outwardly and in his own head. He says, “If everyone would listen to me, the world would be a fine place to live in.” He is deep-humored, with ogling eyes; his eyes do that as a joke. They're deep-lidded and nursey, they're nursery-kind and sweet; but they're still a lecher's eyes; he likes the combination; he is a man of local wit.

Daddy lives physically, altering his surfaces and his tones as he goes along. “I don't like books—they're too mean—but I would like to write one book; I'd call it ‘The Book of Pleasures.’ I am a perfect gentleman now that I am here with you. It's a dogfight to see who takes care of you, pretty one. Everyone in the house fights to be your nurse. I'll tell you something: it feels good to be near a warm heart on a wet day.”

The thickness and foreignness of his voice are mystery and cloudedness; his is a voice from the clouds. The sounds spread out and do not focus. Max's voice—my real father's voice—had not been like this. I already failed to remember Max. And S.L. was be-



"This is Sam Niles in Slovodia. The Slovodian capitol was bombed at ten o'clock this morning. And now back to you, Fred Monder."

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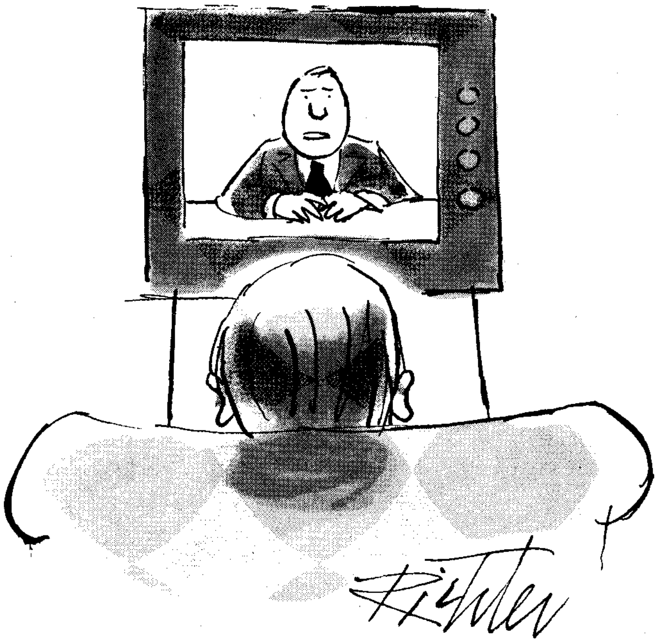


"Thank you, Sam. That was Sam Niles in Slovodia reporting live on the bombing of the Slovodian capitol at ten o'clock this morning."

• •

ing familiar, although he was entirely unfamiliar. If your father changes—if your fathers change—meanings change in nature. In the transposition of my fathers was a great booming that affected my pulse. My real father's temperament was not at all like S.L.'s—my real father was very angry and never spoke reflectively. The way one has two parents—or one—or three, like the soberly silver and dark air, with what was nearly a rainlight in it, walling us into the mist and occasional drips and spits of water or rain, I was committed to metamorphosis with good reason. I was a changeable realist. I don't know if that is the same as disloyal or not. S.L.'s masculine intentions included having grains or particles in his voice of repetitive but knowledgeable rhetorical music (as such things go around here) and spreading domes and more temporary tents of meanings off and on that I liked, that I thought showed intellect, real knowledge, and grace of spirit. The thoughts do not seem to come from his mouth and throat but from his will, a cloud, and they fill the entire unified field of vanity which is suspended from him and which surrounds him and which keeps him separate, as a matter of spirit, from the earth, from the rain.

The voice emerges from around the wells and barricades and roofs and arches of his body. It was skylike for me, a sky over a real landscape and an implied one, the puffed syllables over the ground of the world and over the listener's consciousness, such as it was—a child's now, a half-consciousness, so to speak. The lip-shapings S.L. does seem more like pantomimes of meaning than part of taming and guiding the noise of his voice. His throat-hurled *hunhs* and his palatal echoes and nasal shadings are special to him. He applies a male lacquer of breath to the exploding outline of each syllable and certain cloudy, or mistlike, shadings and threadings and twists to the centers. All his tones are new for me, are a different philosophy of speech from my other father's, and from the women—different emotions, different sorts of attempts at meaning, different meanings, secrets: secrets from women. Everything he says refers to everything differently. The word "father" has become so strange for me that I couldn't help but become sophisticated about words and listening. Think of the chambers of reference for me. And the irreverence toward fact, in my case. I can't listen hard and see clearly at the same time. I can hear and see at the same time in a nervous blur without thought, in action, if I can say that. But mostly, if I hear him, the fog-chambered street disappears. What vanishes are the silver and brown spaces, some of which are bright silver off and on as the clouds shift. Instead, I see what he says—blinkingly, a picture, but squinched, knotted, vertiginously knotted on itself and yet clear, too, sort of, as a dream is. It is mysterious and lucid. His moods, his ultimately gentle but also jagged speech, his breath—his real voice is noise, and in it are veinings and plates, are words somehow; I guessed at them as at doorknobs, coat hangers, coffeepots. I guessed at them. I leaped at them. I caught them in the teeth of my mind. Then they were like toys in the light in my room at a given hour. The speeches were like boxes with toys and shadows in them, or like a shelf with toys on it or a window with toys on the windowsill; the lines or shapes of words are in a jumble—fields of attention that I find myself in or that I am whisked past. This campaign, this hobby cheered me. When Daddy spoke, it was meant to cheer you, although his speech always had a subcurrent of male lament, male grief.

In the brown-as-if-muddied air, in the swathing damp, he is a serious and committed aesthete of flesh and consolation in speech. By the time we had walked along the street a little way, he had a memory of moments when he had felt strenuous charity toward the cleaned-up (and pretty) kid. At moments, as we walk, as he breathes in and out, as his moods alter, I feel his strength blending in with the beat of my heart behind my ribs—it is a vast sensation. I widened out and had new reaches of myself, and larger bones, a larger breath. I had his large heartbeat added to my own. Much of what's deep about male company is in this sharing of strength, this multiplication of yourself. S.L.'s hospitality was hopelessly arbitrary, and sexual, uprooted from real customs. He could not be other than a man of lechery. He could not be *friendly* without being immediate and an intruder. A lot of his social grace consisted of the formal thing of his holding back, of his being ironic about what he felt and largely knew, rightly perhaps, to be the sexual nature of the world. His real hospitality was in sexual matters.

WILLOW, WISHBONE, WARBLERS

The way this willow traps
fallen branches till it looks like
a collapsed rookery,
and keeps sun out of this room,

and taps the vegetables' water,
fattening on vitamins
so it's taller than the house now
and, come March, won't put out

many catkins—but for the enchantment
of a single branch bobbing on air
after some winged departure
I'd take a saw to it.

The trunk and limbs would make fence posts
for the garden, or in the fireplace
hold off a few winter evenings,
and the branches could supply

years of beanpoles tall enough
for the tendrils to work out
any Book of Kells design they had
in mind. Mainly it's the birds, though—

all those minute fussings in its
leaves, calls and their seedy replies—
convincing me, August through September,
that I'm simpler than I think,

a gawper at flutterings down the trunk,
though I've vowed to lock up
the field glasses, not to look this year
when immature warblers that won't stay put

long enough to be anything
run their mirroring duets like air shows
around the trees, and far out on the bay
flocks go stringing over water

in lines that falter and break to flecks
and lift again on their wishbones
beyond all but a suggestion of birds
backlit by evening, beyond even

my intuition of their cries, and I praise
the fact beneath superstition's skin:
that bone we go dowsing for luck with,
there like a small horseshoe stamped in.

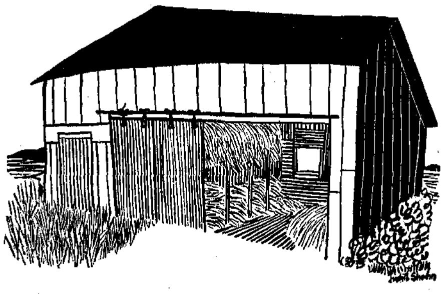
—BRENDAN GALVIN

• •

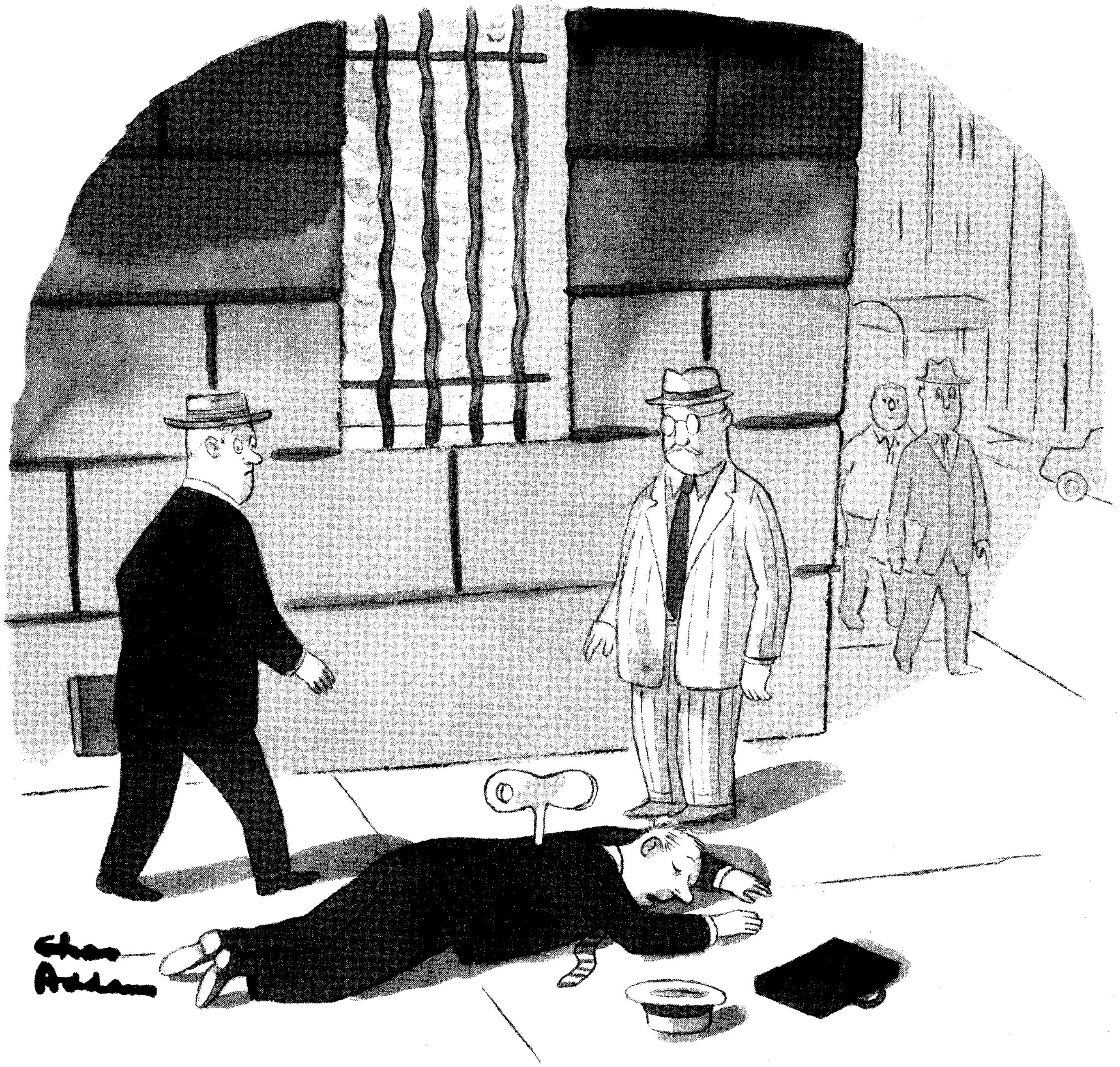
S.L. was thirty-three years old. Part of being masculine is being charitable in the way that part of being womanly is to show a kind of illegal mercy. Most of the time, this stuff is corrupted, though, by dealings and tricks and bribes. It is very strange, the charity of a sensual man, the charity of his attentions, the movements of the heart in some profoundly sensual way, and the qualifications and the reality that go with them. That charity is now devoted to the good-looking, mute kid, but it has some odd provisos, because of my ancestry, not S.L.'s, not his mother's or mother-in-law's or his bad uncle's, but my real father's brute strength and bad temper, and his ignorance (*he is scum,* I was told when I was older), and because of the child's prettiness and charm of posture and of expression. S.L. did an inventory: "You carry yourself good, you got a charm there in what you do with your face, you have real nice coloring, prettikins."

I don't know what he means. A white house rises in front of me above its own gray-and-black reflection in a puddle—a sheet of dark water. It makes me tremble, the phenomenon: the dreamlike screen, the flattened and foreshortened mimicry; and then the true and shadowed, to me somewhat tilted, wooden house, with all the parallel lines of its clapboards rising up up and looming over me in the mist. I tremble in my ignorance. I cannot tell you how much I loved the actual house when I looked at it. I love it as much as I hate its reflection. There is no one inside the reflection. I can't live in the reflection. I was afraid it had stolen the real house. I step in the puddle and disorder it, while the real house sails unheedingly, loomingly, as if tiltedly across a piece of wet lawn inside brackets of the mist.

I move on, I come to the next puddle, and in it I see another reflection: leaves of a tree, part of a tree, and me looking down, me curly-haired, and the gables and two chimneys of another house. It is easier to see all these things—part of the house, part of a tree and its branches and wet leaves—in the puddle, where they are flattened and stilled and close to one another, than in the trembling air in all their mysterious separations and densities and differences. Are Daddy and I married yet? It is half symbolic and half real, us at the moment. I am not symbolic, I am entirely real to myself. I am not symbolic and I am not real to myself, not in the part of myself that I know. Nor is this affection familiar. Perhaps I have grown into it. I understand only what I can understand. This other house has wooden siding, too, and twisted and partially gleaming windows when shadowy fans of wind ruffle the surface in the duller but shiny light of the puddle. This is insofar as I can read what I see. Much of the world is a disorderly scribble to me, green and brown and silver chaos. The windows are framed, silled, corniced in a house that has a lot of parts. Here is the tilted head of the doubled and peering child. The reflection seems to be of leaves and of me and of part of a house. It is not habitable, but it is true. And it is legible.



I look up from the puddle at S.L., who is standing there in his wind-rouged blondness, with his ticking eyelids, and his glasses, and his fluttering necktie. It's an example of unideal presence, his, I mean; if something is there, it's there, it's not the ideal thing; the ideal thing, the *true* thing, is mostly only me, with mean-

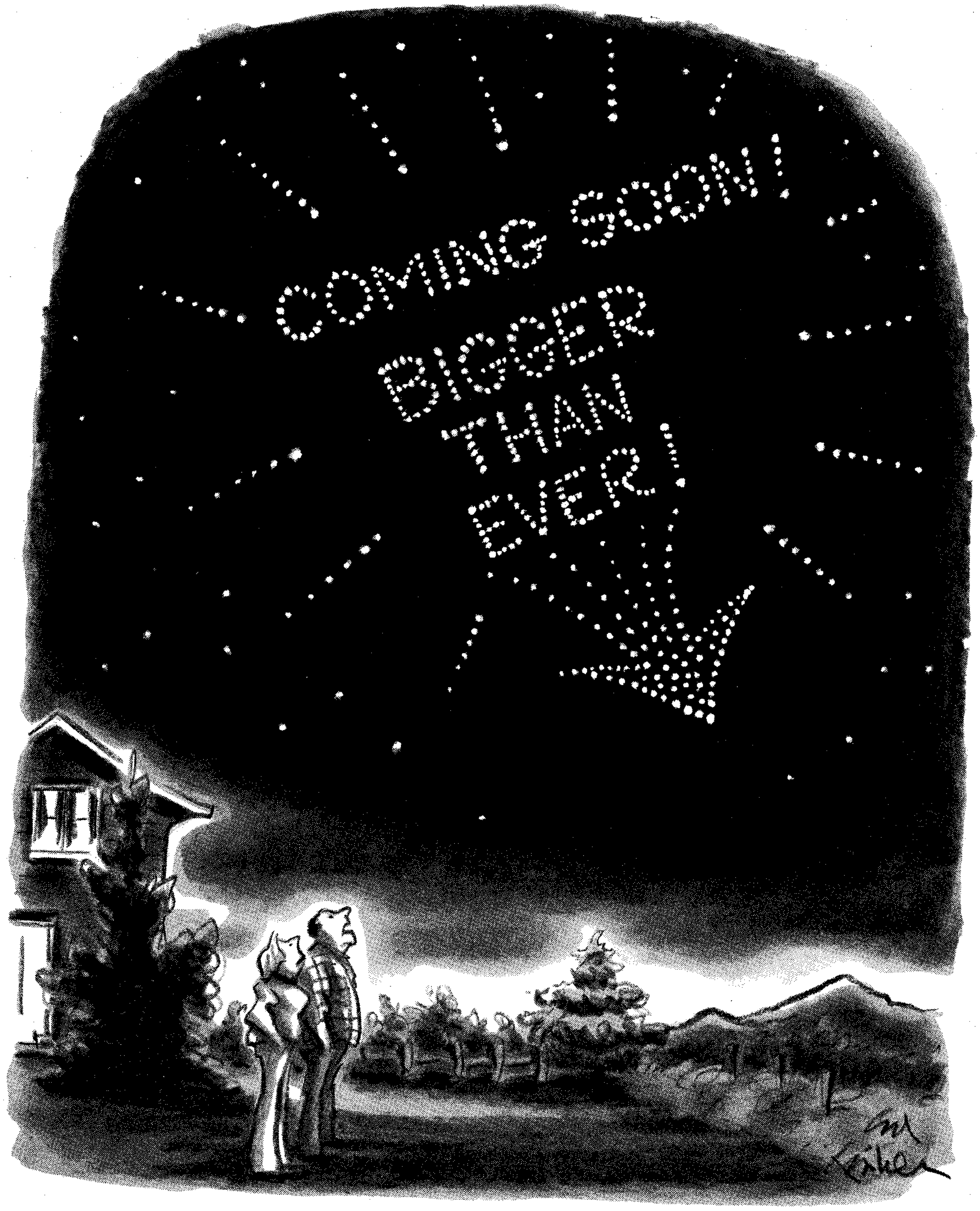


ing; at last, it is only me alone, and the meaning. If S.L. is there, I get a rush of feeling, but I get only *him*, not my idea of a father but confusion on confusion, yet it's a stability, a still place in the wind. You can't *tell* how much the feeling means in its rush; if you're in the present, it's like being inside folly, pure folly, pure simplicity and folly.

I think there is a transference of consciousness from him to me along these lines. It has to do with a kind of male sense of what's going on. I mean, he shares with me the contingent, or time-riddled, or on-consignment nature of our being together—he doesn't know what is going to happen. He doesn't know what's in his mind. This is familiar and male. I recognize the way he feels. Will I listen to him always, every minute? Will I be true among the dangers? A wind has started up—it runs like a naked, damp child after a bath, whirling here and there, and then it subsides. And then it's a crowd and tumble of such children; their acrobatics widen the cleared areas of mist. My wind-teased eyes begin to squint, to limit and edit my fields of vision, the fields of my confusions.

I hold his hand and walk squintingly alongside him, past wet azaleas, past a privet hedge, and I walk into and out of puddles. I am above worrying about puddles, since he doesn't care if I walk in them or not. He has some picture of childhood heroism. And happiness, freedom. The puddles splash on my high shoes and up the calf of my bare leg; and meanwhile the sheer number of elements outdoors (including Daddy) hurts me, even though I'm squinting. I have no principles yet for ignoring things, for paying no attention, so that I am harassed and tugged at fiendishly, I am fiendishly teased (as if by desire), and so I sort of faint into mindlessness and just get tugged along by the tall blond steeple of a lecher beside me.

I half see a great mass of wet gleam and shadow suspended over my


COMING SOON!
BIGGER THAN EVER!

"I want to see Halley's Comet, all right. But I could skip the hype."

head. To me the overhanging mass of branches and foliage of an oak tree looks like porch roofs and steps broken and in an avalanche. I clutch at Daddy, which reminds him that I'm frail. So then Daddy changes his mind about the stilled water of puddles. He says, "Your fat girlfriend will have my head if you don't stop splashing around, you funny duck. Your precious nurse will fry my balls in butter. You're walking in the great lakes, biddy-buddy. Hell, look at you—you're sopping. Well, we're not on parade, we don't have to pretend, you and me, we're just a pair of schmucks." He mops me with a handkerchief. I peer at green-and-gray dripping shrubs and lawns and trees in this wind—wet colonnades and plazas, a wet paradise. He says so. "It's quiet, it's paradise, it's real quiet, it's paradise for real, honeykins."

He has a grunting peaceableness, which indicates how it's paradise here. The brutality of heat and rot and loneliness in him, of his maleness—pride, showiness, and restlessness of appetite and of temper and of phallic languor—has been harnessed here, among the lawns and porches, and by his nursing me, up to a point. He's not desperate in his nursing, I don't mean that, but his presence is bridled: it is a kind of flattery of me that this is so. He is not *himself* but is another self for me. His charitable presence was valuable to children and to women. And to some men. People made this clear and chased after him to have this; it was good to be near an affluent and good-looking man, bridled and out to help you; it was like being twinned to his strength, in a way.

He sells this, so to speak; he uses this, maybe with some discretion and some honor, and maybe sometimes with dishonor—how would I know about that?

Up and down the curving street I see the crazed variety of towering sentinels, treetops and roofs, zigzagging gables, skinny chimneys that look as if they had been bitten away by leaves, jagged at the glowering boundary of the sky. The clouds are a browned and greened black-and-gray roof near the house roofs and treetops in the large open spaces now. The spaces don't stay large steadily. And they don't look friendly. The wind is stumbling and knocking around the cloudy walls, and growing stronger. It is hurrying and silently banging and combining clouds above and fog and mist below. For the moment, branches and fog and mist and awnings, elements of the real world, are flying around in the wind and in the stupendously untrained vi-

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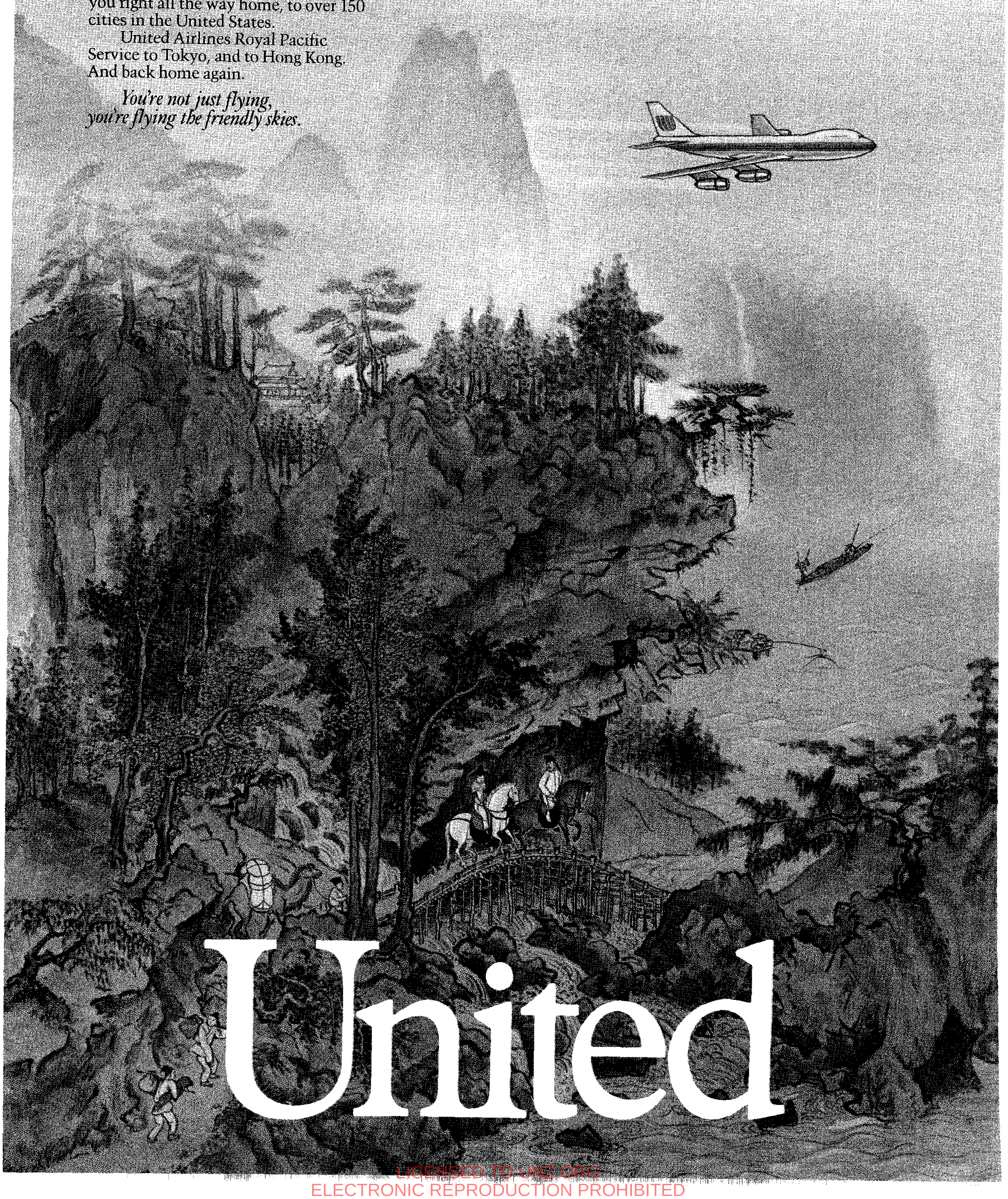


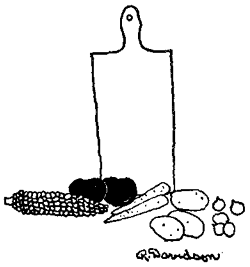
sion of the child. Daddy says, "It's always fair weather when good fellows get together."

He stoops, he hides the world from me, he lifts me into the light. He lifts me, and then I am up in the air. It was that a great, fanlike darkness opened, descended, enfolded me. And now it opens finally and becomes a perch or window to which I hold while I look out at the moist light and wind-ridden perspectives. I look at the rich man's American street (in a smallish town). I grow faint with dizziness: he approves of that. It is like a genital dizziness, a rush in which all my power resides and is moved around disconnectedly and yet makes apparent a special self, but it is his arms, his will, that lift me. My culling of the roaringly liquid architectural natural particulars of the day at this height at which I'm held brings to a point of sense, a here and a there, a sense of distance, a little disconnected, and little distances, the spatial particulars, somewhat explained, of how far from our lawn and the first puddle it is to this moment and this alliance, this point of advance in the scene. My head, my heart, my soul expand with this. I am a little house full of sight and noise; my newly and miniaturely masculine mind sees a flagpole down the street, a grease of reflections on it, in the day's clouded transparency. My breath splendidly, heatedly rattles, drowning out Daddy's. I am as big as Daddy, in a mysterious fashion, a part of a conic projection, with me as the small end and him as the large end. "This damned wind," he says. I feel that the wettish and burdened air is *wind*. Really, how much he knows. Now *I* know what this transparent and bullying and never-really-to-be-explained thing is in its masculine sense. I mean, I will never really know why it should exist, but I know it as some boys and men do. Now it is given to me. I have stolen its secret from an ogre. From Daddy. Daddy suddenly calls me "little pigeon." He summons my attention; he is in a mood. He reminds me, "A man likes the sight of a little *goodness* now and then, likes a little taste of goodness in the middle of the day." This is a concocted version of what he said earlier; he's been learning and amending in a kind of stop-and-start, trial-and-error, not entirely overt way. Now this version will become in part a song for himself. He is reminding himself, at the end, why he likes me. I mean, that's what's in his voice at the end—a song of reasoned liking.

I look up, and he blinds me in some of the several ways he has for doing that. He wears glasses, and they are puddlelike with dull glare. His hair is sheeted fuzzily in glare. My eyes, with their childish yes-or-no mechanisms, are forced shut. He says, "Hey, you're adorable. You really are." He bends his head closer to mine, puts his head against the corolla of childish presence, closer to the perfume of innocence—is that it? Maybe it is only my surprising prettiness-without-strength, me embedded in my doomed-to-fail study of the day, my weak accession to childhood—is that innocence? Is it my astonishment that rises to his nostrils, toy astonishment from a toy face?

A flicker, a fleck of color on his glasses—the glare, now that he's so close, gives way to a decal of childish eyes, childish nose, childish mouth and chin: me. This blinds me, too—with vanity and astonishment and study. He says, "It's all a horse race: a horse race for bastards—men and beasties going hell-for-leather."

I am too blind to deal with the difficulties of his speech; the words I hear are loose and scattered in the fields of *what I think he means*. I am tired of his talking like that—this is a moment of my disloyalty to him: is it dangerous?—I can't bear him anymore. His lips, large, ridged, salted, still rest deep in the cold reaches of my sense of power, in slate-and-brimstone flutters of shadow: it is obscene a little—a thrill, a matter of disgust, big—the way I feel him, the currently soft intentions of his lips. He is a noisier variety of *mother*. "You look like a rose," he says. His eyes stare at something—me? not me—from behind his reflection-tinted lenses.



His head comes close. He leans it against me. And he blinds me the second way, the fathering stone, the great, near boulder that shuts out everything. "I can't live without you," he says—testing the thought, the contract (*it's just an idea he has;* it's not true yet; *he's just sniffing at what would be ideal*—Lila's phrases). He lifts his head and moves; he lifts me easily—or with a slight grunt. He car-

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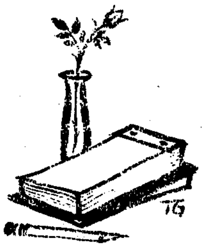
ries me; I am high up, being jolted along and being held, and I like it.

It was a peculiarity of that moment and of my life that he was not my father and that I was not an infant when I met him, except that I was like an infant. I was an infant a second time; and he was like a father. I'm trying to say I was a peculiar example of a son. Not an ideal example. But some of that thing of being ideal hovered around me, probably unwisely, as a kind of explanation of the pain of emotion and a reason for grief and for pleasure—the hurt, urgency in a really ideal thing. The charitable part, maybe, gave a glow of the ideal. I was not *A Son* but merely *The Son He Had*. And he was not whatever An Ideal Father actually is—a kind of light inside a common thing—he was not it. Or maybe he was. How would I *know*? I feel that no one has had *an ideal father*, that that's a kind of lunatic, sad wish. S.L. and I worked to have a light inside the common thing; we negotiated it; I think that may be a common thing; I suppose it's ideal in a way.



"You look like a pigeon and a rose," he says. His eyes are partly shut and he can't see me, so what it is is he's thinking about it and deciding now. He's experimenting with thinking about how I look. He's experimenting with feeling a certain emotion, love, love in this way now. He's remembering the way I look, and he's pleased. Now he turns me around in his arms and he kisses my right eye. After a second, I close the left eye, too. He blinds me this fourth way. His large, ridged lips, his enormous breath—my face disappears. Now he kisses my neck—my head is bent way the hell over; he lingers at this; I start to see from this kissed, weird angle, but his hand is stroking my face: so I am still blind. Since his emotion is so new to him, it has an airy, fresh, untried quality, like morning air, morning light. He is very confident that I like him. He knows he has a thrilling presence.

I don't think I liked him, I didn't like being overwhelmed—he has a sense of just how much febrile or tensile resistance is in the small body he holds. I didn't really like being played on that way. I did and I didn't.

His kiss lingers on the rose-pigeon's inner eyes. I am stark blind—with blind attention: this is so even after he pulls away. Sight only returns when he speaks now; he says, "You're a sight for sore eyes—you are—yes, you are—you are a pretty thing, and then some, you little sweetheart. You *are* a sweetheart." During that embrace, he experienced a gush of feeling, a complex gush of rich feeling, a sense maybe of purity or of ablution and absolution—I don't know. I don't know if he means it. I don't know how close to the sacramental tie of blood he intends for us to go.

He heaves as he breathes—he heaves with the discovery of emotion in himself. I have been possessed, interred in the living grave of his embrace, his grownup's emotion. "You are a joy, rainy day or no rainy day—you know that?" he says. He speaks, outward, to the now windless mist, a slow drizzle: not to me—beyond me. I can't tell that he's speaking to me unless he uses a nursery or nonsense tone, and even then I am not sure. So I feel I have been abandoned.

"I'm ignorant," he said, humbly boastful. "I'm just an ignorant American citizen, me, I'm a poor dumb cuss, dumb as you are. I'll tell you something; it's a trade secret: maybe flowers aren't worth it—you willing to settle for weeds? You want weeds, burrs, cockleburs? Cock-a-doodle-doo? You old enough for a cock horse, hero? You want a weed or a flower for your itty-bitty do-jigger crotch?" It was about himself, what he wanted sexually for himself, whether that permitted this false or counterfeit—or real—fatherhood. "Some days, I want a weed, I want a good, tough weed up to no good; some days, I want me a rose, a rosebud, a nice, fat, happy rosebud." Virtue and vice. "You got a rosebud down there? I swear you do: you're all flower. Are you all flower? I think you're all flower."

I am entirely a flower.

"Little flower Jesus, how are you on a bed of nails?"

He is rumbling along; I have trouble knowing what is going on.

He says, "The Carlyles' peonies are knocked all to hell; I'll tell you something, peony-puss, it's a damn shame what it costs to have a decent place; it's worth your life to try; a man can throw his life away trying. You know what a garden costs around here? But who's got the bucks, who's got the mazoola?"

He's talking for a grownup of some

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kind—another man probably. He can't know how strange a sequence of sounds and half-meanings and no-meaning what he said is to me—or the ways in which I recorded contingent meaning in the nonsense as special nonsense, as nonsense that is not nonsense, that is sensible enough, that means something, something about his life and abilities and his power and his suffering, which changes all the time and is familiar to me inside each separate day, since it is his, and he is my father. I figured it out.

Suddenly he says, "Blah, blah, blah."

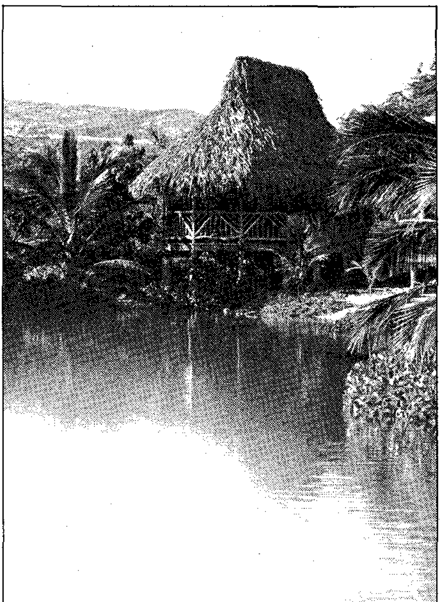
That's startling: the child laughs—not that he understands. What he understands is relief; he's been released—for a moment.

TO step behind a curtain for a moment, when I see a photograph of S.L. I think, startled, *Oh, was he like that, too?* Was he stilled as well? By love, by sleep? No. I saw him asleep often enough, heaving with dreams and breath, with snores often, with self-assertion even then. He was never stilled prior to death, never separate from heartbeat and change, never uninflected by restlessness, by heat and tics, the motions of his moods. I have never much seen the resemblance of photographs to people in life.

I love him, from a distance but not anywhere nearly as much as from when he was up close—then he was separate from me and from my judgments of him; he was truly autonomous then. My love is as contingent as his—I learned it from him.

He was trickily pleased that I was mute, mute and unlanguaged; he invented a speech for us, one that made actual comprehension unnecessary—a game, almost entirely only a matter of understanding his sentiment of closeness to me (which was mostly not true but was sometimes true) and my understanding how beautiful he was and how beautiful his treatment of me was. But his language, to the extent that I respected it, withheld from me knowledge of the world and of human tongues, except his, except the emotions I could summon in him. King Saul and the mute David. When I was older, he said to me, "You were more beautiful when you were silent."

He talks simply and crazily to me; I have a sweet dimension of nonsense for him. He has a great many speaking tones: one is his *Princeton tone*—he called it that: his *tone for selling stocks and bonds*, he called it; he didn't



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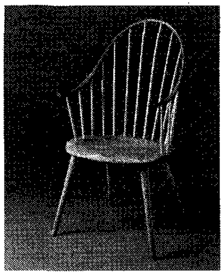

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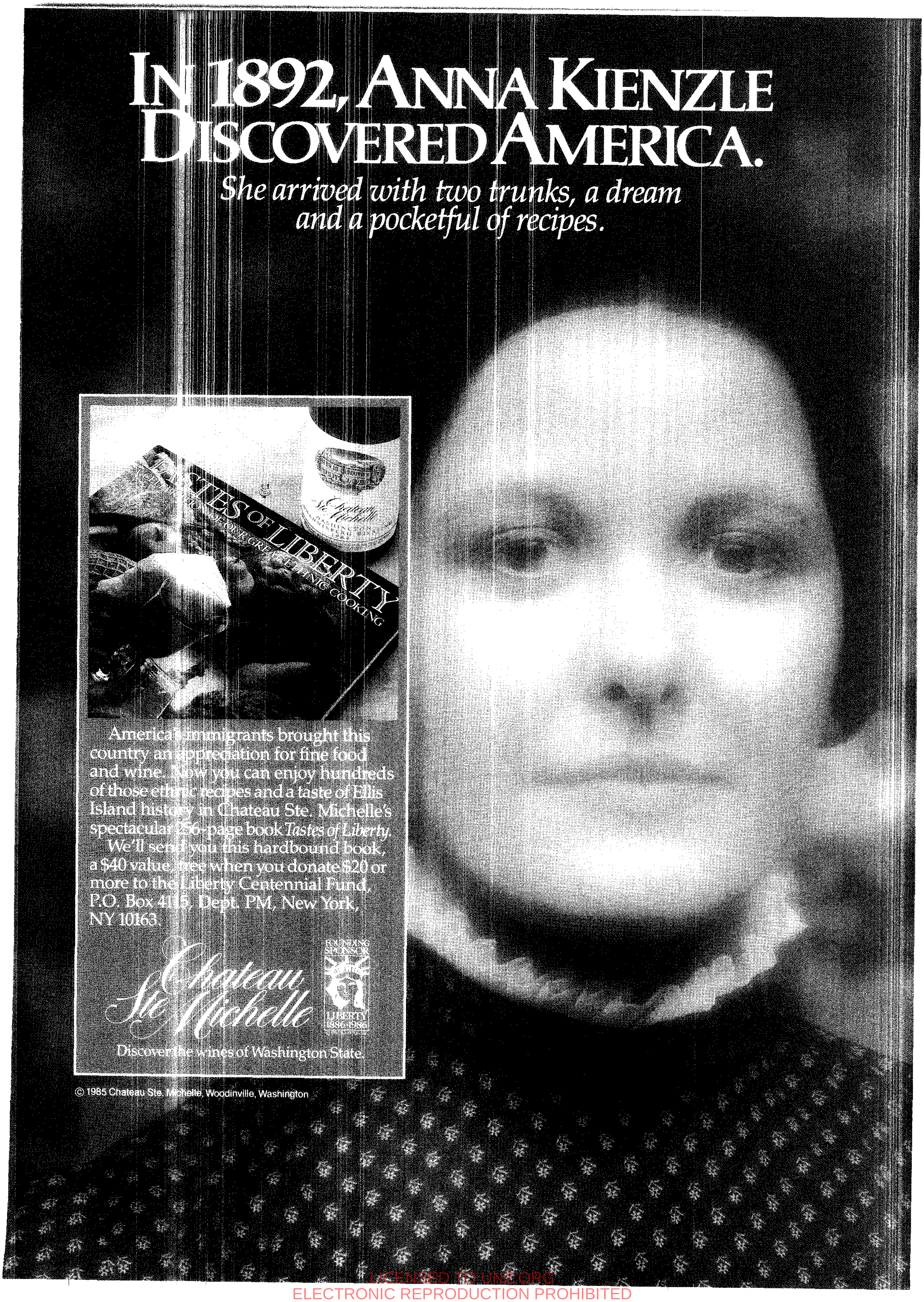
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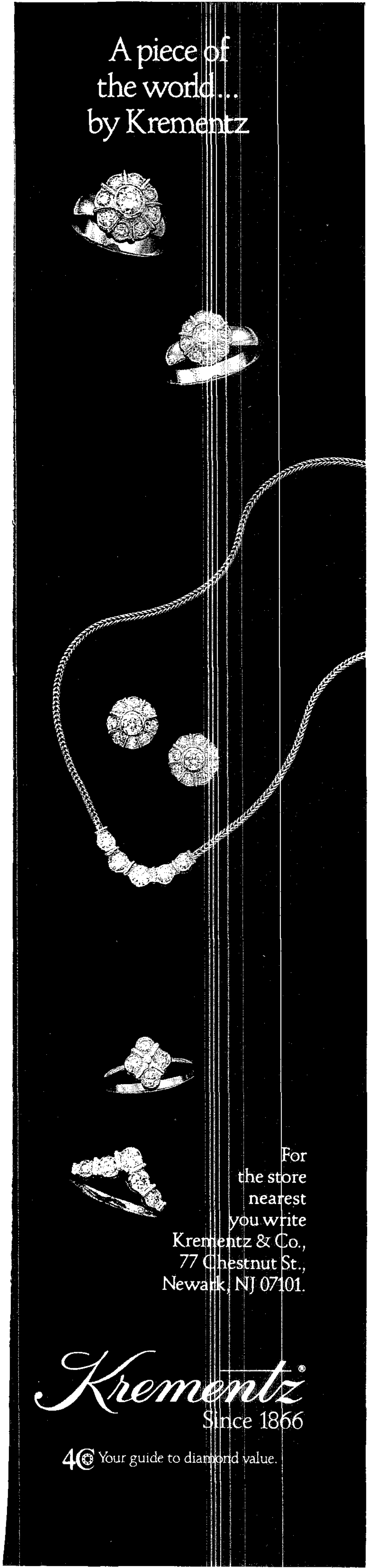

sell stocks and bonds; he was a local wheeler-dealer; he owned things—feed stores and farms; he bought and sold other things—asparagus by the basket, by the carload one year; I thought it was funny that he dealt so grandly in a vegetable. He also spoke ruralese, and maybe a dozen variants of stupid-smart, good-guy American. He spoke to me in a tone of immense, immense honesty, like an actor speaking with self-conscious openness to a child performer in a famous movie.

He has a need for charity and innocence, and is a man to be rescued. I am an instrument of grace—this was his atmosphere when he was with me. What he was was lost, handsome, and prodigal in a small-town way, and glamorous with fate. He could not help loving his life best even when he hated it—I mean, love and attention and familiarity act the same, even when it's for yourself.

I was without speech. His identity and mine, including the adoption—which I know did occur but then had not, although it's clear now he will take it on, now that he's kissed and blinded me: he will pursue his luck in this tie, only the terms remain unclear—his identity, as I said, and mine, besides being partly at least a matter of legal fact, was like something having to do with modern notions of molecular structure; we are psychologically not to be seen in the light of scriptures or psalms or marble sculptures but in the light of atoms and smaller particles and forces and fields of force and dark fields of actual existence, of the electricities of the actual world. Our electricity, our substance renewed itself in ways that were mental and venereal. Everything we were was restless and open to new interpretations. It always seemed to me that our skins were borders for dim mysteries of selfhood, such as what we were and what we knew was important to us, although it wasn't clear to us what we knew or were. One had certain traits of mind that recognized the fields of force and the area of darkness and of the particular binding that makes one man himself, but these traits of mind were tormented by the actual carelessness of reality. I mean, one such binding thing was that S.L. was my father—but he wasn't. Then, there was S.L.-in-the-world, and S.L. as *husband*, as *money-maker*, as *judge* (of truths in the home): but all these were stories that moved along, stories about who he was, not fixed things. I can't bear the random stuff, though—I want everything fixed and stable, just as he did. He was more lover than father—the love could flow into other fields of force and often did, as it does with a lover; it was an exercise of the whole personality: I used often to think with shock, *Who is he, this man, who is he?* Ma said often—when she was angry or sad or hurt because of him—*He's not himself; he's someone else; I don't think I know him; he's not the man he was; he's not the same man; he's changed.* She meant she hadn't been mistaken to marry him: he'd *changed.*

And it was true: he *had* changed. But, also, he really hadn't. He was obscure. If you didn't measure him or his words, it was clearer at any one moment what he was—he was what he wanted to be. No. He was on his way to being that. No. He was what he wanted to think he was. He always hated it when anyone spoke; he listened courteously, up to a point, and then he became lecherous and hiddenly insulting in his restlessness; he would armor himself against the other voice; he would return to a random notion of the world in which he was absolute master of most truths—the truth was what he said it was.

He philosophized—his philosophy was sometimes disguised as babble or was mixed with it, on purpose, to make it sweet and accessible to *the pure in heart* (his phrase); but his philosophy had no currency in the world whatever except to his employees and debtors—and us, him and me.

Daddy liked *sweetness.* So he was never honestly autobiographical with me. My identity was that of *Goodness Needing Charity*, and so I was *The Cause of Worthwhile Goodness in the Good-Hearted—Particularly in S. L. SILENOWICZ* (At Times When He Felt Like It).

(I am part of what is unsayable about his life.)

I MOVED very slowly on the concrete platform of the band shell; the temporary babble of child-electricity inside its brief, replaceable skin, its momentary prettiness moved on the concrete platform beneath the upside-down flower, lilylike, of the roof. Now Daddy means to be A Father to Me. He also means to talk to me in ways he cannot satisfactorily with women or men. He rehearses this in his head. I remember turning often to see him, to see if he was there—windblown figure at the edge of this enclosed deck. At

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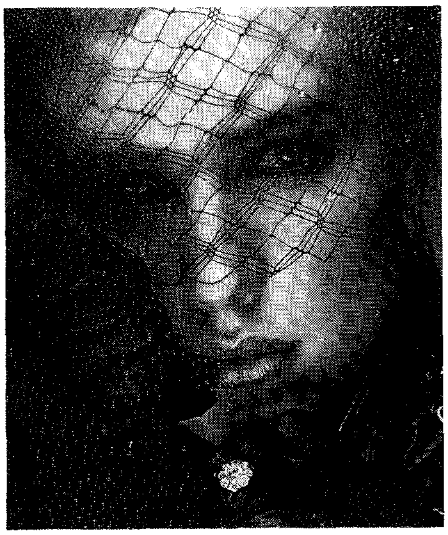
first, he was standing on hidden grass, and only part of him showed over the line of the edge of the platform. He is bareheaded in the wind. I did not ever clearly understand what an expense I was to anyone. He means to buy me. I am amenable.

This drum, with its delicately stilled core of air, is redolent of its isolation in the near-rain. Dad is talking. Among the columns, floating particles of blue and gray and green-brown move—I see faint mist, air, and leaves. Distances are incomplete caves. S.L.'s voice is as complicated as an eye. S.L. says, "You are really something; you are a bouquet on two legs—you know that?"

I stand in the middle of this secret mosque, unfurnished, unwomaned, this model of a skull. I operate in the same way as a prism, breaking open the white light of the fierce pleasures and horrors of Dad's world—intensity and mad speed—into mild pastels: his pleasure in me, on top of the horrors of his day, moves like a pastel rainbow for him when he blinks his eyes. He moves, he advances, and rises luminously and then shadedly: he stands on one of the upper steps—he is partly roofed now—and he is watching me intently, and he talks: maybe nonsense. When I watch him, he stops, he tires of it, and he turns his back to me, and he sits at the top, near the balusters and horizontal boards and crosspieces of the railing. He half turns, he watches me idly, he watches the air, the pause in the rain. He says, "It's a great day for ducks. You like ducks? Quack, quack? Will you tell me why the whole world isn't like you? There's no reason people can't be good. Let's just ship the bad ones off to *an island* and we'll let 'em kill each other, and we'll be happy and good—how about that? It'll just be you and me and—and—Little Lord Jesus maybe. I like Jesus—don't tell anyone I told you that. I don't like Jews: you and me, now, should we switch? We're nice people. You tell me; nod once for yes, twice for no. Oh, you are a sweet thing; you are tenderhearted. Oh, baby, baby, baby, you are my baby; oh, you smell so good; that's because you are so good: we got to stand by each other. Don't get me wrong; I'm not running out on the Jews, Wileykins." Wiley was the name he *called me, but it wasn't real to me yet.* "We got to stand by them, too; that's our heritage. We can't ever turn our backs on that." I would like to suggest his actual accent, the individual reality



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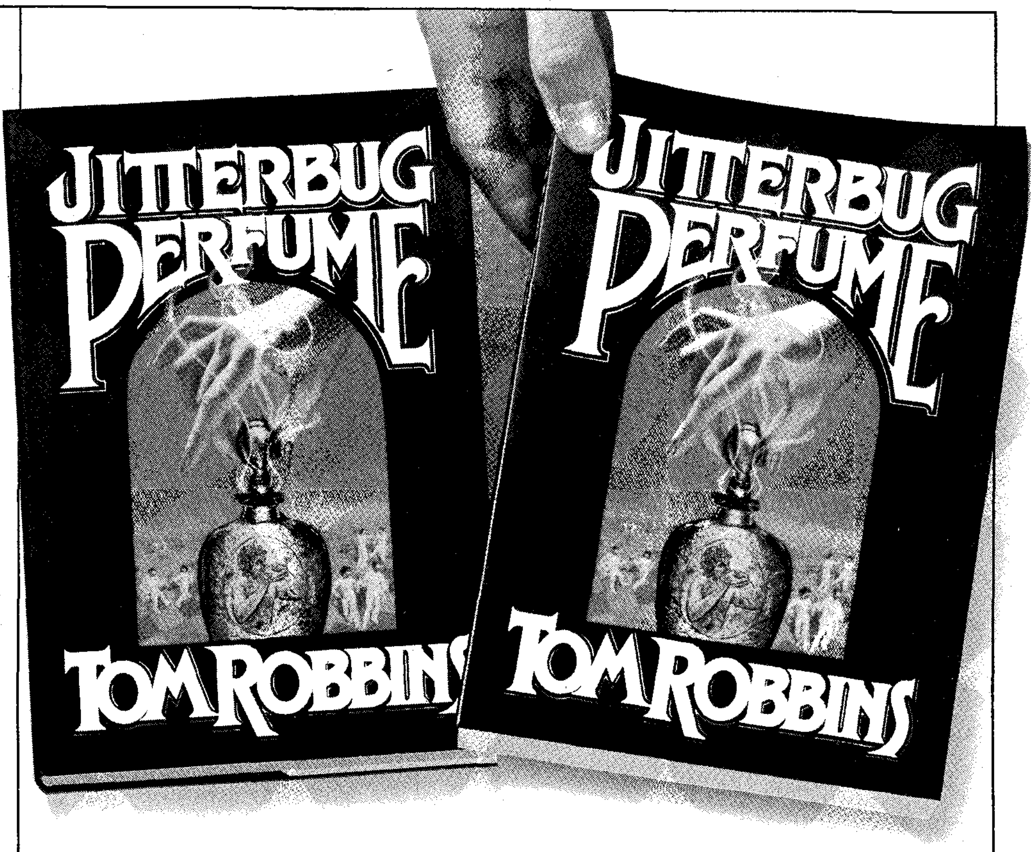

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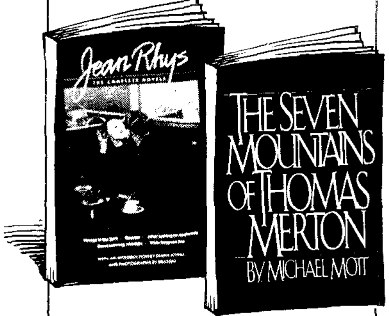

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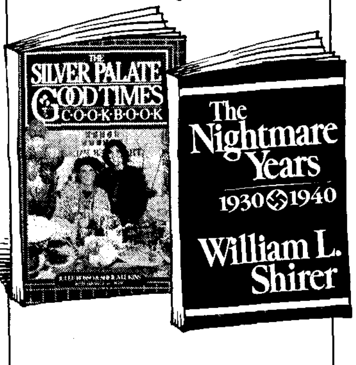

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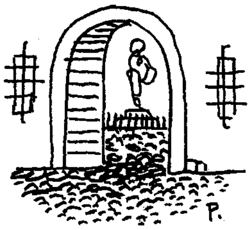
of his voice, so that the elements of his beliefs can be felt as the specific, airborne noises and puzzles that they were, although they were also the bones and skeletons of some of his actions—as solid as that. Unreduced to polite notation, his noises were "*Whee hee we kin tever toor* (*nnn*) *ohruh bahcks onn thah-ett.*" He was speaking with the accent of an American place and of an age and of his own life. He said, "They start burning Jews, we stand up and get counted, we fight, we take to the hills with our rifles, bang, bang; we stick to our guns. . . ." Then, sitting, he reached out suddenly and grabbed me—for a hug. He said, "I'm telling you, your sweet hugs are worth more than roobees. Ez zuh rule we don't got nohow to like *Jews*, no sirree bob. I'm telling you, they got mouths on them, they're crazy, they won't be just plain people like you and me. They're crazy with opinions right and left. We're not pushy, you and me, we're just plain people, we're officers and gentlemen. Tell me, sweetie face, you pretty puss, you like me? You follow what I'm saying? You like me?"



I lean against his shoulder.

"Ask me what is a Jew and I'll tell you someday. It's not an easy matter. They're real ugly people, they don't care how things look—they don't want to be happy. Well, that's all right with me. You know what? You don't get real pretty people in small towns as a general rule. They all leave to go have fun. Now, listen to me—I'm giving you the real poop, pure and simple: these little one-horse burgs, they drive you away if you're pretty, they make it hot for you, you have to have the common touch if you want to stay—it's the rule. Your mother and I are the exceptions; we like it here; we learned how to get along. But, to tell you the truth, we're scared of big places: your mother in Chicago is a nervous wreck; we shoulda gone, but we put it off too long. I'll tell you what it was, it was the automobile; we had St. Louis right down the block—St. Louis is just an hour as a smart crow flies—I guess that was good enough for us. Uv cohurss, your mother wants to move *now;* guess who's the excuse. She's got to have reasons for ever' little thing—now you're the reason. Well, I'm not casting stones; let her be; some of even *her* ideas are good. But I tell you I think that we're small-town through and through. I can't stand your average city; it's too much like a school: no one personally wants you to live; no one gets used to you; everyone is in everyone's way; it's ugly—I think it's an ugly world except for you, prettikins. Me, I need a small town; I get dizzy if too many people get near me; I get a headache, a bad headache. Give me some wide open spaces where men are men, that's God's honest truth. Jews have *rules* for everything, Wileykins, but that doesn't mean they're true. No one knows what true is. See, we're not allowed to be wrong. I ask you, what kind of crap is that? Jesus understood; a mistake was a mistake—we all make mistakes. A guy does the wrong thing to you, what are you going to do, make a federal case of it—make an enemy?" The sounds of his voice, sort of, were: "*Whaddy uh go in tuh dooo —mayick uh fed'ral kayss uv itt, make un nenemeee*?" He said, "I'll tell yuh what yuh haff tuh do, you get intuh a fight. Who wants to fight all the time? I like peace, myself. The ugly ones like to fight. You think I'm joking? No, sirree, I'm not. No, I am not, my little friend—and heir. I collect this good stuff; I hear people talk and I listen and I think and I save things up; I may be a great thinker; you may not think it to look at me, but I think a lot. Jesus made mistakes. He understood mistakes, that's the man for me—that's the God I like. Uh corse, he wa'n't no Goawd." (S.L. imitated a lot of different people; he rarely stayed inside a single imitation long; shifts in diction and mimicry were his form of vivacity.) "Or if he was, he needed someone to sweep up a(f)tter him. Well, never say die—but it's good, a God that makes mistakes; that's what it means to come down and be human. You take a human shape, you get hurt: a priest told me that. Wileykins, you can't win—not in this world; they're all comin' after you and it's devil take the hindermost. This is Tex Arkana, your singing cowboy, who knows a thing or two, so just you lissen tuh me, and yuh'll be fyenne. . . . I jes' keep tryin', tryin' away. It takes a big man to understand a big truth; it takes a big heart to understand a man, to understand *me*. You got a big heart? You gonna understand me, you gonna love me? Men are men where I come from. Ha-ha. Listen to me, kid, you won't go wrong, you—well, you got to be an

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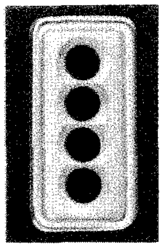

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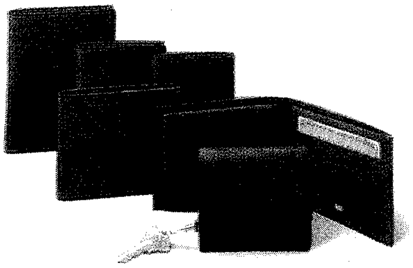

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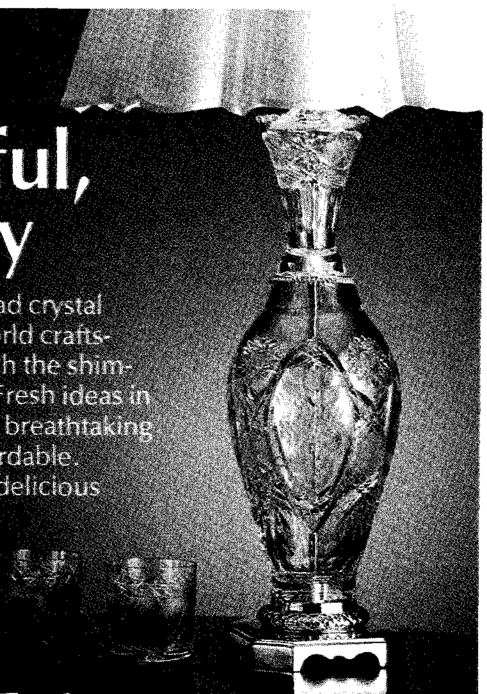

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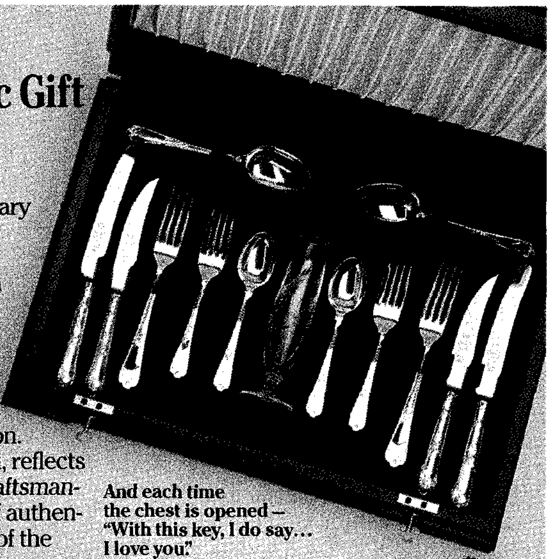

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officer and a gentleman even when it kills you. You will never believe the things I've learned. Oh, baby, baby, I am never right—never, never. I was never right, I have never been right, but you can love me; I'm not picayune, I can promise you that. I'm never gonna be right—are you gonna make me right? Are you the sign that I'm getting to be right—left and right? I've got my balls still, I've got some guts left; that's about all you can say for me. Let's be men together, you and me, Wileykins. Let's not let anyone get *us* down. Here, don't back away. Don't be finicky—don't be like all those women; they're all crazy, they're up to no good; they're out for what they can get. They're grateful for nothing—absolutely nothing. A little sweetness can come along and bite them right on the nose and they don't give a good God damn; they want to get even with the world for passing 'em by. When I was little like you, if there was a parade, my Ma used to seal up the house because of the dirt floating over from the marchers. She'd curse out a parade. She never knew a good thing when it came up and bit her on the nose. She always called me a liar. I'll tell you the truth—my mother was crazy. Perfectly crazy. All the time. She was madder than hell, a screamer, a nut, a killer. A man was wrong; a man was always mistaken with that bitch. She'd say, *You're tracking in dirt, you have no manners, I bet you steal money*. And she'd say, *I'm not mistaken, I'm not someone who's ever mistaken, I don't like people who say I'm mistaken*, and that would be that. My Dad was a real sweet man; but a bitch like that, she made him nothing. I am what I am—what I am is a cowboy. What do you think of that?"

Dad's speech was really complicated; it came from so many different American places and from men and situations he'd been in and different reasons to talk and to talk in some funny way or other. He tried to sound simple. He often said he was simple. It was funny. Good translations of him would involve stories and investigations of his mother and his father and about the town in Tennessee where they lived and then about California, where they moved when Dad's father, a dentist, transplanted himself there to get away from *his* mother. And then the schools he went to and what he was taught: *I didn't like school and it didn't like me*, he told me when I was older. *A lot of mean women. Maybe*

I'm a fool, but don't tell me; I don't want to hear about it. I could get grades, but they picked on me—I don't want to talk about it. And other experiences of a sort I'm not really familiar with and never understood, never heard all that well, never heard properly in his speech but that were like clouded places, mysteries: war and the Army, business and his sort of dealings, and politics on the county level. He had only a limited interest in his past and he didn't like to think about the future if getting old and death were in it; he liked dealing with *the future right now.* Coming soon. And: *The future needs thinking about, but it hurts my head, so we'll do it a little at a time, not seriously—is that O.K. with you?* Some kind of light burned for him inside ordinary speech off and on, some sense of the daily lit up by The Ideal. Like some other sexual people, he was self-accusing and self-forgiving, and that showed when he talked; and he was not really interested in judgment or crime in the past or in the future as ordinary or as an intellectual matter, and that made him intense and particular in his voice and in the spin he put on words. Troubled by self-reproach and inner tiredness and in his vanity and his refusal to listen, he felt his intensity as *a merry-go-round, a roller-coaster ride, you like rides, you like carnivals, you like a fairgrounds, you think they're fair? Well, then, how do you like me? I'm fair.* Blond. And the other. It was important to him that I accept him specifically as a father—and not just a father, either, but the way a man accepts a man if it's not a daydream. He had, since adolescence, felt the pain that comes from failed experiment, from accumulations of experience accused by the absence of transcendence, accused by the future, which always bored and scared him when it showed itself to him; and he was both soft and violent in voice and meaning with this stuff. *A Southerner,* he said. He had a thwarted sense of paradise as a real matter that had to do with the light inside things and with that light's being erratic—maybe always too brief because he was so wrong about things.

I don't know. I think so.

He and I have a brotherhood of error in the name of God and man, sort of. We're almost crypto-Christian; it's one of S.L.'s secrets that he's a *better Christian and neighbor than most of our Christian neighbors are.* And *I'm a helluva lot sweeter,* he said. He said to me, "*I don't like people*

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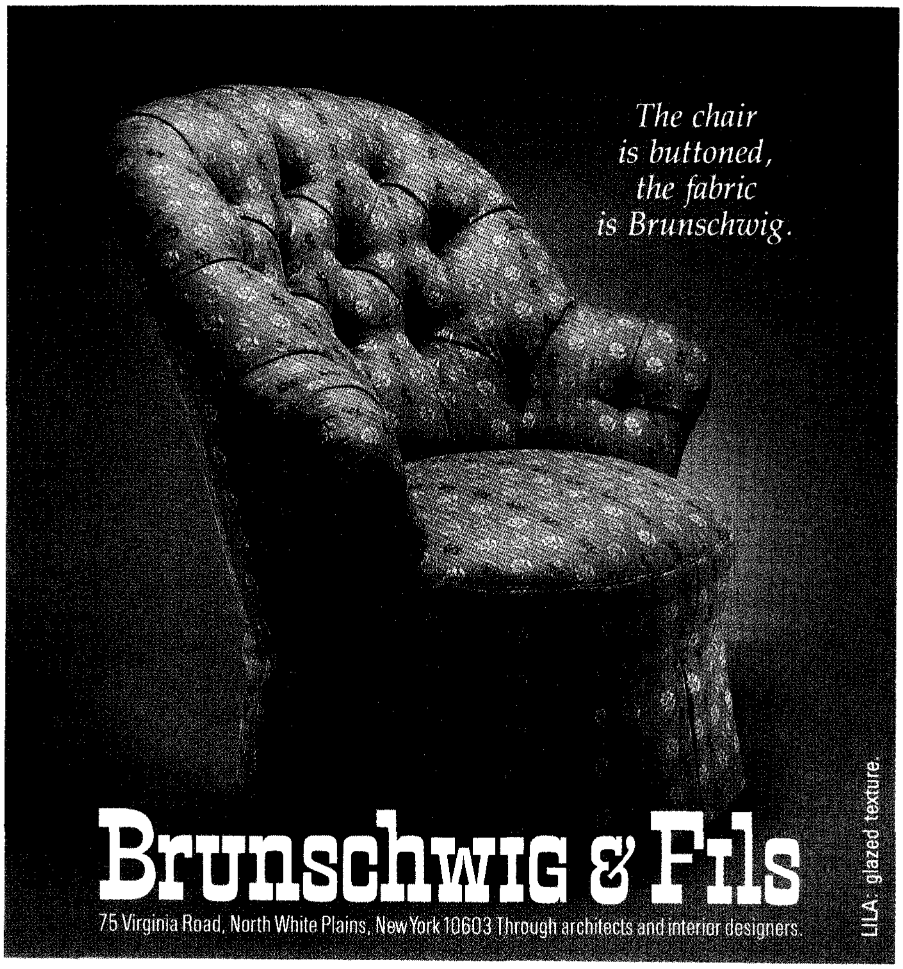

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much; I dislike a lot of people; I dislike most people, to tell you the truth." He said, "*Ah-I hate mohist peeuhpull—but I shuhuhrr doooooo lyek youuuuuuu.*"

In him, notions of redemption, of absolution, and of repentance and inner peace are small-town and real; for instance, he held that you don't blame A Real Man—*he makes the wheels go round, he protects you, he's a sight for sore eyes, he's a real hero.* But he believed that you should blame such a man at times, using Christian notions of meekness and of camels caught in the eyes of needles; he thought you should automatically turn against heroes—they were gullies. But at the same time, if he admires such a man, then, for as long as he admires him, he, S.L., believes A Real Man is blameless: *he takes it on the chin like an officer and a gentleman.*

"Why are you strutting?" he asks me.

I have backed off from his arms and am moving in the center of the still drum of air on the platform.

I pause in my strutting and look at him, and then, watching him, I resume my skimpy parade.

"Well, be a man about it. Give us a hug," he said.

He has a version of male swagger in the way he sits, the ways he holds his shoulders when he wants to be glamorous. He directs me, he wants a "delicately" knowing hug, with some of the "delicacy" hidden, with it as implicit, a submission to the imperial glory of this man of charity.

But then he wants the hug to be sheer openness, too, one man to another—on the trail, with a Western tale's apocalypse near: "Give us a hug for the last roundup, kiddo. I'm wounded unto death, Wileykins."

He arranges and rearranges me; I hear his heartbeat through his shirt, under the folded wings of the lapels of his jacket. "I'm just a poor, error-stricken bastard," he says. "You're a beaut. You're not really trash." My lineage.

The look on his face, in his eyes, changes into and out of dialect—he shows what he wants to show. He has a kind of circus pain about life.

Now he gets sophisticated: "Come on, you little angel, another hug; your hugs are what get me through the day."

My arms go around his neck; my forehead touches his cheek. I don't like to kiss with my lips, but he butts his head onto my small, startled lips; I purse, peck, pull my head back. "You kiss like a goy, you know that?" Christ, the misery in his face—behind his amusement a storming and continuous wretchedness shows; it is male pain, male braggadocio, his life in the world of men.

The shirt he wore was whitish, with gray and white and black lines in it in delicate squares: I remember it *clearly* but ignorantly, damp cotton cloth, its smell, but really it's a matter of his heartbeat and breath, the smells on his skin, the meaty smell of his breath, the smell of damp in his hair, and only then, belatedly, or as a respite, his shirt as pattern and wrinkled fabric. . . .

To reward me for listening and to test my male intelligence, what he did next was this: he picked me up and carried me across the grass in the gray and blowing light. "Now here's a real treat for you." A wall that comes almost to the top of Dad's thigh *runs* here like a series of waves along the uneven edge of the park. It undulates and is hard for me to understand or figure out, and I never did come to know it clearly. At its base is wet and shadowed grass. The wall in some ways resembles a narrow path, set in the air like a bridge or the upper part of a stepladder, but it runs along windingly like a path. Da lifted me onto its pathlike and top-step-like upper plane. I looked out and I ignored —I couldn't see—what was there; then I saw the vast descent and ascent of air, differently lit in its parts: a view.

The Mississippi lay in its valley.

This view was from the top of a limestone bluff perhaps a hundred and fifty feet tall that was maybe the highest ground for fifty miles in every direction. An enormous ballooning drum, bandstandlike, of open air rose and stretched and fell in front of me—and rose and stretched and fell some more as I blinked and breathed. The wind hisses; a swan, its hiss of divinity is incessant, its feathery assault makes it that I am thrilled and suffering both: fog, mist, raindrop-filled air. I shift myself from leg to leg.

"Are you dancing?" Daddy asks. "How do you like these potatoes?"

The air, the masked rainlight, the wind pounding, hissing, pecking, and pushing as if with a ruffled-feather breast—it is monstrous.

Da says, "You don't laugh enough. It's nice to see you laugh."

His nose snuffles and snuggles in my hair; his breath is a lesser swan in my

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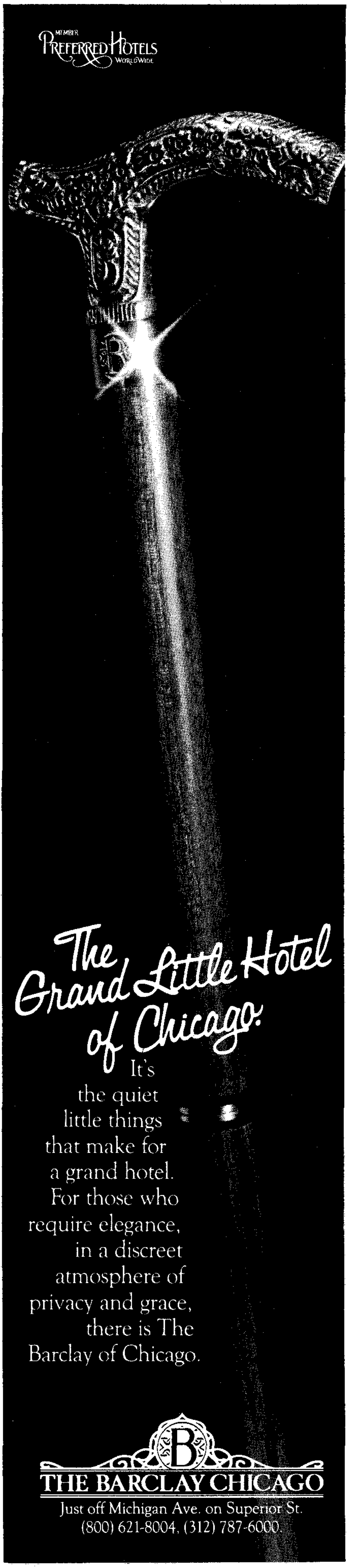

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ear. Bits of drizzle prick my face. He says, "Blow, blow, blow the man down. Do you love me, sweetie pie-sweetiekins? You love me or not? Tell me right now."

This enlarged and clouded space, I know it is air. In the conceit of recognition, I am dizzy.

"That's the west wind," Dad says. "You know about the west wind: it likes to blow at nice kids."

Shapely arcs of sky, clouded and damp, cousins to the air in stairwells and out the second-floor windows of my experience, are knotted into stairs and windows of open grayness, into unnumberably gray petalled roses of air, doors and sidewalks of air, boxes of air, stacked, transparent windows—they fell and rose.

"You like that?" Da said. "He liked to 'a' died—is that it? He thought he saw the end of the world, I guess." He rehearsed talking about me.

In the pre-and-post-rain brown-and-green-and-black air, I saw threads and slices of pastels flittering in the mucky light—luminous strips and rosettes of color. I shivered with crazedness, with chill and nerves. In the windily flexing local air now appear gleams of yellow in scatterings. Then those bits expand and become bands and depths of subdued rainy-day clearing-up light for the moment. Now that is encroached on by streamers of stormy milk and bronze. What I see is weird—is not all fixed and flat. What I am seeing is in part what I am going to see in a moment and is not yet known. I mean, in a moment I will sort of know what I am seeing; I will recognize it; I will squint at it; I will get around to it; I will figure it out. But before then, it is there anyway, and I see it before I see it.

A muddied flutter of near-blue, the soul of windows, holds magic and holy bits in it—birds, bits of smoke, bits of rainbow edging—in this recess of the storm. The light alters steadily, blowingly. I blink into and out of sight, into and out of dream under the boiling upside-down floor-ceiling of clouds. Da says, "Hey, what about me? Remember me?" Expanses of thickened and dramatic bruises of air in wavering buntings have scratches of light in them. The thin, still astonishment in my mind rose; it thickened and got large and became a loud pulse. A long road of water is the river: a path of light, pure gleam in the grammar of sight, an arrangement of rules, physical sensation corrected by notions of truth. I can't see everything at once but have to proceed in stages, with withdrawal, elevation, return, and arrival: I invent a sense of the whole like a picture inside a hole in the ground, a hole in me, and this is what I will see, this construct of my mind in its den, when I say to myself, *I saw it*.

Da says, "You act like you just seen God. Once you see battle, you go either way—I went atheist. Join me in a little doubt, Wileykins. Well, enjoy yourself, if you want, but if you ask me I say God is filth."

The rapid mud-brown sulks of the water down below become *the pure gleam far away*.

Look at me: I've been brought here.

Alongside the river are railroad tracks, barge locks, oil-storage tanks, a grain elevator—I see them. They are visible in the shifting light while slanted shadows—rain—move here and there behind them, at a distance. I can't see all at once or merely sensibly—one specializes for a second or two, now on notations of shadow, now on rayed glimpses of cars on roads across the river. Distraught and mindful, I frequently collapse and merely lick the air—with my tongue—and then, after a few seconds, with my eyelids. I returned to learning, to prolonged spasms of vision. Distance, distance and compendiousness, did it.

The enamelling of the light moves and shifts. I see a bridge downstream—metallic ripples, metal braid, webby glosses of air in a rain haze at this moment: my attention has two forms—as light and as a river on no clear plane.

On an aerial diagonal I see *the tops* of spindly trees behind the muddy mound of a levee. Farther back, fields start shabbily among weeds, old fences, fencelets of trees. Husbandry at its sentinel work. Calmer than it really is, truly without wind, the view exists in me: it is no longer itself first seen but is a summary now, off and on, of as much as I want of it. My eyes are delighted, are like berry pickers, are like happy children all by themselves. The view is a toy, a model—everything in it is small with distance. Leaning outward, I saw the chalky and sporadically tufted face of the bluff; this occurred on the high-angled shore of an ocean of phenomena. River gulls and crows and starlings fly below

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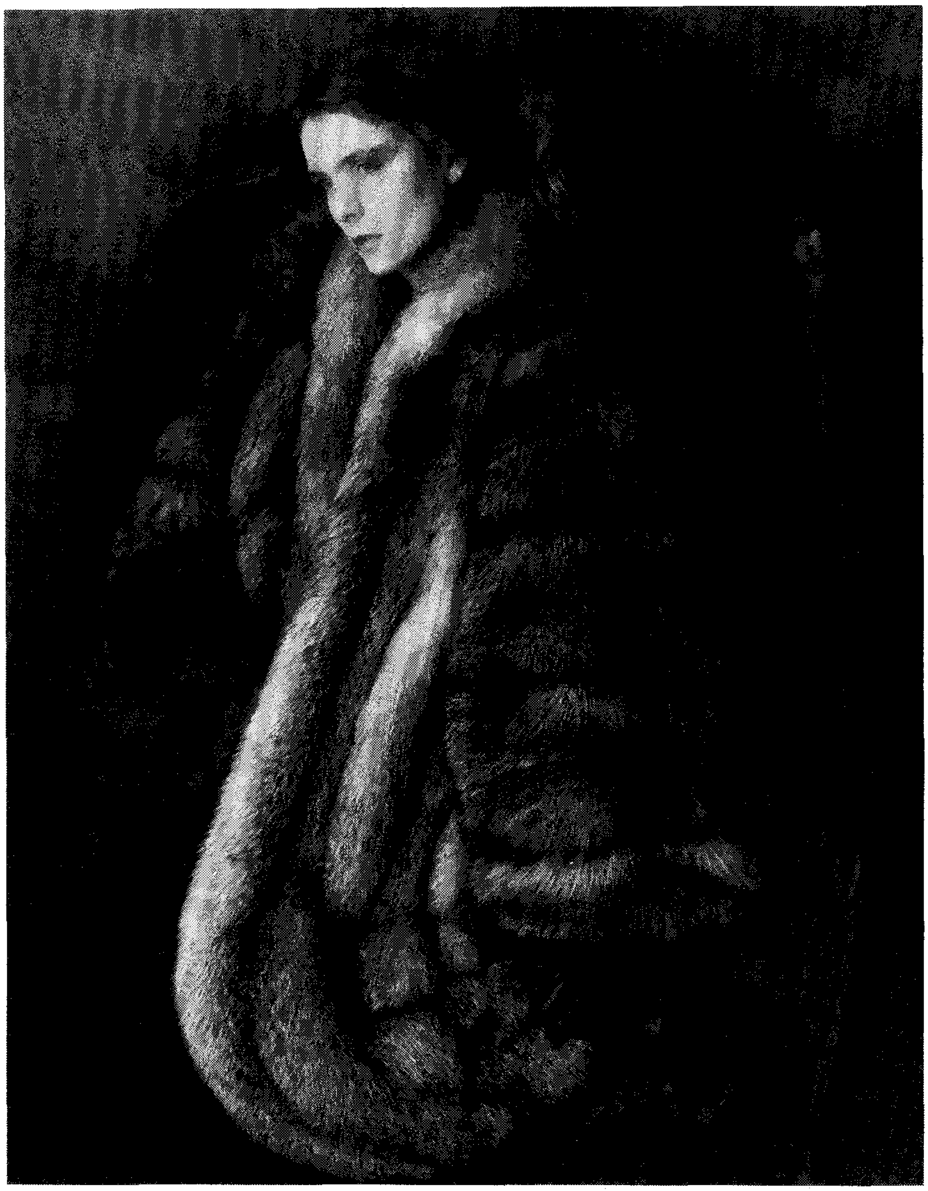

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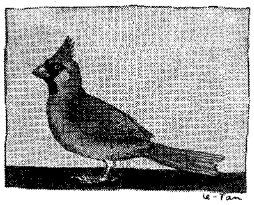
me—in the speaking light. Above the perceptible counties at this bruise-colored moment, mountain-sized brackish clouds move like fat scows, dragging giant discs of further shadow over wetly shimmering brown and green fields. Little here is like anything to be found in a famous poem, Chinese or Greek—this isn't light of a decimal clarity. What has occurred here of statement and denunciation has little resonance with us. We have here a landscape of envy and emptiness—a place of temporary and embattled *comforts*, an American beauty (that which results from a meeting of what was here and a society of grand acquisitors). I am an acquired child. Simple violence will do here usually. What I saw was a milieu of economic liveliness—I remember the level stillness under everything; which is to say, the remaining shape of the prairie. A flickering moment of rain blinded the kid, and he can't see the hospitalities and eccentric poverties of the habitable valley, so shabbily used and so delectable. I cleared my eyes; the ocean-eye's pearl distances were unveiled. Small bits of grit strike my face. In the increasing wind, the increasing darkness, the child feels the exciting foulness of storm; the duties of childhood include being thrilled by the now shouting wind.



My partly restored heart likes the onward bumping air, stampeding and galloping, the parade of hooting winds, the deaf-to-me forces of the sky. The mouths of air become sharp near my face—the beaks of cranes and herons. I am a tremor of acceptance here—a local boy. I am maybe jerry-built, like much that is in the view. This immoderate window above the suburban plenum in the now mind-carpentered, wind-distracted view and panicked air holds my semi-comprehension of the casual monuments, amateur, glintingly alight or shadowed according to the oncoming rain, bridges and roads and towers, things that served separately and collectively as a climax once they were recognized. It is now my family privilege to see them from this place and at this height. This important beauty, as an intense experience, became contrarily distant as I rememberingly stared, vaguely stared and leaned against Daddy. He, in turn, leaned forward slightly to support me. I think we were both gazing inwardly and without direct awareness of one another, intimate but disconnected. Then he put his arms around me from behind; and suddenly I saw it all again but more immediately, more all at once; and I began to dance as another child might have shouted.

"Hold still, hold still; don't be as wild as a red Indian: you know what happened to the Indians, don't you? Play it safe; be a cowboy, like your old man—like me. We have to go home; it's getting dark. You've had enough. Hold on now; hold on to Old Faithful. Old Faithful S.L. is able and willing. Upsy-daisy. Off we go. Let's go get ourselves dry."

He started to gallop. He carries, as if in a warm pouch, next to his chest, my dead mother's otherwise silenced voice in this world; I am her voice, Americaned—although I do not speak yet. I am wriggling some still. I hear my own small, maybe mock-rational heart next to S.L.'s enormous, stertorous, orotund heartbeat.

Da is carrying me rapidly; I lie against his warm ribs; I'm in his arms. I have riddle points of curiosity about his downhill march. In the moving field of my attention, gladioli in the park are metronomic gobbets of bloom, smeared arcs in the wind. The noises of his and my clothes and breath are strangely syllabic.

Child flesh in its brevity and shine is witty.

In those days, I made foolish guesses about time and the diminutive.

The time and meanings in which my childhood happened.

The remarks of living and disorderly people.

Their near and tricky kindnesses.

Their versions of constancy.

The buzzes and whistles and grunts of Daddy's youth as he half trots with me. I had nothing of what might be called a blood right to any language I heard once I returned to life; I did not hear the voices in our house as parts of a house language I had always known but as a slightly foreign spread of personal sounds. I knew from the start, the second start, that each kind of language has different truths, and that any one kind of language is a willful lie because of that—you have to use a dozen tongues, really, if you want to be honest, and then it's only the beginning. Much of my inner speech was very formal, a merger of ways to speak; I had a physical sense of grammar starting now, the amount of breath people took in before they launched into a sentence and then the way their voices weakened sometimes as clauses proliferated. I am full of time; and of distances; speech is created out of absences, the absence of running movements: Da can't talk now. It seems as if what he wants to say and what he says occupied the same moment, although they don't; or as if my hearing and my guessing at what I hear were at the same moment, which they are not. But I can put the differences in those moments back, and then what I get is me gaping at him, flirting with him, being astonished by him, listening to him in an astonished way. I am often still ashamed of my feelings about men. But I was then, too. Starting at this instant, there began in me what will be a lifelong accompaniment of interior speech of a formal sort, so that I am self-fathered and somewhat independent of my feelings for him. I have a version of my mother consciously in me, after all: I have a river of interior comment as she used to talk to me, a self-conscious practice of language; then my other mother somewhat in opposition to S.L.; and then in a fine jumble something of S.L. as well—it is all mad speech, maybe. The inner voice is a bridge between myself as an orphaned child and myself unorphaned in any of a number of ways. I spoke with a generalized grammar inside myself—a compendium and then an averaged version of Adoptive-Mother-Lila English, Mother-Ceil English-Hebrew-Yiddish-Russian-Polish-German, S.L. Nonsense-and-English, and Nurse-Annemarie German-and-English.

Time in the real world is often pain; the way in which I felt time fold around me—when Daddy sort of ran and was short of breath and then heaved me up to make it easier; and then as I slipped down, although he held me pretty close to his chest—made me both sober and scholarly-drunken and full of limp, abject surrenders—it was painful. It was painful, *too*. A seed of anger rests in me but no voice, no replacing his presence with an outward voice of my own; no resistance emerges outward from me as my own statement from the inward auditoriums of awe that much of my sensual consciousness is. I am not in my various structured parts a coherent audience but am a badly behaved and always changing mob—gifted in awe, as I said; but that often results in

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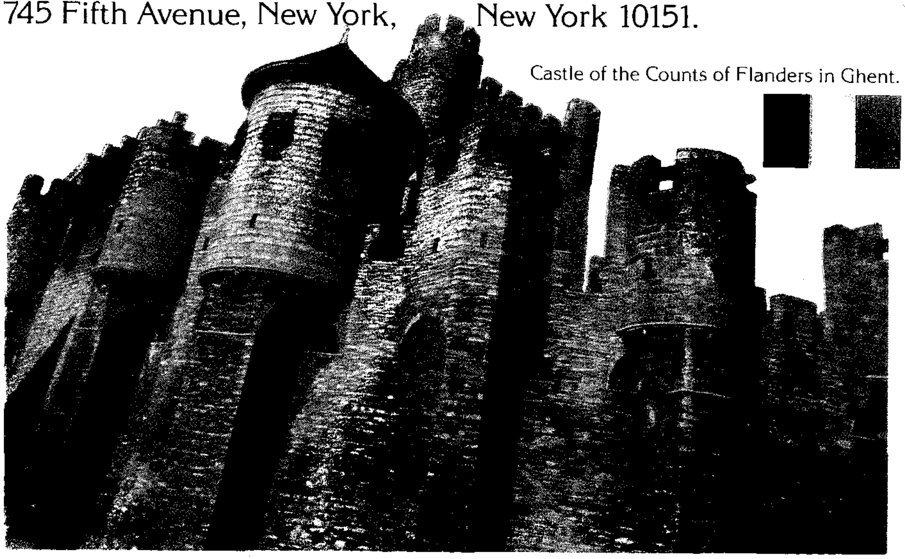

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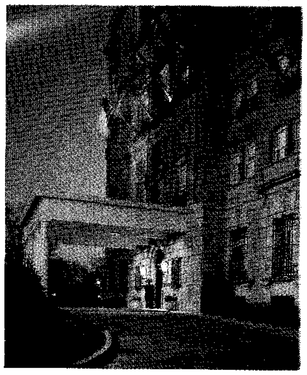

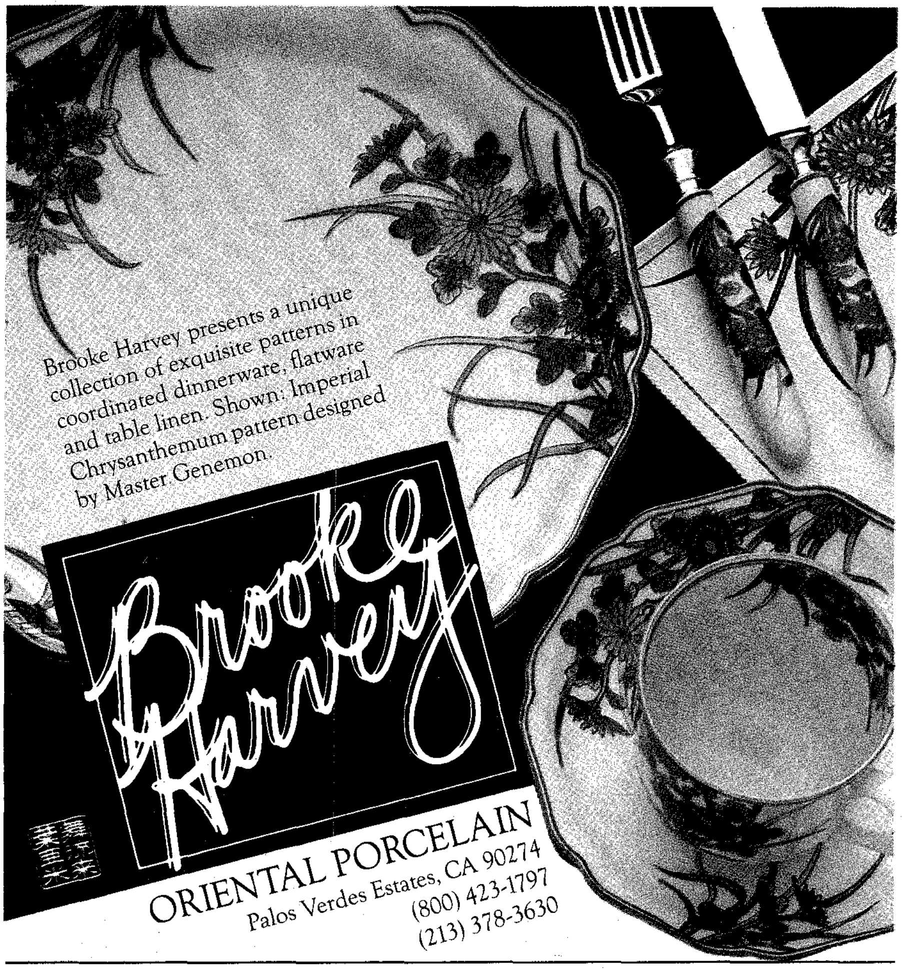

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disobedience. Right now I am in the fleshy circle of this man's arms, and I am full of new silence, of new speech withheld, and he is holding me too tightly, but that is because I am under his protection, such as it is. Momma—the new one—will say, *Look at the sweethearts, look how sweet on each other they are*, but her description was not necessary or accurate. And she had said it before, when we were different with each other, S.L. and I. We gallop along, he laboringly carries me, and I am intricately, logically, available to him. My real mother was superstitious and obstinate, and she saw to it that I was born at home—and at dawn, to boot. Light was entering the room, I was told. Everything was gold. I didn't cry but started breathing without a slap—I was born with a caul. S.L. is carrying a compendium, a syllabus, an embodiment-in-brief of Ceil's dreams in his arms. My mother's midwife, an Austrian woman from the Tyrol, extremely beautiful and sly and malicious, a peasant, told me about my lucky and magical birth. I mean that she saw things in a certain way. She saw that I was lucky. I know people are funny in relation to children. S.L. carries this kid, squeezing him. My language always was that of a consciousness-in-the-world and not always that of someone's son, was not always inherited. The dexterities of language have a *Christ in the world* quality, a spiritual visitor with a mastery of absence and a mastery of both real and incomprehensible presence. I think language should come out of modesty toward one's death. I think of fear as a silence out of which one stirs if one can be humble about one's death in the world.

The jostled but delighted and borne-along child—well, the man carrying him was a son, too, and he is judging himself as he trots along, a man in the world, in his roles. He said one time, "*I'm glad you're not too smart. If you were too smart, we'd have to give you back. We like you dumb, like us.*" But what I was was a silenced intelligence. He says now, "We're smart enough to come in out of the rain—just barely." He was catching his breath. He thought I was saddened by how feebleminded I was, by how much I needed him. The gray mass and rumble in the air, and the itchy, carpetlike closeness of Da's heat, and the comedy of the rain make the kid laugh in an odd as-if-speaking way.

Da said, "I don't want you laughing at me after all is said and done."

The child looks at him and is *a contagious example of obstinate wonder.*

I laugh and squirm suffocatedly in Da's arms. I am still for a second, and then I start up again, and Da is galloping again in the edges of the rain. He says, "Maybe we're going to make it. This is passing over. It's going somewhere else. Listen to you. You're a little nut."

The pebble color of the air has spots of sea-glass green flatly luminous in it at this moment. The blowsy antics of the air in the cathedral space this side of an arcade of oaks are so dismaying on my face and in my eyes that I clutch Daddy's shirt. "Hey, there! Watch out. I like this shirt." Da's face is borne through the day; his face is bits of big, young loveliness in the rain. I see with primitive and approximate wholeness; I am blind with innocence and sight. I can't say I really saw his young face, but in a way I did.

We gallop, and I feel his youth as warm muscle and a thin torso and a species of odor as I bump against his softening belly, as I ride along in the howdah of heat-struck, jouncing darkness and closeness in *Daddy's arms.*

One is not a child or a woman the way a man is a man. My existence was a matter of all kinds of power and will inside the fact of flesh—my power and will and that of others—but the difficult thing for me, always, was to realize my own innocence as a fact but not a law. A child is innocent, will or no will. A man is or is not, depending on intention and later action. At the moment, S.L. and I have no clear limit to our feelings in this matter and we have no noble fixity, either. The ultimate meaning is unclear. He is the prince of the rainy air, and I felt my safety unwisely, as an ideal thing, with a specially lit quality to it. I mean the limitless and changeable feelings had a sense of meaning to them, as well as a tinge of immense, immense amusement at our being men. Anyway, I *see* (I *feel*) the resiliency and lacquer and explosive willfulness of his being thirty-three years old. We are suspicious, male, and triumphant. He is still in the *grand ascent.* But he will slow down toward *love and defeat* in time, in a little while—Lila said it happened at my hands. That would mean I devoured my own safety. That would mean I remained suspicious, male, and triumphant, and he did not. Perhaps it was all a mistake. I was often happy. He will die two months after his forty-

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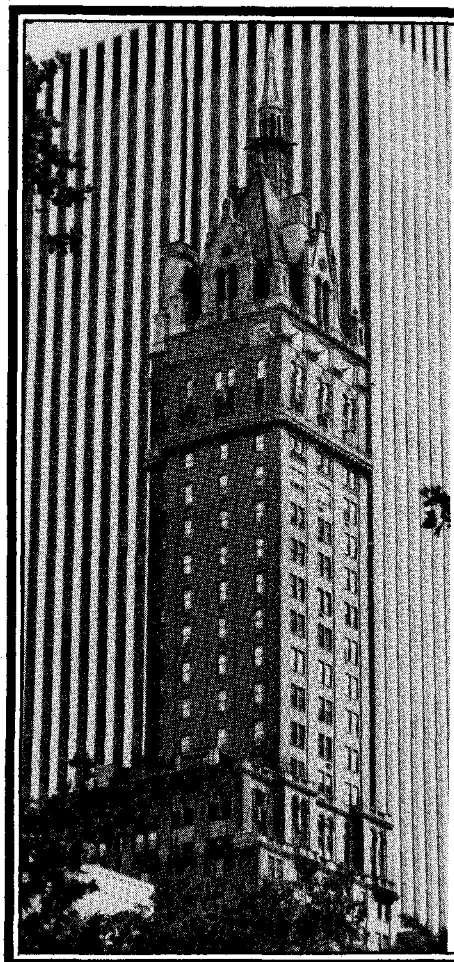

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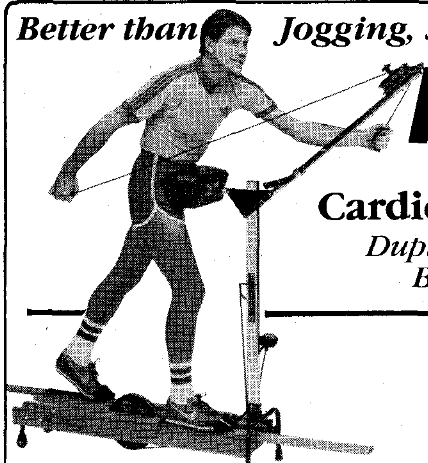

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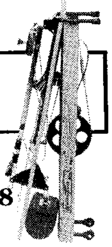


fourth birthday. He will say that he's bored with me; he said that I was like everyone else, that I was a common type—he said this before he died. He saw no light in me as a common thing then. Nothing about me was ideal for him then but that he loved me still, or again, or in retrospect, or as a matter of habit—whatever. I was fourteen the year he died. *He wanted you to believe you failed him,* Ma said, *but he didn't mean you harm,* Wiley, *he didn't want you to blame yourself; he was a very ignorant man.* She meant he indulged himself uneducatedly in the ins and outs and throbs and pulsations of his feelings.

My face now snakily writhes against the fat, resilient biceps of Daddy's *arm.* I hang, I arch, I lean forward like a bowsprit. This is in Illinois, in the rain. He is running through the gate of the park. All around us, I see the torn rooms of the out-of-doors. Daddy says, "*No,*" and refolds me in his arms, defining me as Error and A Fool and someone he wants bodily near him, someone whose bodily welfare concerns him. I start to laugh. And then suddenly I'm silent, very silent. I enjoy the heat and the being joggled—it is a kind of contented fright—and I have a sort of distance and a tired interest in the world. The moment is unideal, semi-ideal, this one particular moment and what is contained in it. The future hovers like the mist-hung air. So what? I like a tone of general and civilized imperfection and hope. The shrewd-hearted kid in his shrewd-hearted torpor is being carried home.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

•

THE SHROUD

Lifted by its tuft
of angel hairs, a milkweed
seed dips and soars
across a meadow, chalking
in outline the rhythm
that waits in air all along,
like the bottom hem of nowhere.
Spinus tristis, which spends
its days turning gold
back into sod, rises and falls
along the wavy line the seed
just waved through the sunlight.
What sheet or shroud large enough
to hold the whole earth
are these seamstresses' chalks
and golden needles
stitching at so restlessly?
When will it ever be finished?

—GALWAY KINNELL

How a Kansas farm girl became a maven on Peruvian alpaca fashions

The alpaca, cousin to a llama, lives at the 15,000-foot level in the Peruvian Andes. It is an unpleasant beast that spits at people.

But its wool is magnificent. To survive the Peruvian winter, the alpaca grows a tremendously thick coat. So it won't weigh down the animal, the wool has hollow hair shafts. So it won't get wet and matted, the wool has a high lanolin content. Result: alpaca wool is deceptively lightweight, with a deep and silky softness to the touch. Many who have compared them maintain that alpaca is richer than cashmere.

These facts and more are related by Annie Hurlbut, a farm girl from Tonganoxie, Kansas who went to Yale, became an anthropologist, then traveled to Peru to pursue her profession.

This is not Annie Hurlbut. This is another Kansas farm girl who traveled to faraway places.

In Peru she studied "market women" in remote Andean villages. These women practice a centuries-old tradition that predates even the Inca empire: they weave alpaca wool into clothing (historically, ponchos and capes, but today, mostly sweaters).

By U.S. standards, Annie Hurlbut found the styling unsophisticated, but the sweaters had a peasant-like verve and freshness that made a perfect counterpoint to the luxury of the fabric.

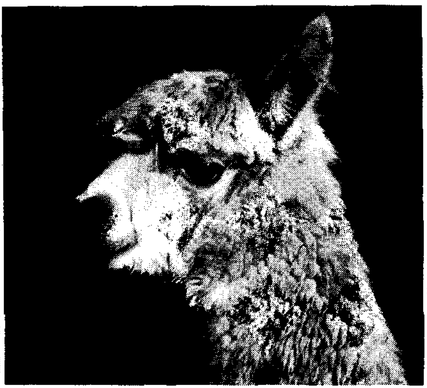
This is not Annie Hurlbut. This is a model wearing Annie's gray mufflered cape (100% alpaca, of course), $165 plus $3.75 s&h.

So Annie Hurlbut did what any Kansas farm girl would have done. She restyled the sweaters, set up sources of supply, went back to Tonganoxie and with her mother, Biddy, started a mail order business.

Eight years and 34 buying trips later, their business ("The Peruvian Connection") publishes a 36-page full-color catalog with 172 items.

There are sweaters, skirts, camisoles, capes, blankets, ponchos, mufflers—even tapestries.

This is an alpaca. Its wool has hollow hair shafts and a high lanolin content. It may well be the lightest, softest, most luxurious wool fiber in the world.



Everything in the catalog is made in Peru of native materials. Most designs are original (many are Annie's) and most items are exclusive.

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It's a fun catalog to shop. Alpaca wool grows naturally in many colors, from white to beige, brown and gray. It also takes dye quite well, so you'll find not only the earth tones, but also marvelous shades of raisin, periwinkle, peach, sage green and teal blue.

And you'll find breathtaking pictures of the Peruvian highlands, because Annie Hurlbut loves Peru and the Andes mountains.

This is Annie Hurlbut. She is wearing her native Andean padre hat of embroidered wool felt (black, teal blue or taupe), $35 plus $2.90 s&h. (For proper size, measure around head.)

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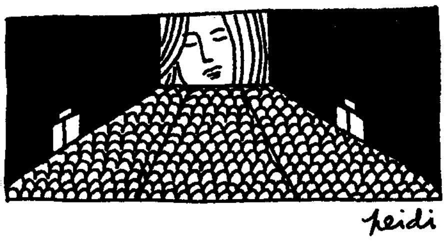
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Great White Hope

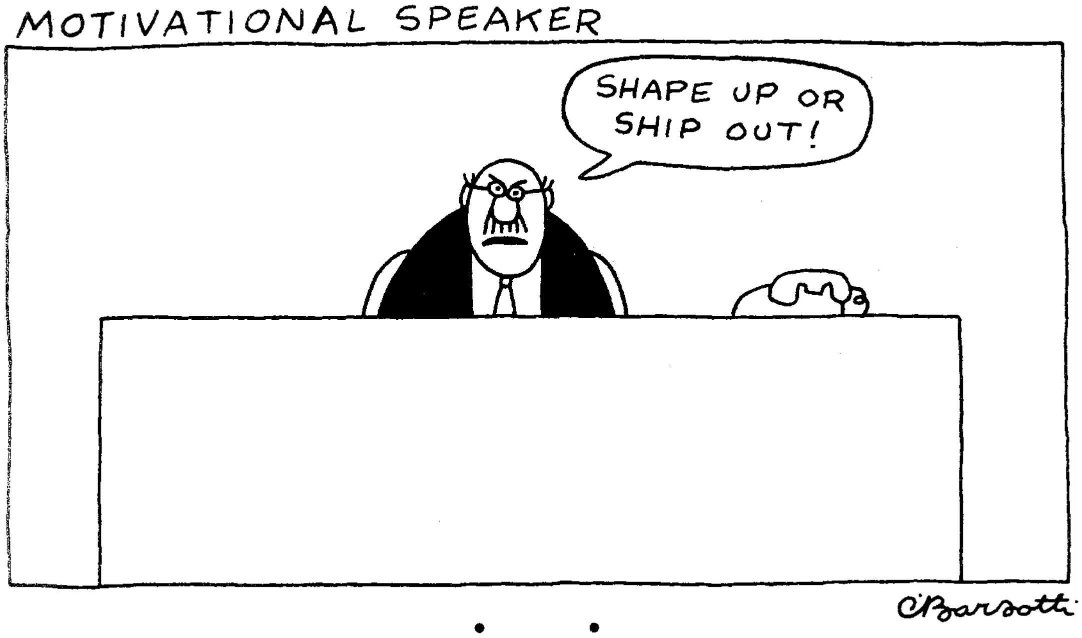
Stan White (Mickey Rourke), who served in Vietnam at least as heroically as Rambo and has more decorations for bravery than any other cop in the history of the New York City Police Department, is the demigod of the new Michael Cimino picture, "Year of the Dragon." A police captain from Brooklyn who calls himself a proud Polack (though he shortened his unwieldy last name), Stan is assigned to put a damper on the murderous youth gangs who are disrupting the placid surface of life in Chinatown and hurting tourism. He's told to leave the businessmen alone. But he knows that the traditional calm was corruption with a lid on it—that the city officials have been accepting bribes and looking the other way for years while the entrenched businessmen of the major crime families, the Chinese Triads (a criminal organization that predates even the Mafia), imported heroin and controlled gambling, prostitution, and extortion rackets. Stan White can't live with compromise any more than saintly Dirty Harry Callahan could. This may be the Chinatown precinct of New York City, but his conception of himself is clear: "There's a new marshal in town—me." And he doesn't have to conquer his own indecisiveness, the way Kris Kristofferson's marshal-hero did in Cimino's last picture, "Heaven's Gate." He immediately starts to create chaos in the community and make enough fuss to get media attention so that he can—in some unexplained way—tear out the roots of crime. In the thinking of Oliver Stone and Cimino, who collaborated on the script, this can somehow be accomplished by crude insults and by locking up hookers, pushers, and small-time racketeers. And they must have thought it would help if Mickey Rourke played his Rambo–Dirty Harry synthesis with stubble on his sweaty face, a bloody bruise on the bridge of his nose, and what the young Los Angeles critic Elvis Mitchell called "mood hair"—it keeps shifting tones from prematurely white to prematurely gray.

Trying to embody the macho mystique that's necessary for the role of the passionate, cursing saint Stan White, Mickey Rourke, who has a purring-pussycat voice and a shy, baby-face smile, pushes himself hard. He shouts and fulminates; he tries to act crazy and exciting. He takes over the tricks of the actors in thirties cops-and-robbers movies, where gimmicks such as the cops wearing their hats down low, just over their eyes, worked as colorful bits of characterization. But when Rourke tries them he's like a kid in adults' clothes and mannerisms. It's as if he didn't believe in himself as Stan: he's game, but he has no gift for playing a fanatic bully, and he has a lost, defeated quality. The performance never really works, except maybe in the scenes at Stan's wife's funeral, where Rourke can forget about the romanticized potency he's supposed to have. I don't know if any actor could fill up the role, because Stan White, who is supposed to be accepted as the hero the minute he appears, has no core—he's all blowhard pose. He's Cimino's dream of the grungy splendor of a nakedly honest tough guy. And when Stan's superior officer accuses him of having "delusions of grandeur" it's clear that he's standing in for Cimino. De Niro's compulsive, perfectionist hero stood in for him in "The Deer Hunter"—he was even called Michael—but De Niro didn't have to carry the load of anger and resentment that Stan White carries. On some obscure principle, Stan is rude to *everybody*.

When the Chinese Mafia bigwigs put pressure on the politicians because Stan is interfering with business, and he's ordered to lay off, he flatly refuses. According to Stan, "If I give up, the system gives up." He says that "this is Vietnam all over again"—that "nobody wants to win." Stan White is continuing the Vietnam War in Chinatown; the issues are simple—it's a war between good and evil. Stone and Cimino don't bother their heads with distinctions among Asian peoples or their beliefs. To hear Stan White tell it, New York's Chinatown is the hub of international evil. And he's the one man tough enough to fight it. When his superior officers inform him that he has been reassigned (he's to go back to Brooklyn), and one of them explains the transfer by saying, "You care too much, Stanley," it's unmistakable that this raw extravaganza is shaped as a vindication of Cimino the misunderstood artist. "How can anybody care too much?" Stan asks wonderingly. He's musing. Cimino wants us to ponder the question of how it is that a man as honest and dedicated as Stan is (and as Cimino is) goes among us unappreciated. "Year of the Dragon" has a galloping case of movie-director megalomania. A key passage in the movie is Stan's inspirational talk to the officers under him when he enunciates his credo. "I give a s---," he says, "and I'm going to make you people give a s---." (We in the audience are the "people" Stan is addressing.) When his men, who are being sent out on raids, express their concern about violations of civil rights, he has a ready answer: "F--- their civil rights."



The picture isn't voluptuous, like "The Deer Hunter," or eerily dissociated, like "Heaven's Gate." It's hysterical, rabble-rousing pulp, the kind that generally goes over with subliterate audiences—people who can be suckered into believing that the movie is giving them the lowdown dirty truth about power. Yet it isn't involving. It doesn't have the crude propulsion of good pulp storytelling, and although it's full of catastrophic acting—especially by the grating-voiced Ariane, a model, of Dutch and Japanese parentage, who plays Tracy Tzu, the TV-newscaster heroine, and is officious and nostrilly, like an Oriental Ali MacGraw—it's directed too listlessly to be enjoyably bad. When Cimino can't think of any way to cram in more beatings or shootings—when he just has two or three people in a room—he sets them to arguing. To cover the void, he has them raise their voices, and their hollering at each other is so obnoxious that when they die gruesomely you don't care. The picture seems to be going on without you, anyway. Tracy is subjected to a gang-bang rape, just as the heroine of "Heaven's Gate" was. And when she and Stan meet for dinner at the Shanghai Palace Restaurant and a pair of masked gunmen break in and start mowing the guests down, the scene is like a replay of the disco-restaurant carnage in De Palma's "Scarface" (which was also written by Oliver Stone). In some ways, the movie is like an extension of what goes wrong in "Scarface." It's sunk in torpor.


SHAPE UP OR SHIP OUT!
CBarsotti

MOTIVATIONAL SPEAKER

Parts of Chinatown's Mott Street—storefronts with pagodas and lanterns, plenty of neon, and blood-red façades—were re-created in Dino De Laurentiis' new studios in Wilmington, North Carolina. There's at least one marvellous, atmospheric set—a basement soybean factory with walls so wet it's like a series of mist-filled caves in a mountain. And the film has its full quota of parades with banners and fireworks and a huge paper dragon, and funeral processions with a Chinese marching band. It has a heroin transaction in the Golden Triangle; it has a severed head. It even has a shootout on a railway bridge (with the built-in irony that the Chinese were brought to this country as coolies to lay track). But viewers are distanced from what they're looking at by one of the tawdriest and stupidest scripts that can ever have been put into production as a major film. The script is loosely derived from a novel by Robert Daley, but its mixture of maladroitness, sleaze, and ignorance might have been devised by some little (white) schoolboys on a very hot day. It suggests a twelve-year-old's idea of hipsterism. The characters share a flat, stunted vocabulary—about twenty-five words, most of them the basic four-letter expletives. And the plot devices have some of the canned, echo-chamber effect that the later scenes in "Scarface" had. Tracy isn't just a celebrity newscaster who lives in a lavish Manhattan loft with a magisterial view (one that you actually have to go to Brooklyn for), she's also an "aristocrat"—her family has moola. Stan forces himself on her, in a hostile, roughneck way (she seems to represent the Vietnamese to him, plus people who have had it too easy), and, as in so many he-man fantasies enshrined in the movies, his aggression makes her fall in love with him. Later, when she's raped (by three of the Chinese youth-gang thugs), Stan flails his arms to show he's upset by this latest villainy instigated by the criminal kingpin. Corpses have been strewn all over the screen, Stan's own wife has had her throat slit, but after the rape he announces, "He went too far this time."

The only performance that has any true intensity is the quiet one given by John Lone (the star of last year's "Iceman") as the power-grabbing, ruthless Joey Tai, the sneaky new, young Godfather. Joey Tai is written as the treacherous, unfeeling Oriental—he's Cimino's Heart of Darkness and Yellow Peril, too—but Lone, fine-drawn and elegant, just about turns the movie upside down. He's sleek, like Nils Asther as the sexy Chinese warlord in Frank Capra's "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." And his stoic, malevolent Joey Tai is the only character who seems to have any brains or any emotional life: you feel his seething hatred of the boorish Stan White. Lone has such a strong, graceful presence that he survives even the crummy dialogue he has to deliver. He cuts off Tracy's line of questioning about the Chinese Mafia's involvement in the heroin trade with these words: "Why do you media people insist on emphasizing this sinister Charlie Chan image? Why don't you talk about the chair in Chinese history our association has endowed at Yale University, our twelve-million-dollar loan fund for our ten thousand members, our free meals for the aged and unemployed, free burial, things like that—positive things?" You'd think that someone on the set would have pointed out to Cimino that Charlie Chan wasn't sinister; he was a wise, roly-poly daddy-o. (Oliver Stone and/or Cimino must have got him confused with Fu Manchu.) And, howlers apart, this is miserable verbiage; it has no eloquence, no respect for phrasing—it's an insult to a daring actor. Another character delivers that old hoot about how the Chinese had a civilization—and a shipping trade—a thousand years ago, when you uncouth white men were living in caves. (This speech—or variants of it—was a staple of the Charlie Chan pictures, and Boris Karloff's Fu Manchu may have lisped it out in 1932 while folding his arms and tucking his long fingernails into his embroidered satin sleeves.)

"Year of the Dragon" isn't much more xenophobic than "The Deer Hunter" was, but it's a lot flabbier; the scenes have no tautness, no definition, and so you're more likely to be conscious of the bigotry. And as a sexist Cimino is incredibly inept. He can't even think up a plot subterfuge for the nude footage of Ariane he includes, and it's so "artistic" you want to laugh. In terms of any kind of controlling moral intelligence, Oliver Stone and Michael Cimino are still living in a cave. Stone, whose credibility as a writer is based on his having taken an Academy Award (for "Midnight Express"!), and Cimino, whose first movie credit was for the script that John Milius and he wrote for "Magnum Force," the seamiest of the Dirty Harry movies, are evenly matched. "Year of the Dragon" suffers from a form of redundancy. One brazen vulgarian working on a movie might enliven it, but two—and both xenophobic—bring out the worst in each other. They're bouncing their ideas off a mirror, so neither one knows when he has become a public embarrassment.

The torpor goes deeper than the stupidity of the script. In a sense, the Chinese don't come off worse than

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the Caucasians, and the women don't come off worse than the men. (The men in the Police Department roll over for the incorruptible Stan White the same way his wife and Tracy do.) As I see it, Michael Cimino doesn't think in terms of dramatic values: he doesn't know how to develop characters, or how to get any interaction among them. He transposes an art-school student's approach from paintings to movies, and makes visual choices: this is a New York movie, so he wants a lot of blue and harsh light and a realistic surface. He works completely derivatively, from earlier movies, and his only idea of how to dramatize things is to churn up this surface and get it roiling. The whole thing is just material for Cimino the visual artist to impose his personality on. He doesn't actually dramatize himself—it isn't as if he tore his psyche apart and animated the pieces of it (the way a Griffith or a Peckinpah did). He doesn't animate anything. That's why, despite all the action, the movie seems so apathetic. If he "cares too much," it's not about how to tell a story by images—it's about his own "creativity." He's aiming for a lurid high art. He's trying to arrange the roiling so it's just right: he drags in big ideas like Vietnam for depth and tone; he uses cruel, villainous Asians to inflame emotions and a naked girl for a turn-on; and he works to make it all appear impassioned. He gets an imitation of movie realism and an imitation of passion. Members of the audience can be hoodwinked because what they see has so many associations with the powerful images and themes that have moved them in the past. But Cimino doesn't really draw the audience into the movie, except in the way this fantasist makes himself—the artist-hero—the issue. In "Year of the Dragon," Stan White–Michael Cimino tries to impose his masculine will on everybody. Cimino demands to be taken seriously; he double-dares you not to take him seriously. The only thing that's clear at the end of the movie is how Cimino wants to be taken—as bloody proud, as possessed and smoking hot.

In a movie era like this one, you become grateful for small pleasures, such as the fresh dialogue rhythms in "Compromising Positions." The screenplay, adapted by Susan Isaacs from her likably crafted 1978 detective novel, set on Long Island, provides a batch of actresses with a chance to show some comic verve. Susan Sarandon's smile has never been more incredibly lush, and she does some inspired double takes—just letting her beautiful dark eyes pop. She's the heroine, whose unquenchable curiosity saves her from the doldrums of affluence in the suburbs with a good-provider lawyer husband, played by Edward Herrmann (who has become the closest thing the movies have to a walking doldrum). When her lecherous dentist (Joe Mantegna) is murdered in his snazzy office, she can't resist poking into the case, because it reveals so much about what has been going on around her which she has been unaware of. She's an innocent, deeply conventional woman who loves being rudely awakened.

Her best friend and opposite number —a frisky cynic who seems to have been wised up from birth—is played for a slightly brassy sanity by the bright-blue-eyed Judith Ivey. The screen hasn't done her justice before: being allowed to show some experience of men does wonders for her. (Using a Texas twang helps, too.) Deborah Rush is startlingly poignant as the sad little horror that the dentist's fat, bald brother-in-law is married to; this tarty, uneducated blonde, with scars on her tummy, frightened eyes, and several tics, suggests a lifetime of trying to please men, of being pawed and bawled out. Mary Beth Hurt, in a boyish haircut, is oddly piquant as the woman who lives across the street from the heroine. Anne De Salvo, who manages to be consistently good, no matter what the part, is the fishy-eyed widow, whose uppity, tragic demeanor suggests a Long Island Jewish princess and Lady Macbeth in full regal mourning, at the same time. They're quite a crew, and Raul Julia shows another side as the male romantic lead, the Hispanic police lieutenant from Homicide who's investigating the murder. The lieutenant isn't really sure of himself; he seems capable of disappointment, and this makes him appealing, almost plaintive in the early, better-written scenes. (When he becomes enamored of the heroine and their dark eyes bulge at each other, you may worry that if they got together they'd produce pollywogs.)

The director, Frank Perry, does some good work modulating the performances. Most of the film's weaknesses, such as his rushing over the solution of the crime—so that we barely get a chance to sort out who actually did it—are minor. And there are quibbles one could raise that are really compliments: I wanted more of Joe Mantegna's smiley-eyed lecher, and was rather hoping for a flashback or two. (His liquid dark eyes are photographed very amusingly. I don't know why there's so much emphasis on dark eyes, though; Judith Ivey may be the only blue-eyed member of the cast.) Visually, this fairly pleasant, light entertainment has an eccentricity: in scene after scene in the various characters' homes, the camera is angled upward and the ceilings are used to give the compositions geometric lines and patterns. This isn't offensive, but it's a little distracting; I don't think I've ever seen so many shots of actors framed against ceilings. The movie has just one real mistake, but it's a whopper. After all those years of the Pandora legend, it's fun to have a movie about a woman whose curiosity is her salvation. And Sarandon's spontaneous, impetuous fixation on the murder is charmingly irrational: we can feel that something is bubbling up from way down inside her. But, in guiding Susan Isaacs on the adaptation, Frank Perry has tried to give the film a serious theme: the heroine's need to prove that she's something besides a wife and mother, her need to find meaning in her life. And so poor Ed Herrmann, who starts out as a lively, friendly fellow, is turned into an oppressor, telling his wife that he needs peace at home, and that her days as an investigative reporter (which, she has reminded him, she used to be) are over. Their scenes together become a series of domestic squalls. When Sarandon has to assert her personhood and Herrmann has to bend with the times, the movie is depressingly off base. These squalls kill the finish, because after you've been watching this woman, who has been a delight with everyone except her stick of a husband, you don't want her to be left with him while he tries to change. That's not a happy prospect; it's grisly.

—PAULINE KAEL

●

BEEF TONGUE

1 beef tongue, preferably fresh, about 3½ pounds
Salt to taste, if desired.

1. Place the tongue in a large saucepan or small kettle and add cold water to cover and salt to taste.

2. Bring to the boil and cover. Simmer about two hours.

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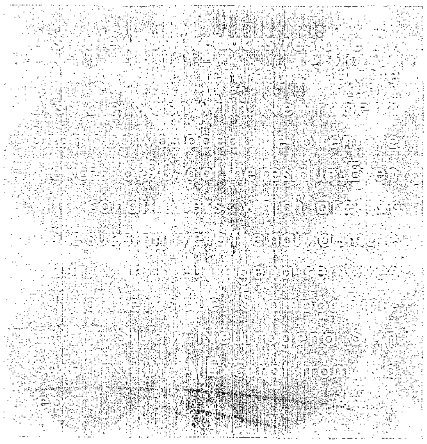

The clincher: in addition to freeing you from most build-up in a single washing, Neutrogena leaves a scant residue, a negligible trace compared to the other shampoos tested.

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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

BEAR NEWS

IN northwest Montana, in early spring, the frost-heaves and ice-cracks in the road multiply into potholes, and it becomes difficult to tell the many prudent drivers swerving to spare their axles from the many other drivers swerving because they are drunk. In the back roads, the frozen mud around the rocks and pebbles expands into larger circles as it thaws; then it turns to soup. Limbs of road-killed deer emerge from the melting snow berm that the plow left. Crows and ravens find them, and leave the scratchy calligraphy of their tracks clustered close around. Long lenticular clouds, as straight as a jet trail and as wide as a field, float above the foothills and next to the mountains. Other clouds come down the mountain valleys. From a distance, the valleys are a series of descending ridges, each darkened to a different shade by the density of mist it holds. People in forest management refer to these valleys as drainages, identifying each by the name of its central creek: the Birch Creek drainage, the Wolf Creek drainage, the Tuchuck Creek drainage. A drainage can contain thousands of acres, and in the almost uninterrupted fifty-mile-wide span of mountain wilderness extending a hundred and fifty miles south into Montana from the Canadian border—a region that includes Glacier National Park and several national forests—there are many thousands of drainages.

Sometimes camera crews shoot cigarette ads here or there in these mountains. Geologists working for Sun or Exxon or Arco come and go in helicopters, rocking the foundations with the *whump* of their seismic tests. During hunting season, wilderness outfitters lead clients and pack strings of horses and mules to backcountry camps. In the summer, hikers throng. Two years ago, Forest Service officials began to ask users of the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area to travel and camp in parties of no more than six; in that remote part of the Flathead National Forest, at least a day's journey from any paved road, foot and horse traffic had worn some of the trails to widths of ten feet. Certainly the mountains have been less wild recently than they were in past years. Still, there is an awful lot of forest and meadow and, particularly, snow-scoured rocky ridge back in there where nobody ever goes. If you stop at night on one of the roads that mark the edge of this wilderness and listen, the accumulated silence of all that empty space will break around your ears like surf.

Through the winter, possibly as many as six hundred and fifty grizzly bears sleep in these mountains, in dens dug, usually, at altitudes above six thousand feet. Sometimes as early as March, sometimes as late as May, they come out. One of my favorite signs of Montana spring is a short item that appears in one or another of the local newspapers:

BEARS START TO ROAM

GLACIER PARK—Bears are beginning to venture out of their winter dens, and several have been seen in and near the Park.

BEAR SIGHTING REPORTED

WEST GLACIER—Glacier National Park's first bear sighting of the spring occurred April 4 near the head of Kintla Lake.

GLACIER PARK REPORT

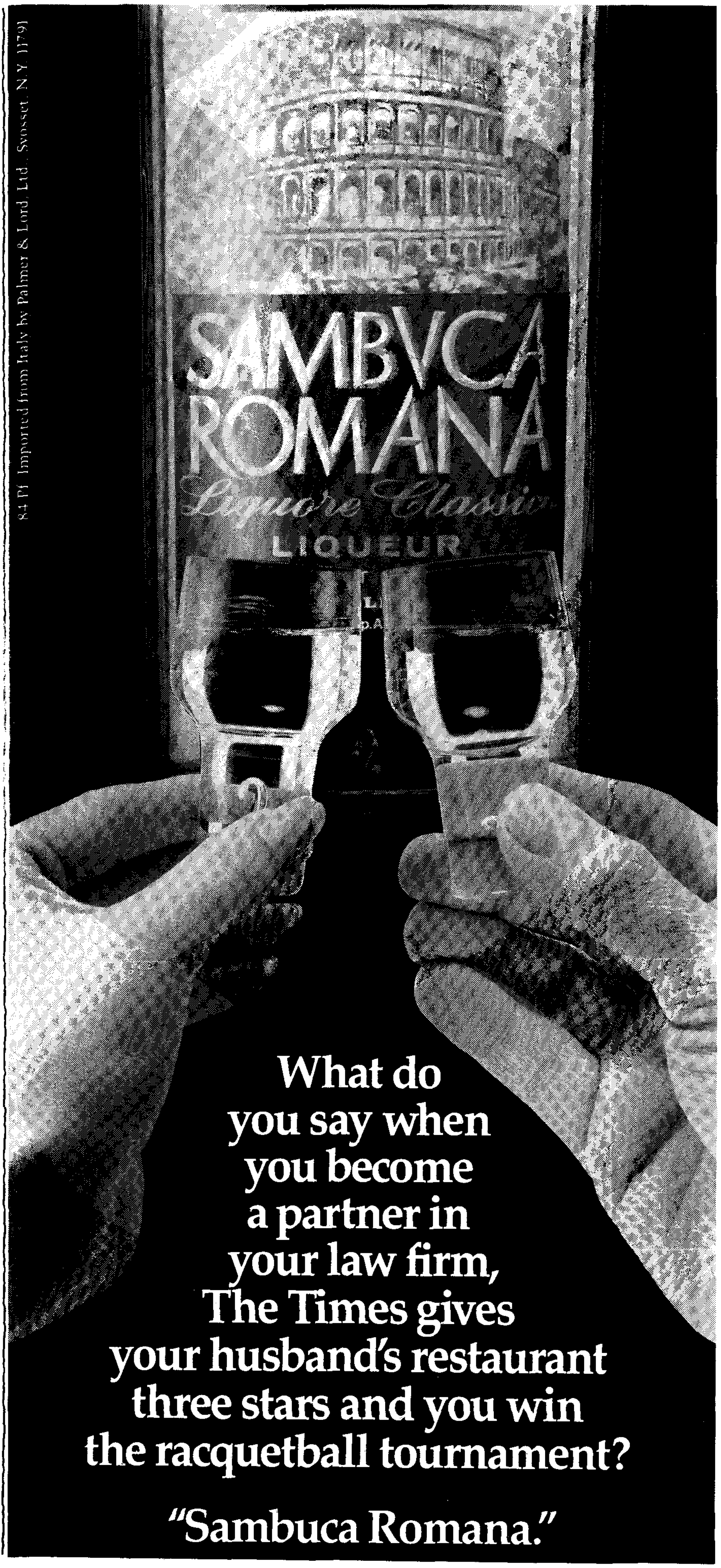
The grizzly are out! Glacier Park employees found the spring's first grizzly tracks this week.

In the months to come, I know, those tracks will fill up with bears, and the several bears will become dozens, and all the news stories with headlines like "MONTANANS CAUTIOUSLY OPTIMISTIC," "ECONOMISTS CAUTIOUS BUT OPTIMISTIC ABOUT MONTANA'S ECONOMY," "LENTIL GROWERS VOICE CAUTIOUS OPTIMISM" will have to compete for ink with the most popular topic in this part of the state—bear news.

WILDLIFE poachers who supply the Oriental trade on the West Coast and beyond kill black bears and collect the paws and gallbladders. The poachers sell the paws for twenty or thirty dollars each to a dealer, who sells them to Koreans, who skin them, bake them whole, and serve them as a delicacy, with a sweet-and-sour sauce. The gallbladders are sold as medicine: dried, powdered, and taken with tea, they are supposed to purify the blood. A frozen two-pound black-bear gallbladder retails in Hong Kong for about three thousand dollars. Other poachers collect grizzly-bear hides, teeth, and claws. Grizzly claws can be worth seventy-five dollars apiece, and the hide of an adult grizzly may bring fifteen thousand dollars. People who love to see animals in the wild collect bear sightings. Sometimes when one of them has been actually attacked while observing a bear, he declares himself pleased to have got such a close look. Bear biologists working for state universities, for state departments of fish and wildlife, for the National Park Service, for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and for interagency research teams trap bears, inject them with tranquillizers, and then collect hair, blood, urine, tissue, and small premolar-tooth samples, as well as readings of blood pressure, pulse rate, and body temperature. From the samples, they collect data such as the level of epinephrine—a chemical that some biologists believe is linked with aggressiveness—in the blood.

The road I live on is called Bear Creek Road. Not far from my house I have found pyramidal piles of bear scat filled with chokecherry pits, and honeysuckle vines torn down like old prom decorations and trodden into bear tracks in the mud of spring seeps, and rocks the size of truck tires rolled out of the ground, and rotten deadfalls torn to powder. Once, I came upon a Western larch with the bark peeled in strips to a height of eight feet. Some of the strips were lying on the ground; others were still hanging from the trunk. On the white wood beneath were lots of vertical scrape marks, a few still oozing drops of fresh gum. A bear biologist has told me since that grizzly and black bears make those marks with their teeth as they scrape off and eat the soft cambium layer of the wood. Some of the tooth scrapes were seven feet off the ground. The only part of the bear which I have ever felt any urge to collect is the many bear stories that I clip and save from the local newspapers.

THE first time I ever saw a bear in the wild, I was on my way back from fishing in a beaver meadow on state land next to the Flathead National Forest, about ten miles from the town of Bigfork, Montana. I was coming around a bend on an overgrown logging road when I saw up ahead a large black animal see me and duck into some thimbleberry bushes. I knew it was a bear. I didn't move and he didn't move for maybe three minutes. There was no likely tree nearby for me to climb. Then the bear hopped out of the bushes, took a look at me over his shoulder, and galloped like crazy down the trail. As he ran, his hind feet seemed to reach higher than his head. He splashed water up and made the rocks clack as he crossed a little creek, and then he went into the brush on the other side with a racket that sounded like a car crashing through there. For some reason, I picked up a rock. I felt the weight of the rock in my hand, I smelled the breath from a wild rosebush, I saw the sun on the tops of the mountains, I felt the clothes on my back. I felt like a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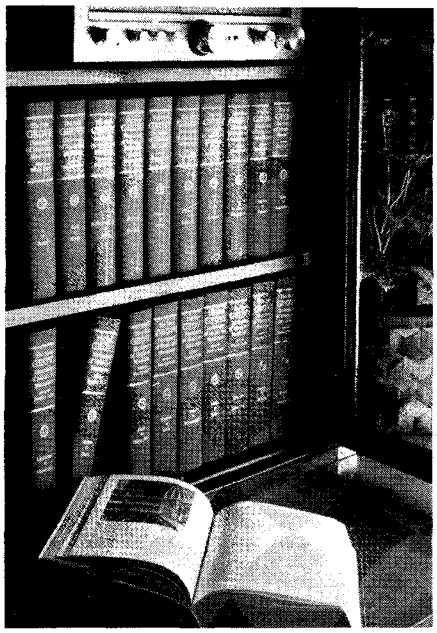

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man—skinny, bipedal, weak, slow, and basically kind of a silly idea. I felt as if I had eyes all over my head. I proceeded, a procession of feelings, down the trail where the bear had run. I saw the dark blots on the trail where he had splashed water from the creek. I kept saying, "A bear! I saw a bear!" I found myself looking over my shoulder for the instant-replay screen. I could not believe that this had happened and then gone by in a second, like trillions of completely unremarkable events. I quickly passed the spot where the bear had disappeared, and then I became happier and happier. I had just moved to Montana at the time, and did not know anyone there. I walked home through the charged twilight and went through the screen door and picked up the telephone and began to call my friends before I even took off my waders.

The bear I saw was probably a black. Black bears are smaller and more numerous than grizzly bears. Perhaps because there are more of them, blacks are more likely than grizzlies to damage property. They are less likely to damage people. Grizzlies have dish-shaped faces, and humps on their shoulders; blacks have longer faces, and no humps. A black will usually run from a grizzly, and blacks climb trees, perhaps because grizzlies, who have longer claws, usually don't.

IF everyone in the United States decided tomorrow that bears, particularly grizzly bears, were a big nuisance and should be exterminated, they could be. An unlimited open hunting season, poisoned garbage dumps in the backcountry, and a liberal bounty system would no doubt bring about the end of the species in just a few years. In the past, people have made similar decisions about other creatures—cockroaches, for example, or rats, or coyotes. As it turned out, it was impossible to get rid of rats, cockroaches, or coyotes. Nature made them good at surviving in the world in whatever form they found it, and they continued to exist no matter how people felt about them.

An adult grizzly bear can dig up several acres of mountain meadow in an afternoon; can run through brush faster than a horse; can kill a twelve-hundred-pound steer. Often, a grizzly tries to adapt the world to himself, rather than vice versa. When people start moving into their neighborhoods, all the grizzlies don't retire quietly to the woodlot, like deer; some come out

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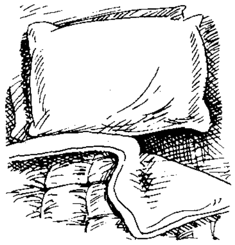

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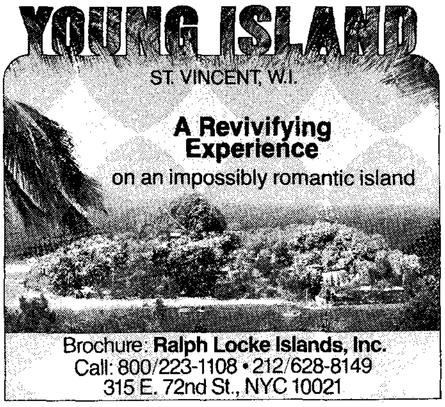

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and tangle. They can make plenty of trouble, but they always lose in the long run. The only reason grizzly bears still exist in any numbers in the lower forty-eight states is that a while ago people decided not to see the man-bear battle through to the finish, and settled for a standoff in certain remote places. What this means is that ever since wildlife conservation has been a force in this country an odd extra dimension has been added to the environment where the bears live. Today, for grizzly bears to survive in the mountains of several Western states they must also survive in people's imaginations. If enough people could imagine a world without grizzlies, and could with equanimity dismiss the bears from their thoughts forever, then the bears' actual disappearance from the physical world would probably follow soon after. I like reading newspaper stories about bears because nowadays the newspaper is such a vital part of their range. There, and in magazines and on television, too, bears fatten on certain feelings people have for wilderness, and suffer for others. They seem to try so hard to remain living things in the midst of all the fantasies people have about them. A cockroach is mainly just a cockroach, a physical creature going about its business. A grizzly bear is also the idea of grizzly bears, the question of grizzly bears. In a way, a grizzly is as alive in the pages of a newspaper as he is walking through the trees from which the newspaper is made.

PEOPLE who study bears have noticed that, like human beings, bears tend to specialize. One grizzly will become a skilled predator on elk, catching them even in the summer, when they are at their strongest; another will develop a method of fishing for spawning salmon which is all his own and involves peculiar headlong dives from the creek bank; another will be expert at finding the caches of whitebark-pine nuts which red squirrels make for the winter. Recently, when a problem bear was trapped and moved, a wildlife official explained, "The last thing the grizzly needs is more bad publicity." Every so often, a bear comes along whose particular gift is for publicity, and whose knowledge of the art, like a Hollywood agent's, seems to exist on a level way above good and bad.

In 1976, a bear began to appear in the newspapers so regularly that those weeks when he stayed out of trouble

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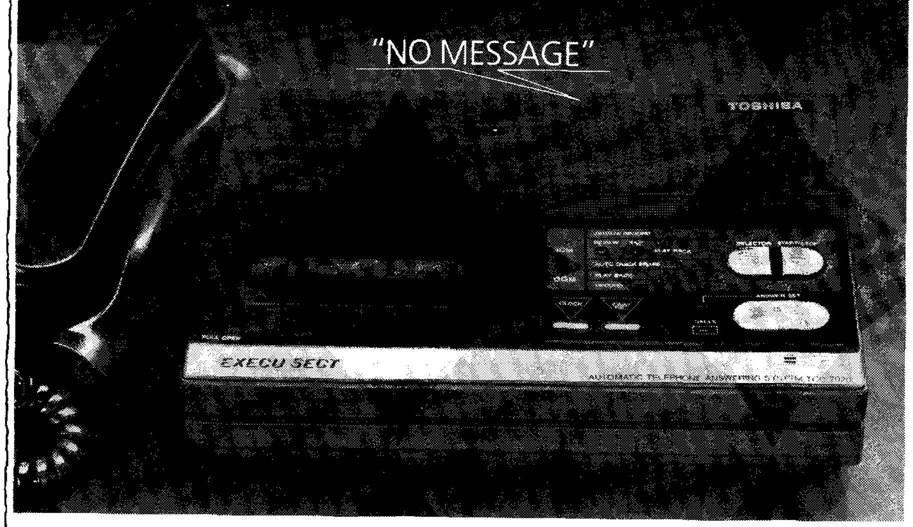

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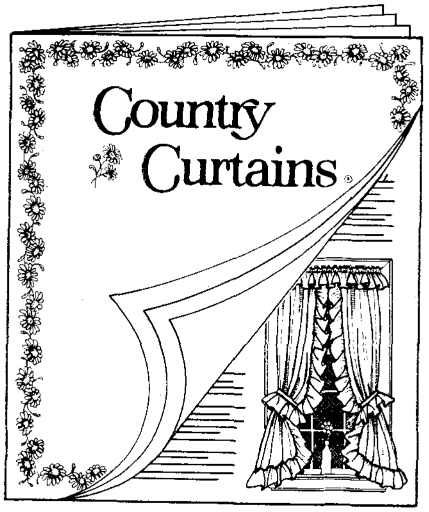

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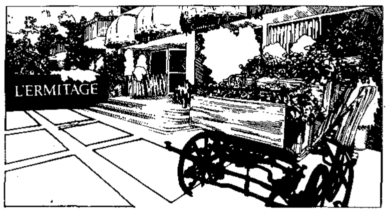

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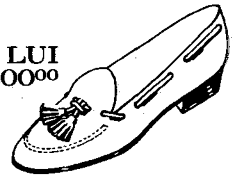

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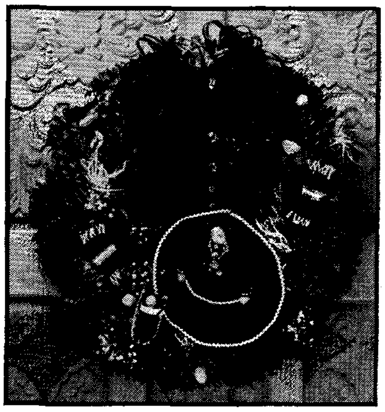
were news themselves. Soon the papers were calling him the Giefer Grizzly—after Giefer Creek, where he was trapped twice during a series of cabin break-ins. Wardens from the Montana Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks moved him many mountains away both times they trapped him; once he came back, and the next time he found his way to the North Fork of the Flathead River, continuing all the while to break and enter at a steady rate. The wardens had fitted him with a radio collar, and one day, while tracking him from an airplane, they noticed that the signal had stopped moving. When they followed the signal, it led them to a broken-in cabin; they found the collar lying on the floor. For months, the bear strewed news stories behind him:

> Department officials have noted the bear is exceptionally smart about traps and snares and seems to be one step ahead of the wardens.
>
> Property damage continued to mount as the bear continued to damage cabins, even those well boarded up and offering no tempting food.
>
> An ice chest was carted outside, food smashed, and a screen door wrecked. Missing is a small stove.
>
> Larry Wilson, who owns a cabin just north of Trail Creek in the Flathead's North Fork, reported the large bear walked in the flour and "tracked all over the cabin; it looked as if he had taken a nap on the bed."

Extra wardens were added to the case, and local people began looking for the bear on their own. The Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks now wanted to take him alive and give him to the Bear Laboratory, in Churchill, Manitoba. There scientists would surgically implant a sensitive instrument beneath his hide to measure the reaction of his heart, his breathing, and his nervous system to different kinds of encounters with human beings. A group of professors and students of wildlife biology joined the chase, as well as a team from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Animal Damage Control unit. On September 25th, wardens thought they had trapped him, but it turned out they had a different bear (which later died, apparently of the dose of tranquillizer). The first snow came, and the Giefer Grizzly was still at large. Many people said that a cabin owner had shot the bear, and several claimed to have seen the bear dead. The possibility seemed so strong that some of the bear's admirers held a wake for him in a bar near the North Fork. Then, in



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late April of the following year, a supermarket owner and trophy hunter from McConnellsburg, Pennsylvania, named Ray Koontz shot an eight-hundred-pound male grizzly near Wigwam Creek, in British Columbia, about eight miles north of the Montana border, while on a guided hunt during Canada's grizzly-bear and black-bear hunting season. By the numbers on the ear tags, and a missing tooth that had been removed when wardens trapped him two summers before, the bear was identified as the Giefer Grizzly. His head, with the hide and claws, was sent to the Klineburger Brothers taxidermy studio, in Seattle, and the full-life mount was shipped back to Pennsylvania in a crate. The bear has since been displayed at several of Ray Koontz's IGA stores, and in the lobby of the First National Bank of McConnellsburg. Today, along with dozens of other mounted trophies taken all over the world, the Giefer Grizzly is in a room in the air-conditioned basement of Ray Koontz's house.

IN fact, a bear in the newspapers is often a bear headed for a fall. Many bear stories follow a Watergate-like pattern, from the one-column item on page 6 to the sensational front-page spread months or years later. In late July of 1983, several papers reported that a hundred-and-sixty-pound, three-year-old male grizzly had been trapped and relocated after eating dog food off a porch and killing domesticated rabbits near the town of Polebridge, Montana. The bear had been trapped and relocated once before, for similar offenses. This time, he had been taken to the headwaters of the Middle Fork of the Flathead River and released. On August 18th, he was back in the news: he had been recaptured while going through picnic coolers at a family reunion on a campground on U.S. Highway 2 near the southern edge of Glacier Park, fourteen air miles and twenty-three road miles from the spot where he was dropped twenty-eight days earlier. The reports of this incident mentioned the bear's previous record, and added that the Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks had decided to turn the bear over to Dr. Charles Jonkel, a professor of wildlife biology at the University of Montana, in Missoula.

Dr. Jonkel is one of the world's leading experts on bears, and he has done a lot of work on the conditioning of bears through aversiveness training. In the past, he has successfully returned more than a dozen bears to the wild. For three weeks, Dr. Jonkel conditioned the bear to avoid people and food associated with people by blowing a boat horn and spraying him with a pepper-based dog repellent. After four months in isolation at the university laboratories, where he gained a hundred pounds eating rotten fruit and road-killed animals collected by Dr. Jonkel's staff, the bear was given a tranquillizer, put on a truck, driven about eighty miles northeast of Missoula, transferred to a sled, and towed by snowmobile to a man-made den above six thousand feet in the Mission Mountains. There Dr. Jonkel, his assistants, and officials from the Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks placed the bear on a bed of straw, covered the den with alder, willow, and pine boughs, and then piled on so much snow it looked like an igloo. "From the release point, the bear will be able to wander either into the heart of the Mission Mountains, or else east to the Bob Marshall country," Mike Aderhold, regional information officer for the Department of Fish, Wildlife, and Parks, told a newspaperman hopefully.

When the bear woke up in the spring, he began to wander not deeper into the wilderness but nearer to people. On June 16th, the signal from his radio collar was picked up at the north end of Seeley Lake, in the valley east of the Mission Mountains. At around two in the morning on June 20th, the bear appeared in the yard of Roy and Kathy Burkhart, not far from Swan Lake, Montana. Roy Burkhart was away at the time; alone in the house with two small children, Kathy Burkhart watched the bear rush the cabin and get into the garbage and dog food. Then the bear tore the fence and the door off the henhouse and began to eat the chickens and young turkeys inside. She and her seven-year-old son, Forest, shouted at the bear, and Forest also shot at the bear with a BB gun. Then Kathy Burkhart called her nearest neighbor, Gordon Sellner, who was in bed and had the flu. Gordon Sellner got in his truck and came over. With his .25-06 rifle and a flashlight, he walked from the cabin down a path to the Swan River, where one of the Burkhart dogs was barking. The dog came running back up the trail, and then Gordon Sellner saw the bear walking right at him. He fired once and the bear fell dead. Afterward, a local game warden and an agent

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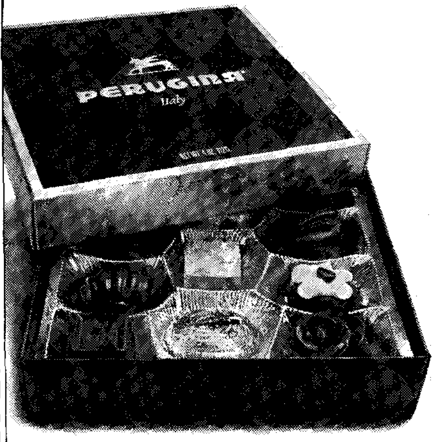

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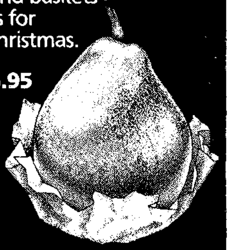

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from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Services investigated the shooting, and they charged Gordon Sellner with unlawful killing of a threatened species—a misdemeanor punishable by a maximum five-hundred-dollar fine and six months in prison. A county judge later dismissed the charges. One of the news stories detailing these events ran a closeup photograph of the bear in life, looking at the camera from a patch of greenery with an expression as mild as Jim Lehrer's. The photograph had been taken by one of the game wardens who participated in the bear's capture the year before. It was reprinted courtesy of *Montana Outdoors;* two months before the bear was shot, his picture had been the magazine's cover.

THE relationship between bears and photographers is a close one. If a grizzly is in camera range, he is both potentially dangerous and in danger. The photographer who takes a picture of a live grizzly one week may well snap the same bear dead the following week. Bears sometimes chase photographers up trees: in the foreground we see a pair of hiking boots, out of focus; in the background, some bark; and then (clear focus) a bear's claws, teeth, and blank, angry eyes. In other closeups, it is the bear who is at a disadvantage, lying spread-eagled and tranquillized on the ground with a researcher's bandanna over its eyes to keep the flies off, or hanging its claws through the mesh of a trap gate, or sprawled on the corrugated trap bottom, its fur matted with droppings and urine.

And when they are not in the picture themselves bears help photographers by showing them what to look at. Objects whose appearance has in some way been altered by a bear are, to judge from news photos, automatically interesting: a can of Sno-Seal waterproofing wax with bear tooth marks on it; an overturned outhouse covered with muddy paw prints; a metal garbage dumpster covered with muddy paw prints; a grove of lodgepole pines knocked down by a snared bear; a backpack with an aluminum support strut bent by a bear; a pile of ripped-up foam-rubber mattresses and a torn-open reinforced tent at a wilderness camp where, coincidentally, the CBS television newsman Robert Pierpoint and his family had once stayed five years previously; a barnyard littered with sheep carcasses; a plastic Little Playmate food cooler half torn to

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shreds when it was left overnight in the woods; a ransacked cherry orchard; a dug-up turnip garden; a chewed gunstock. Newspapers in Kalispell and Hungry Horse, Montana, once covered many columns with photographs of a campsite that a bear had raided. The pictures showed a crushed tent, some strewn clothes and personal belongings, a sleeping pad, an expanse of ground, and blurry trees; what set these pictures apart from the ordinary run of bear-damage shots was that they were also clues. Sometime after they were taken, the man who owned the camera was killed by a bear. The man was camping alone, and there were no witnesses to the attack. His remains were found in a willow thicket near the campsite. Authorities developed and studied the film in his camera, but in the end it told them nothing they didn't already know. A reader of the Hungry Horse *News* wrote in to say that he thought a bear could be seen in the top right-hand corner of one of the newspaper photos. That photo was further enlarged, revealing only pine boughs.

The man who owned the camera was named Laurence Gordon. He was thirty-two years old when the attack took place, in late September of 1980. He was from Dallas, Texas. After high school, he attended North Texas State University, left in 1970 to join the Army, flew a reconnaissance plane in Vietnam, returned to North Texas State, earned a degree in psychology, and became a commercial pilot, flying first for several cargo airlines and then for Metro Airlines, in Texas. April 21, 1978, was a date he considered important in his life, because that was when he met the Reverend John Samson, of Brighton, England, in the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport. The two discussed religion and exchanged religious readings. In May of 1978, Gordon quit his job, and he made trips to England to visit Reverend Samson that month and the next. In September, Gordon visited Reverend Samson in Israel, where he was teaching, and took a three-month course in Hebrew, so he could read the Old Testament in the original. After Gordon returned to the United States, he stayed with his mother in Dallas for a few months, and then began hitchhiking around the country with only a backpack and a cedar walking stick. For a while, he worked at the Camlu Retirement Apartments, in Pendleton, Oregon. Gordon often talked to people he met in his travels

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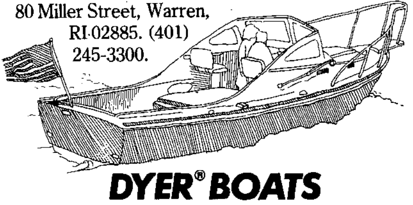

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about Jesus Christ, and he so impressed the Bill Crockford family, of Cut Bank, Montana, that they invited him to stay at their house. "His love of the Lord just radiated out of him—he had the sort of thing good Christians strive for," Bill Crockford said later. It was from the Crockfords' that Gordon went to Glacier Park and then hiked to a campsite at the foot of Elizabeth Lake. He and Reverend Samson, who was also travelling in the United States, had agreed to meet in a priory in Vermont on October 3, 1980. Reverend Samson was sitting alone in the chapel before the evening service when he suddenly felt a strong presence, turned around, saw no one, and knew that Larry was with him. Two weeks after the attack, a Glacier Park ranger named Jerry DeSanto shot a six-year-old male grizzly on the shore of Helen Lake, about four miles from the attack site; the bear was never positively identified as the one responsible, although its canine teeth closely matched bite marks on a daily scriptural companion found at Gordon's campsite. In the willow thicket the bear had left nothing of Laurence Gordon but a pelvic bone, two leg bones, a completely cleaned skull, and two hiking boots, which appeared to have been peeled off like banana skins.

Two years later, Glacier Park officials released a study done by a bear-management ranger of bear incidents in the park from 1967 to 1982. The study included a list of campsites on a chart showing the "Estimated Camper Use Days 1967-1982," "Total Bear Incidents" (those involving property damage or personal injury), and "Estimated Risk" for each campground. Campers used the site at the foot of Elizabeth Lake, where Laurence Gordon died, an estimated 21,339 days during those years and suffered a total of four bear incidents. Dividing the second number by the first, the study came up with an "Estimated Risk" for that campground of .0002.

RECENTLY, I spent an afternoon tracking three bears along the side of a mountain just above the snow line. A bear track has an ovoid, palm-shaped print at the center and, above that, five toe prints, with a pointy hole made by the claw above each toe. The hind-foot track of the biggest bear was the size of a squash racquet. I have tried before to track elk, deer, and rabbits, but those animals all seem to wander around at random, and are about as much fun to follow as

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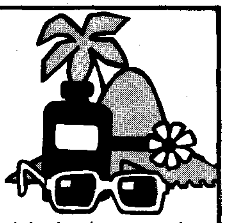

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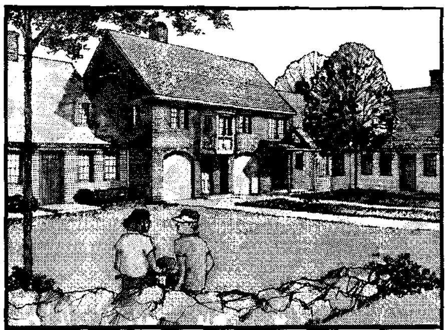

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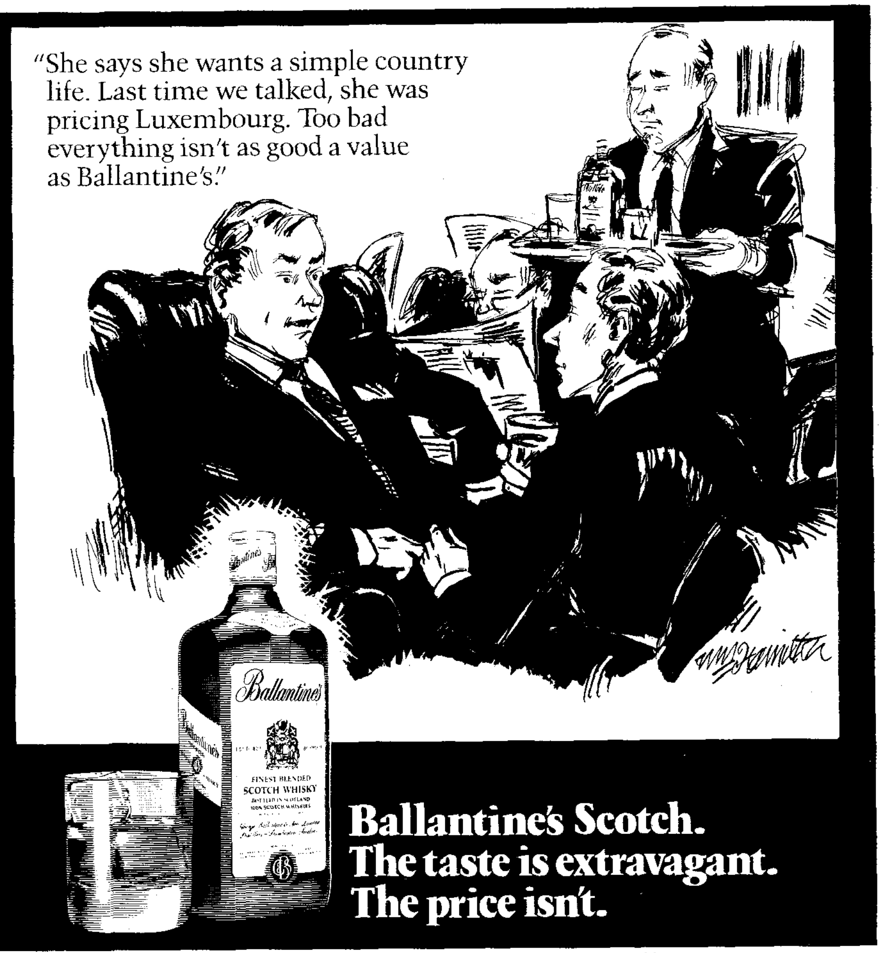
flies. The bear tracks took an even straighter path than a man would. The big bear went through thick brush without breaking stride or putting its foot differently. The smaller sets of tracks—cubs', probably—went off on skidding tangents and curlicues but always returned to parallel the big set of tracks. Of course, I was following the tracks not forward but back, in the direction they came from. If these were grizzlies, I did not want to come upon a mother with cubs. The time was late April, and I was hoping I might end up at the den the bears had just left; then I could stick my nose inside and find out what bears smell like. When I came around to the sunny side of the mountain, the snow disappeared, and I lost the trail. From this height, the bears could see farmhouses, and fields of Christmas trees in rows, and trucks, and mercury blobs of ponds, and the red lights of a motel sign, and roads stretching west across the Flathead Valley. They could hear distant hammering, and dogs barking, and chain saws. They could probably smell the steaks on a barbecue grill in the development a couple of thousand feet below them, and the vacuuming as a man cleaned out his car. What I admired about the tracks was how much restraint and purpose they showed. They were like a dotted line drawn on the mountain marking the farthest boundary of the land where it was sensible for bears to live.

About two million people visit Glacier Park every year. Only a few of them ever even see a bear. During the period 1975 to 1984, a hundred and thirty-nine park visitors reported that bears had damaged their gear, twenty people were injured by bears, and four people were killed by bears. Beth Ladeau, the park's librarian, answers ten thousand letters every year from people who want vacation information. Many of them are worried about meeting up with a bear. Some are so scared that they call Beth Ladeau on the phone. Beth Ladeau often tells these people that they are much more likely to get hurt in their cars driving to the park than they are to get hurt by a bear inside the park.

Somehow, a car accident doesn't have the same effect on the imagination that a bear attack has. Car accidents are familiar and man-made; bear attacks seem to come from someplace else. Many of the people who write to Beth Ladeau have heard of Bear No. 15. No. 15 is perhaps the best-known bear of recent history. Biolo-



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gists studying grizzlies in the area of Yellowstone National Park gave No. 15 his name when he was five years old. By the time No. 15 was twelve, he had been trapped more than twenty times, had been fitted with a variety of radio collars, and had been the subject of part of a master's thesis in wildlife biology at Montana State University. Over the years, an interagency study team set up in 1974 to keep track of the status of grizzlies spent more time observing No. 15 than any other bear. The biologists had always considered No. 15 a good bear, and they felt safe with him. One night in June of 1983, No. 15 tore through a tent in the Rainbow Point Campground in the Gallatin National Forest, just west of Yellowstone, dragged a man out, and killed and partly ate him. Within hours of the killing, a board of inquiry began to study it. Experts on the subject often say that bears are unpredictable, but the way the experts investigate serious bear attacks shows that they really hope for rational explanations of anything a bear may do. Sometimes this makes them take a harder look at the victim than even a heavenly jury would. No. 15's victim had followed the rules for safe camping in bear country: he and a companion had locked their food in the car, cooked some distance from the tent, and washed their dishes after they ate. Having noted all that, the board of inquiry reported in November that it could find no certain reason for the attack. The board did add, among other possible, unprovable reasons, the fact that the victim had been wearing a strong-smelling foot medication at the time and the fact that his sleeping bag was "fairly dirty."

No. 15, who was killed by a lethal injection the day after the attack, went on to figure in news stories about grizzly bears in many local papers, on national television, and in the London *Times*. Some writers suggested that No. 15's brain had been affected by the tranquillizer Sernylan, which had been used on No. 15 maybe eleven times in his life, and which contains the hallucinogen phencyclidine hydrochloride—PCP, sometimes called angel dust. A number of bear experts then disputed this theory. As the discussion about No. 15 continued, the bear began to seem more like a personality or a celebrity, and less like an animal. The Billings, Montana, *Gazette* called No. 15's attack "an irrational act."

Many other people who write to Beth Ladeau ask about the events of August 13, 1967. ("They are never going to let us forget August 13th," Beth Ladeau says.) Early that morning, two young women became the first people killed by bear attack in the fifty-seven-year history of Glacier Park. Both young women were nineteen-year-old college sophomores with summer jobs in the park. Both decided to go camping with friends on August 12th. They were killed within a few hours of each other, at campsites miles apart, by two different bears. The events of that night became the basis of a good book ("The Night of the Grizzlies," by Jack Olsen) and more news coverage than Glacier Park had ever had before. August 13th also led to a complete change in the park's bear-management policies. Rangers began to shoot bears the second time they misbehaved, and new regulations tried to keep human food and garbage away from bears. One of the killer bears had been fed by campers in the past and had spent that summer chasing people up trees and raiding packs; the other may have lost the fear of man as a result of eating table scraps that were dumped every night behind a park chalet to attract grizzlies for guests to watch. Why both bears chose the same night to break a fifty-seven-year pattern of truce is unknown.

Bear attacks seem to run in twos, and often have a strange geminate quality. In 1980, two more Glacier Park employees were attacked and killed while camping; one of them was the brother of a seasonal biologist for the park who had been mauled by a grizzly sow the summer before. The chances of any one person's being attacked by a grizzly are certainly small; the chances of its happening at different times to two members of one family must be infinitesimal. Several summers after shooting the bear suspected in the death of Laurence Gordon, Glacier Park Ranger Jerry DeSanto was himself attacked by a grizzly. He was alone on his regular foot patrol in the northern part of the park when he saw a grizzly sow and two cubs about sixty yards up the trail. He left the trail and climbed a tree. The sow came climbing after him, pulled off his shoe, bit his leg, pulled him to the ground, and then bit him some more. Ranger DeSanto said that while the bear was on top of him "I cussed at her and hit

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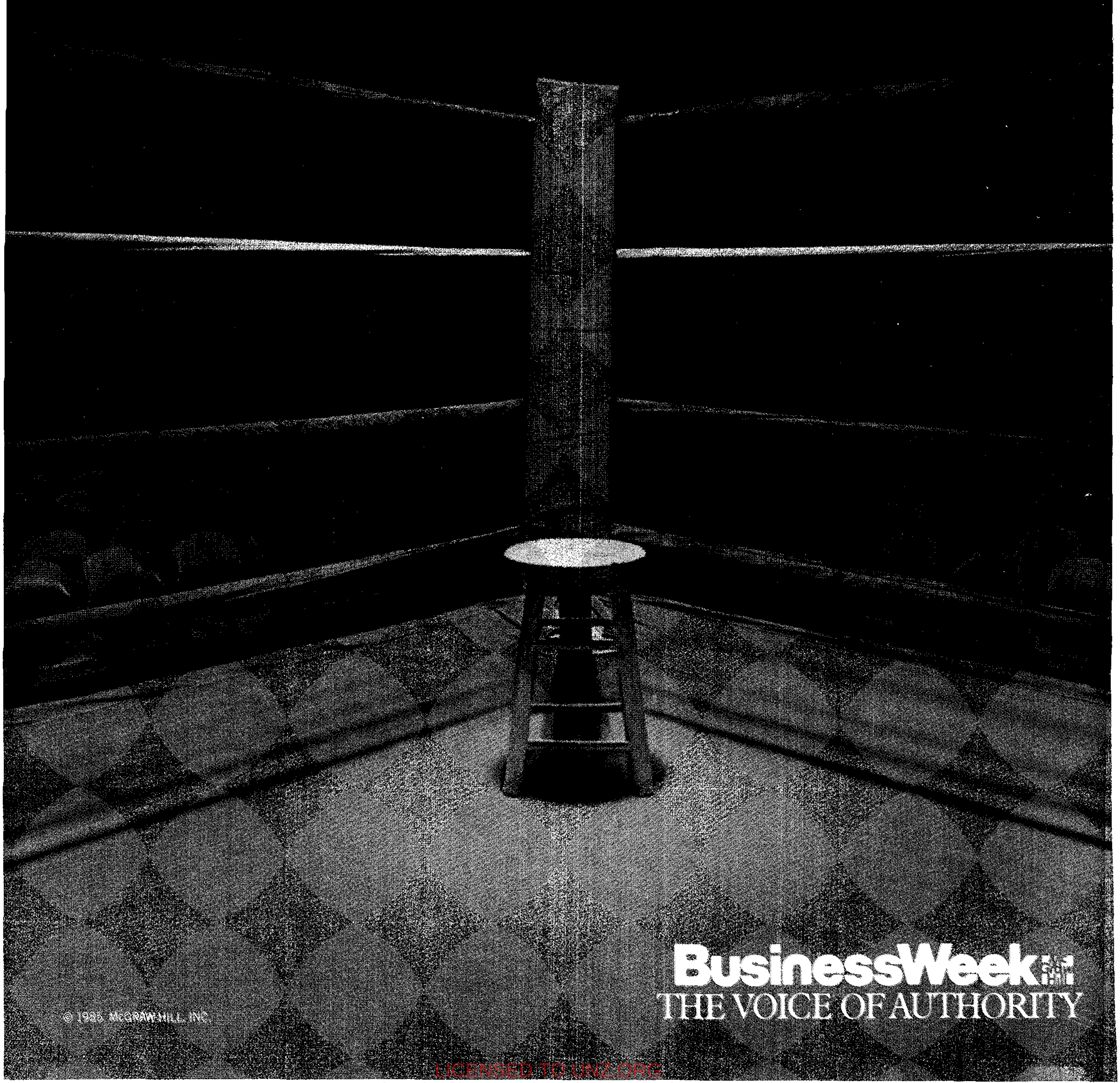

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her in the face with my pack." Six weeks later, two hikers were coming down Elk Mountain, near the park's southern tip, when they, too, saw a sow grizzly with cubs and began to climb trees. The bear chased one of the hikers, a man named Richard Kirchhoffer, and pulled him down. He later said that while the bear was pulling at him "I kicked the bear, spoke strong words to it." (Kirchhoffer at the time was the pastor of two Episcopal churches in the area.) In September of 1983, a bear came charging out of a snowstorm on the Crypt Lake Trail, in Waterton Lakes National Park, just across the Canadian border from Glacier, and attacked a young couple from Calgary who were hiking out after an overnight trip. Both the man and the woman were severely bitten on the face and head. The following September, another couple were attacked, this time near a backcountry campground in Glacier's Fifty Mountain area. They were from Atherton, California, and had decided to visit the park after reading an article about it in *Outside*. The woman, Frances Lordan, who was a makeup artist and occasional model, described how the bear came growling, panting, and gnashing its teeth, and how the bear's hind legs skidded under it as it pivoted to chase her companion. She said that the bear pushed her down as she was running for a climbable tree, and that she watched the bear take a bite out of her thigh and swallow it. Frances Lordan and her companion have since hired the office of the attorney Melvin Belli to sue the federal government for not providing adequate warning of the danger from bears in Glacier Park.

It may be that people who are interested in medical science are more likely than the average person to want to hike and camp in the Northern Rockies. Whatever the reason, an unusual number of surgeons, associate professors of medicine, registered nurses, internes, medical students, dental students, emergency medical technicians, postdoctoral trainees in medical genetics, and students of acupuncture and Oriental medicine turn up in the reports of bear encounters through the years. The bear story that sticks foremost in my mind involved a young Glacier Park road patrolman and registered emergency medical technician named Gary Brogdon. In the late summer of 1983, Gary Brogdon was hiking on the park's Iceberg Lake Trail with his wife and baby daughter when a grizzly burst from the brush and charged them. Mrs. Brogdon, who was carrying the baby on her back in a baby pack, dived off the trail under some bushes, and Gary Brogdon lay down and played dead. Then he heard the sound of the bear's teeth snapping, thought it was attacking the baby, and jumped up. The bear ran up the trail, then charged back, snapped at the baby, and began spinning in circles, making noise, and kicking up dust. Then Gary Brogdon yelled and the bear ran off. The whole encounter lasted less than a minute. The baby slept through it. A local newspaper reported the story on page 1; as the paper reminded readers (although close followers of bear news should have remembered), Gary Brogdon was the same man who, back in May, was helping a ranger to transport a thirty-pound female black-bear cub that had been hanging around a park road when the cub stopped breathing after the dose of tranquillizers. That incident also made the front page; adapting his E.M.T. training to the situation, Gary Brogdon had sealed the cub's lips with his hands, and started blowing down the cub's nose. He could feel the cub's lungs inflating. After about three minutes, the cub took a breath on her own, and she soon recovered. Gary Brogdon, who with his wife and daughter escaped a charging grizzly unharmed, also happened to be the only man ever to save a bear's life by mouth-to-nose resuscitation.

SOME letters to the editor:

I say let the grizzly bears and wolves go with the dinosaurs and saber-toothed tigers. These animals have been gone for millions of years and the world is still turning.

What the hell do people think that park was put there for! It sure wasn't for people! It was to preserve those beautiful animals and they sure can't be preserved if every time those rangers turn around they are faced with people who don't even belong there.

How many grizzly bears does Mr. —— want? Does he think they should outnumber the people in this area? . . . What about the people who depend on this area for their livelihood? . . . Jobs! Homes! Security! For myself and hundreds of others. These would all be wiped out—all for the GRIZZLY!!

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In regard to the selfish, greedy, idiotic letter you received from —— on the grizzly problem in the park. Let me say this,

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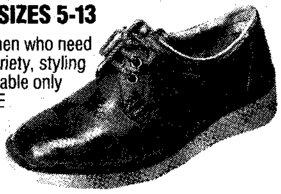

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Mr. —— . . . I would be ashamed to class myself as a man if I had anything to do with a situation as you suggest (demand our congressmen to quash the endangered species, namely the grizzly bear). It's people like you who need quashing.

Newspapers in Montana never seem to run letters from people who say they have no opinion at all about grizzly bears. This may be because practically nobody in the state old enough to write is without strong feelings on the subject. I am no different: I think that the problems that occur between people and bears are made a lot worse by the tendency of people to regard each other as a kind of virus. I think that this tendency really bloomed in the late nineteen-sixties, and that it is still around. People describe each other in terms of the twenty-six-foot Winnebago motor homes complete with stove, shower, color TV, hidden wall safe, and six lawn chairs strapped on the back which some of us use to enjoy nature when we go to a national park. Or else they describe each other in terms of backpacks and granola and designer hiking shoes and ten-dollar-a-serving foil envelopes of freeze-dried gourmet trail food. Sometimes when you ask a park ranger a question, you see reflected in her face not yourself but The Public—just another of two million units rolling in from the conveyor belt of the highway.

I believe that sometimes bears can read people's minds. If you hike three miles up a steep grade with a heavy pack for an hour and a half on a trail closed to all vehicles and when you're almost at the top a person on a knobby-tire motorcycle burns by you and then, a little ways ahead, stops, sets his kickstand, and lights a cigarette, chances are that you will have a violent thought about that person. I believe that the thought hangs in the air after you leave, and that a bear may absorb it, and use it in his own way.

I also believe that bears are very formal. I think that protocol is a comfort to them. Glacier Park recommends that hikers in bear country use bear bells—bells worn to jingle at each step, to let the bears know that someone's coming. In the history of the park, only one hiker using a bear bell has ever been attacked, and that hiker was near a noisy creek. I think that when we're in the woods bears want to know what we're doing. So I think we should try and know better what we're doing ourselves. Biologists spend lifetimes studying bears; people who visit the parks should occasionally study

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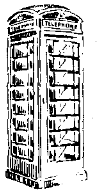

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each other. Bears can't talk, but people can. Knowing that a person drives a Winnebago or eats granola is not enough. Divided up into "types," we will never have real dominion over the bears. All we will be able to manage, finally, is a disorderly retreat or a slaughter.

THE day after I saw my first bear in the wild, I saw my second, third, and fourth bears. I was out fishing again, trying to get to an oxbow lake near my house, which was mostly surrounded by fences and "Posted" signs. On the one unfenced side of the lake, a pine and fir forest descended to a marsh, with little trickling creeks, and hip-deep black muck holes with oily films on top, and stands of yellow skunk cabbage, and downed trees with their roots full of dried mud sticking high in the air. I was coming through a thick willow grove when I heard a single woof, as distinct as a word. I thought it might be a deer snorting, but then through the leaves I saw two brown shapes climbing a cottonwood tree. I pushed the willows aside just in time to see a big black bear go right up the trunk. The bear did not climb putting one foot here and one foot there; she shot up with her belly flat to the trunk, her four legs rowing in a blur and throwing off bark chips. She went up in a second, as if on rails. When she reached a fork in the tree, she leaned her back against one branch and put her feet on the other branch. I took a step closer, and she woofed again, at the cubs invisible above her, and I could hear them climb some more. She was by far the biggest thing I'd ever seen in a tree. I looked and blinked and looked and blinked. Her fur had whorls, and tufts, and smooth places, and it seemed to be wrist-deep. Mule deer are the color of pine trunks in winter light; elk have on their necks the dark brown of wet bark and on their sides the golden tint of sun on a bare hill. This bear's fur was the smoky blue-black of night when it starts to fill a pine forest. Her snout moved back and forth in short arcs, and she watched me out of the corner of her eye.

I detoured around the tree. A couple of hundred yards away, I looked back, and saw the two cubs high on a limb, in the green sunlight coming through the new cottonwood leaves. The lower cub was trying to back down, and the one above was going head first. They were nose to nose, and vexed. I heard a rush of scrabbling sound as the big

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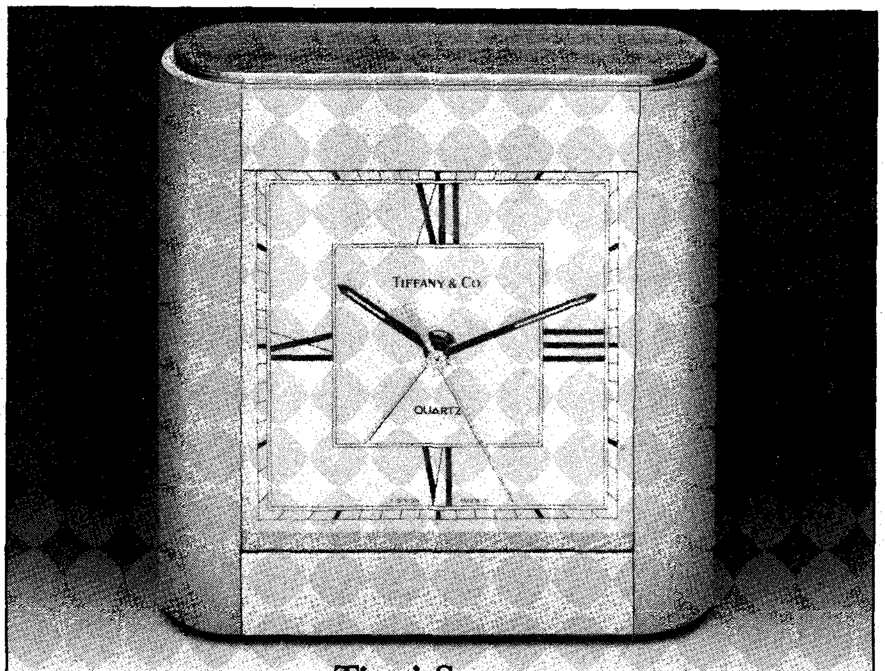

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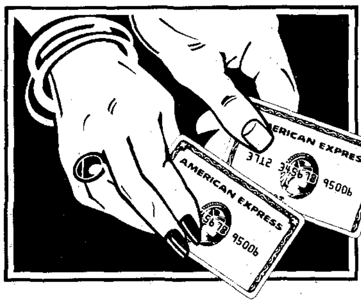

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bear came down the tree below them. The cubs kept craning their heads around, trying to see where they were going, and grabbing and regrabbing the bark with their spread claws. My stomach growled, and I jumped about a foot.

IT is possible to walk for a long time in the woods and not see much of anything. Beautiful scenery makes its point quickly; then you have to pay attention, or it starts to slide by like a loop of background on a Saturday-morning cartoon. A pinecone falls from one limb to another, a rock clatters down a canyon, and your own thoughts talk on inside your head. People sometimes say that what is great about bears, and especially grizzlies, is the large tracts of wilderness they imply—that a good bear population indicates a healthy, unspoiled habitat. But bears don't simply imply wilderness—bears are wilderness. Bear is what all the trees and rocks and meadows and mountains and drainages must add up to. When you see a bear, the spot where you see it becomes instantly different from everyplace else you've seen. Bears make you pay attention. They keep the mountains from turning into a blur, and they stop your self from bullying you like nothing else in nature. A woods with a bear in it is real to a man walking through it in a way that a woods with no bear is not. Roscoe Black, a man who survived a serious attack by a grizzly in Glacier Park several years ago, described the moment when the bear had him on the ground: "He laid on me for a few seconds, not doing anything. . . . I could feel his heart beating against my heart." The idea of that heart beating someplace just the other side of ours is what makes people read about bears and tell stories about bears and theorize about bears and argue about bears and dream about bears. Bears are one of the places in the world where big mysteries run close to the surface.

—IAN FRAZIER

•

Tenente Lupo pushed his uniform hat back on his head and wiped his forehead with the back of his head. "We cannot possibly guarantee it," he said. "Surely it is a matter for the Polizia Giudiziaria generally. Not for the carabinieri alone." He looked across at Scipione for support. —*"The Family Tomb," by Michael Gilbert.*

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JAZZ

Art Tatum

THE extravagantly gifted pianist Art Tatum died in Los Angeles on November 5, 1956. He was forty-seven, and had been born in Toledo, Ohio. John Lewis, the leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet, recently said that Tatum was "the greatest player that jazz has produced," that "maybe he was the greatest of all pianists." Such praise was prevalent during Tatum's lifetime, and continues to be heard among musicians who saw him. The pianist Gene Rodgers once said, "I met Art Tatum in the late thirties in Cleveland. I had started as a jazz pianist, but at that time I was part of a vaudeville act called Radcliffe and Rodgers. I believe we were on the same level as Buck and Bubbles. Anyway, we had just come back from England, and some people I met on the boat had told me about Art Tatum. We were booked into a theatre in Cleveland, and Art was working an upstairs room in a night club. A mutual friend introduced us. We had a beer or two—Art loved beer—and then I said, 'Hey, man, I'd like to hear you play,' and Tatum said, 'You play first.' Well, I was young and eager, so I did. When I finished, he said, 'Hey, I like your style very much,' which made me feel good. I said, 'Your turn,' and Art asked me what I wanted to hear, and I said something like 'Tea for Two.' Art was blind in his left eye, but he could see a little in his right eye, and he had these two guys escort him to the piano—that looked dramatic and got everyone's attention. The piano was an upright, and as he sat down he started playing with his left hand while he put his beer down. Then he dropped his right hand on the keyboard, and I couldn't believe what I heard. I'm about six foot four, and I was leaning against the piano and my legs just went to water. By the time he got through three more numbers, I couldn't take it anymore. I went back to my hotel, and I was in tears. I had never heard anything like that in my life."

Great talent often has a divine air: it's there, but no one knows where it comes from. Tatum's gifts were no exception; his background was plain and strict. His younger brother, Karl, who is a social worker for New York City, has said of their parents, "My father was Arthur Tatum, Sr., and he came from Statesville, North Carolina. He was a workingman, a chipper in a steel mill. He was tall and brown-skinned, and there wasn't any foolishness about him. He played some piano at home—mostly church songs and things like that. My mother was Mildred Hoskins Tatum, and she came from Martinsville, Virginia. I believe they moved North sometime just after the turn of the century. She was a housewife, a family person. She was short and medium weight, and she was brown-skinned, too." Karl Tatum's older sister, Arline Taylor, lives in the house Tatum grew up in, in Toledo, and she has said of their parents, "My mother and father were lovely people. My dad was tall and imposing. Everybody used to think he was a doctor, because of his personal blessings. He played piano and he loved the harp—the Jew's harp. My mother played piano, too, and a little violin, and sometimes they'd have a session together. Church music. My father was athletic and loved sports, as Art did. Don't let a football game get on the radio or the TV Art bought us when they first came out, and they'd sit in the front room yellin' and carryin' on, and my mother would say, 'There they go!' She was short and a very good cook. She passed after Art, but my father passed before him, in 1951. The first child they had died, then there was Art, and seven years later me, then Karl, who's two years younger.

"Art was born with sight, but he had diphtheria as a baby, and that congested his eyes some way. He was operated on when he was eight or ten, and he told Mama that whatever color he saw first he'd buy her a dress of the same color. He saw lavender, and he bought her a lavender dress from some money he'd saved. When he was in his teens and was walking home early one morning, he was mugged. He got hit in his left eye, and lost the sight in it forever, and he would never agree to another operation. He could see

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enough in his right eye to play shooters and, later, cards. After he was mugged, I was up under him and close to him all the time, I was so afraid something else would happen to him. I cooked for him and washed and ironed his shirts and took his suits to the cleaners. He was playing the piano to my remembrance ever since I was old enough to realize he was my brother. It was a gift. He could listen to anything on the radio, and in two shakes he'd have it exactly on the piano. He'd kick up under the keyboard when he was too little for his feet to touch the floor, and my mother never would let anyone touch those marks. He studied with a Mr. Overton Ramey at the Jefferson School, and he read music by Braille and by sight. After the Jefferson School, he went to a school for the blind in Columbus, and pretty soon after that he met the singer Adelaide Hall, and she took him to New York. Art was the kind of person that when he became famous nothing excited him so much he didn't know his own family. He always came home two or three times a year, and he'd go round and see his friends and play pinochle. He was married twice —first, to Ruby, and then, at the end of his life, to Geraldine, who lives out on the Coast."

Tatum left Toledo with Adelaide Hall in 1931. He was one of her two piano accompanists. Before that, he had his own group, and worked in Speed Webb's band. (Other Webb sidemen included Roy Eldridge, Teddy Wilson, and Vic Dickenson.) He had broadcast over WSPD, in Toledo, and had appeared, sometimes for money, sometimes free, at rent parties, at the Château La France, at Chicken Charlie's, and at the Secor Hotel. He joined Milt Senior's band in 1930, and when he left he was replaced by Teddy Wilson. In New York, he played at the Onyx Club, on Fifty-second Street, and made his first solo recordings for Brunswick. Between 1933 and 1935, while his fame seeped through the jazz world, he shuttled from New York to Cleveland to Chicago to Detroit. He went to California for the first time in 1936, and to England for the only time in 1938. Mary Lou Williams used to hang out with Tatum in Cleveland. "Whenever we were in Cleveland," she once said, "I stayed close to Art Tatum, who worked there when he wasn't in New York. When I had a day or two off, we played pinball in the afternoons, and at night we went to Val's, a little after-hours place, where we sometimes stayed until eleven in the morning. Tatum played, and they gave him fifty dollars. Then I played—usually some boogie—and they gave me five dollars. Tatum taught me how to hit my notes, how to control them without using pedals. And he showed me how to keep my fingers flat on the keys to get that clean tone. Of course, he didn't *show* me anything. He just said, 'Mary, you listen.' But once I showed *him* something. Buck Washington—of Buck and Bubbles—had given me a little run in Pittsburgh, which I used one night at Val's. Tatum said, 'What's that run, Mary? Where'd you get that? Play it for me again, please.' I did, and he developed that run—it covered just about the whole keyboard —and used it until the end of his life."

Tatum was always kind to young musicians. Jimmy Rowles spoke recently of meeting him in the early forties in Los Angeles: "I was playing solo piano in a little place at Eighth and Vermont. One night, when I was on the stand and the place was practically empty, the front door opened and closed and somebody came in and sat at the bar. It was very dark. I got this funny feeling—shivers, really funny vibrations. I finished what I was playing and got off real quick. Tiny, the owner, said, 'I want you to meet somebody,' and it was Art Tatum. He said he had enjoyed what he had heard, and asked me if I'd like to walk him back to where he was playing, because his intermission was about over. He was the kindest and most gentlemanly of people, and he became a marvellous friend. He loved piano players, and he listened to everybody. He'd show me things all the time. In fact, he showed me so much I could barely absorb it. I used to listen to him all the time at an after-hours place called Alex Lovejoy's. I heard him play 'In the Still of the Night' there for almost three hours. Non-stop. At a fast tempo. And all the while he'd drink his shots of whiskey and his beer chasers with one hand and keep playing with the other. To make things interesting, he kept changing keys, until he had run through them all. Two pianists he mentioned who influenced him were Fats Waller and Lee Sims. Of course, Tatum knew how good he was, and when he had to wipe out another pianist he'd lower the boom and let 'im go. Anybody who thought —or who thinks—he can replace Art Tatum is out of his mind."

FROM the late thirties on, Tatum moved ceaselessly between the two coasts, with side trips to Chicago, Cleveland, and Toledo. He played in night clubs, which often depressed him, because they were so noisy. Jazz pianists rarely gave concerts in concert halls, and jazz festivals hadn't been invented. By the mid-forties, his style —if, indeed, he had a style—had formed. The pianist and teacher Felicity Howlett says this about Tatum's style in her first-rate dissertation, done in 1983 for Cornell:

> He did not pilot a single style as much as he piloted his musical genius through the available styles—refining some areas that he touched and setting flares to illuminate other areas for further exploration as he moved along.

Tatum did not fit comfortably in jazz, for his playing, which was largely orchestral, both encompassed it and overflowed it. And his playing jarred with classical piano, because of its improvisational nature. He occupied his own country. His playing was shaped primarily by his technique, which was prodigious, even virtuosic. Tatum had an angelic touch: no pianist has got a better sound out of the instrument. He was completely ambidextrous. And he could move his hands at bewildering speeds, whether through gargantuan arpeggios, oompah stride basses, on-the-beat tenths, or single-note melodic lines. No matter how fast he played or how intense and complex his harmonic inventions became, his attack kept its commanding clarity. The Duke Ellington cornettist Rex Stewart, who turned into something of a writer in his later years, said of Tatum in his "Jazz Masters of the Thirties":

> Tatum achieved much of [his dexterity] through constant practice. . . . He did not run through variations of songs or work on new inventions to dazzle his audiences. Rather, he ran scales and ordinary practice exercises.
>
> Another form of practice was unique with Tatum. He constantly manipulated a filbert nut through his fingers, so quickly that if you tried to watch him, the vision blurred. He worked with one nut until it became sleek and shiny from handling. When it came time to replace it, he would go to the market and feel nut after nut—a whole bin full, until he found one just the right size and shape for his exercises.
>
> Art's hands were of unusual formation. . . . When he wanted to, he somehow could make his fingers span a twelfth on the keyboard. . . . Perhaps the spread developed from that seeming complete relaxation of the fingers—they never rose far

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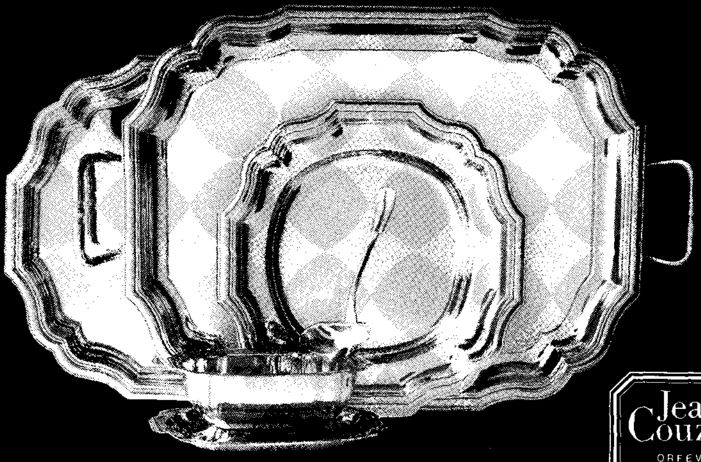

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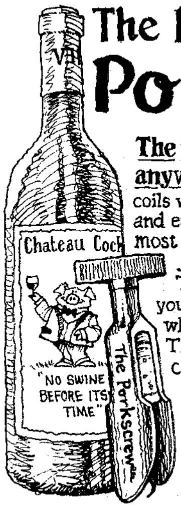

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above the keyboard and looked almost double-jointed as he ran phenomenally rapid, complex runs.

Tatum was a restless, compulsive player who abhorred silence. He used the piano's orchestral possibilities to the fullest, simultaneously maintaining a melodic voice, a harmonic voice, a variety of decorative voices, and a kind of whimsical voice, a laughing, look-Ma-no-hands voice. The effect was both confounding and exhilarating.

Tatum had two main modes—the flashy, kaleidoscopic style he used on the job, and the straight-ahead jazz style, which emerges in fragments from his few after-hours recordings and from some of the recordings made with his various trios (piano, guitar, and bass), which seemed to galvanize him. (Tatum did not have an easy time playing with other instruments; he tended to compete with them, then overrun them.) He offered the first style to the public, which accepted it with awe, and he used the second to delight himself and his peers. One of his famous public numbers would go like this: He would play a four- or eight-bar introduction, made up of an oblique variation of the melody. (Most of Tatum's materials were popular songs; he wrote very little music.) Then he would go into eight bars of ad-lib melody, using single notes in his left hand and loose chords in his right, break this with a two-bar descending arpeggio, return to the melody for four more bars, insert a dense two-bar dissonance, and pick up the melody again. The eight-bar bridge would consist of a seesawing left-hand figure overlaid with a winding, ascending arpeggio, which, when it reached its top, would pause, then fall down the other side of the mountain, landing in a flush of single notes and a sudden two-bar double-time coda. In the last eight bars of the chorus, he would ease into a medium tempo, and would gently shower us with Fats Waller chords. He might approach the second and final chorus by continuing in tempo, then interrupting himself with one of the arrhythmic swirls he borrowed from Earl Hines and loved so much; by releasing a series of arpeggios, the ropes that held his music together; by rebuilding the song's harmony with huge altered chords; or by doubling the tempo, using jellying left-hand oompah chords and an interpolation of, say, "Rhapsody in Blue." During the last five or six years of his life, his public style grew increasingly congested. He seemed to need to change his attack every two or three measures. Tatum liked to dazzle his peers, but sometimes he would set aside his grandstanding and swing unbelievably hard to do it. This would take the form of long, complicated, leaping single-note melodic lines in his right hand that suggested swallows at work.

Tatum's early influences are relatively clear. He admired Fats Waller and Lee Sims, and certainly listened to James P. Johnson. He also admired Earl Hines. And he could play Chopin and possibly Bach. When Tatum was little, he listened to a good deal of player piano and could apparently emulate what he heard note for note—and piano rolls were sometimes cut by two pianists or by machines. The influence that Tatum had on other musicians is still being uncovered. His most obvious students include Oscar Peterson, Lennie Tristano, Bud Powell, George Shearing, Jimmy Rowles, Teddy Wilson, Hank Jones, Dick Hyman, and Dorothy Donegan. He reportedly turned Coleman Hawkins around when Hawkins first heard him, in the early thirties, and he did the same thing to Charlie Parker in the late thirties. He probably introduced the rococo strain that still flows so strongly through jazz.

MUSICIANS love to talk about Tatum. Here are some. Gene Rodgers is first:

"When I met Art again in Los Angeles in the early forties, we'd go around to the little after-hours rooms when we had finished work, and we became good friends. Whenever he called me on the telephone, he'd say, 'Mr. Art Tatum would like to know when he can have the pleasure of Mr. Gene Rodgers' company.' One of those times, I discovered what a memory he had. We were standing at a bar talking, and this man came up and said, 'Hey, Mr. Great Art Tatum, I bet you don't know who I am.' Art said, 'I'm with friends. Don't bother me now,' and this guy went on, 'I'll bet the great Mr. Art Tatum fifty dollars he don't know who I am.' I could tell Art was getting annoyed, but all he said was 'I know who you are, so why don't you go away and leave us alone?' I said I'd take half the bet, and another man standing with us took the rest, and Art said, 'Your name is Such-and-Such and the last time I met you was on such-and-such a day in such-and-such a year at the Three Deuces on Fifty-second Street in New York City, and you were just as rude then as you are now.' We each won our twenty-five dollars."

Margaret Whiting:
"I heard Art Tatum every opportunity I got—on Vine Street in Hollywood, in Chicago, in New York. He'd always play some of my father's songs and things like 'Willow Weep for Me.' I had never heard such harmony before, and I haven't heard it since. Once, in New York, I went to dinner with some relatives of my singing teacher Lillian Goodman, and Art was the other guest. After dinner, he said, 'Let's go to the piano,' which was in the next room. I sang 'It Had to Be You,' and he played for me, and we went on like that for two solid hours. It was the most memorable music of my life."

Jimmy McPartland:
"I had a group at the Three Deuces in Chicago in the late thirties, and Art was the intermission pianist. We talked a lot, and I told him about a book I'd read on this German sea captain named von Luckner. He'd cruised all over the world during the First World War on an armed ship that was disguised as a neutral tramp steamer, and he'd sunk millions of dollars of Allied shipping. I think Lowell Thomas wrote the book. Anyway, Art was fascinated, so I started going to his hotel in the afternoon and reading it to him. We'd drink beer, and I'd read, and it was most delightful. He was a great listener. Sometimes when I'd get off the stand after a set, he'd sing phrases back to me that I'd played and that he particularly liked."

Joe Bushkin:
"Art Tatum and I opened the Embers in 1951. We were there sixteen weeks. I had a small group, and he was by himself. Fats Waller had introduced him to me at the Three Deuces in Chicago in the late thirties, when I was with Muggsy Spanier's Dixieland band. They loved each other, and there were always these hugs. Art wasn't near as big as Fats, but he was heavy, broad. He had a gravelly, low voice, almost a basso profundo. He punctuated everything with a laugh, and he had a set way of being. I never saw him in anything but a white shirt and a dark suit and a simple tie. He was prone to catching colds. He'd call me when he had one and ask if I minded doing the first set, and, of course, I didn't. When he wasn't playing, he'd stand at the bar. He drank boilermakers all evening—V.O. and beer chasers. He'd go back to the bar after his last set and he'd always ask me to play 'Squeeze Me'—a Waller tune he never played and never recorded. He would get a little raucous after a whole evening of drinking, and he'd kind of shout, 'Play "Squeeze Me," Joey.' The Embers was a very noisy place, and when Art was cooking he'd sail right through it—if you're born with a great talent like his, you have a superior inspiration that carries you most times. But when the noise got to him he'd stop dead and wait until it quieted down. Then he would go into something soft like 'Willow Weep for Me,' and take his time getting through the rest of the set. He liked a little humor in his music, and he'd stick four bars of a march or 'America' into the middle of a solo. Leonard Lyons brought Horowitz in one night, and he heard Art fooling around like that, and he got a great kick out of it. I consider Horowitz as hip as you can get—one of the cats, the way he changes things a little here, a little there. Tatum knocked him out, and Horowitz told him so. Tatum was a complicated man. He saw with his hands and his mind. The temptation for someone like Art is to get too romantic, but he kept the romantic overhead low. When one of his slow ballads began to get a little thick—they reminded me of French Impressionists—he'd stick in a fantastic run and break the mood. He told me one of the best ways to practice is take a tune and play it in every key you can, even if you don't know some of them too well. Keep at it, he said, and suddenly all these ideas will come to you that you never imagined. Tatum couldn't stand bores or drunks. He'd just turn his back and walk away."

Marian McPartland:
"The first inkling I had of Art Tatum was his recording of Dvořák's 'Humoresque,' which I heard when I was still in England. I couldn't believe it. Then I saw some of his piano transcriptions, and they were even more unbelievable. I think I met him at the Embers in New York in the early fifties, and I spent some time with him at the Sky Bar in Cleveland, where he heard me play. I don't know how I had the courage, but he was very nice afterward. Once, at Olivia's Patio, in Washington, he came to hear me unannounced. I had

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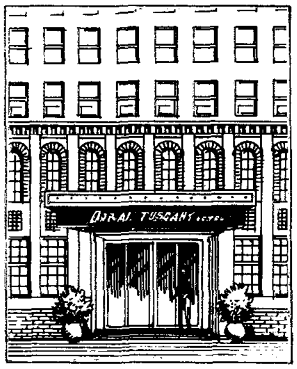

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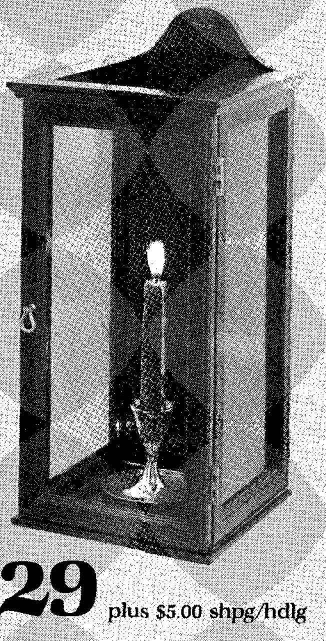

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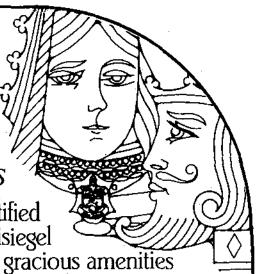

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Joe Morello and Bill Crow with me and they didn't notice him, but I did, and I was so shook up I barely finished. The last time I heard him was at the Club Tijuana, in Baltimore. It was sort of a dump, and I remember thinking, What's this great musician doing here, playing for people who aren't listening and barely know who he is?"

TATUM, like all the musicians of his generation, had gone out of fashion by the early fifties. Bebop was entrenched, and hard bop, its dull child, was around the corner. Tatum died of uremic poisoning, leaving an estate of barely six thousand dollars. His sister, Arline Taylor, talked with him the night of his death: "My husband and I were living in Milwaukee then, and the phone rang and it was my mother, calling from Toledo. She said, 'You're going to have to go to Los Angeles on the airplane. Art's sick and he wants you.' I called Art on the telephone, and he said, 'Can you come out?' I told him I'd take the first plane from Chicago in the morning, and Art said, 'I'll be looking for you,' and he began to cry. I told him not to cry—that I'd be there—and hung up. While I was doing my little packing, I heard the screen door open and shut, and I asked my husband did he hear that? He said yes and went to the door, which was latched, as always. I finished packing, and the phone rang and it was my mother, and she was crying. She told me there was no need for me to go, that Art had passed. My husband and I looked at each other and said it must have been just when that screen door opened and closed."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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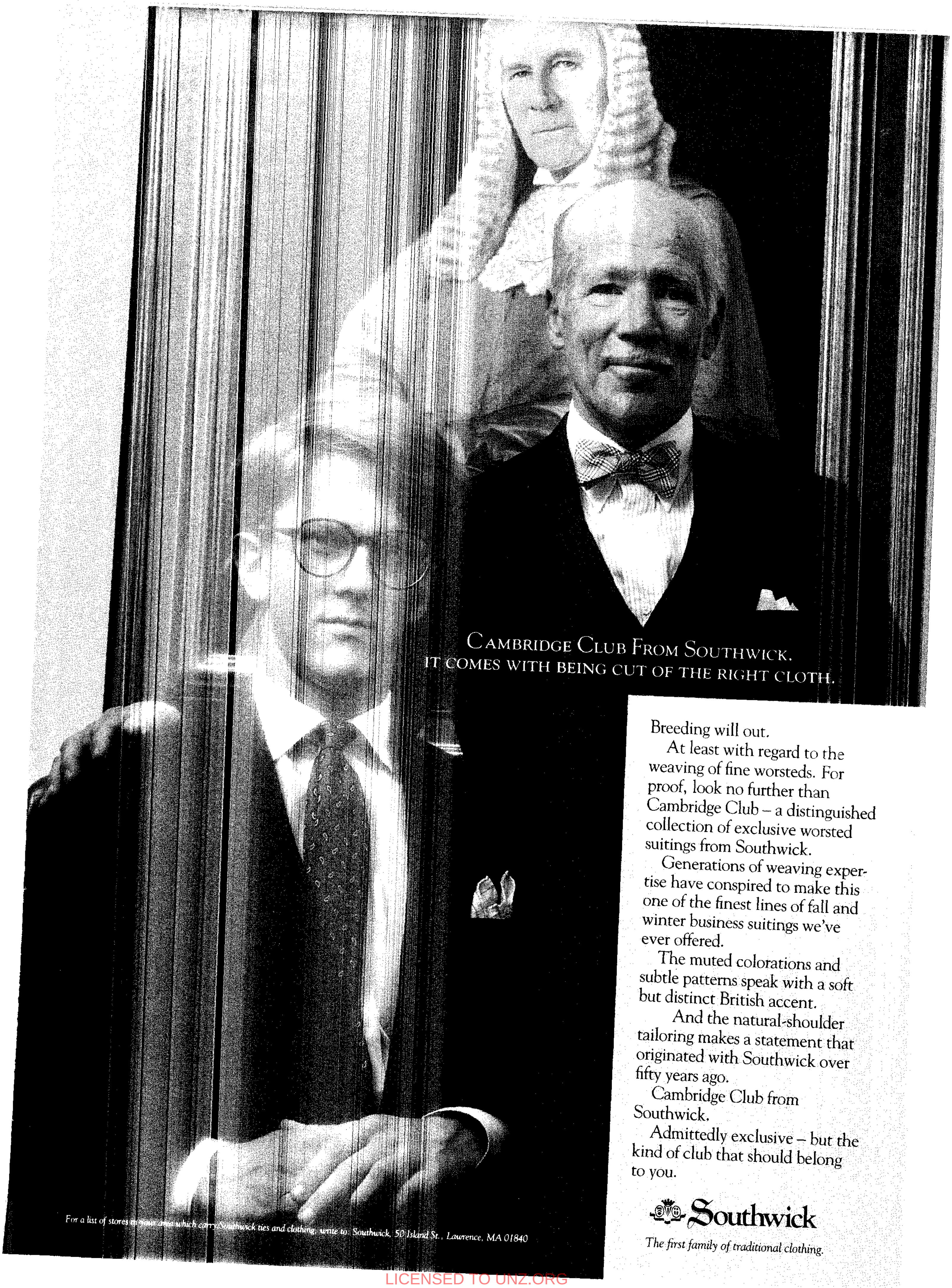
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BOOKS

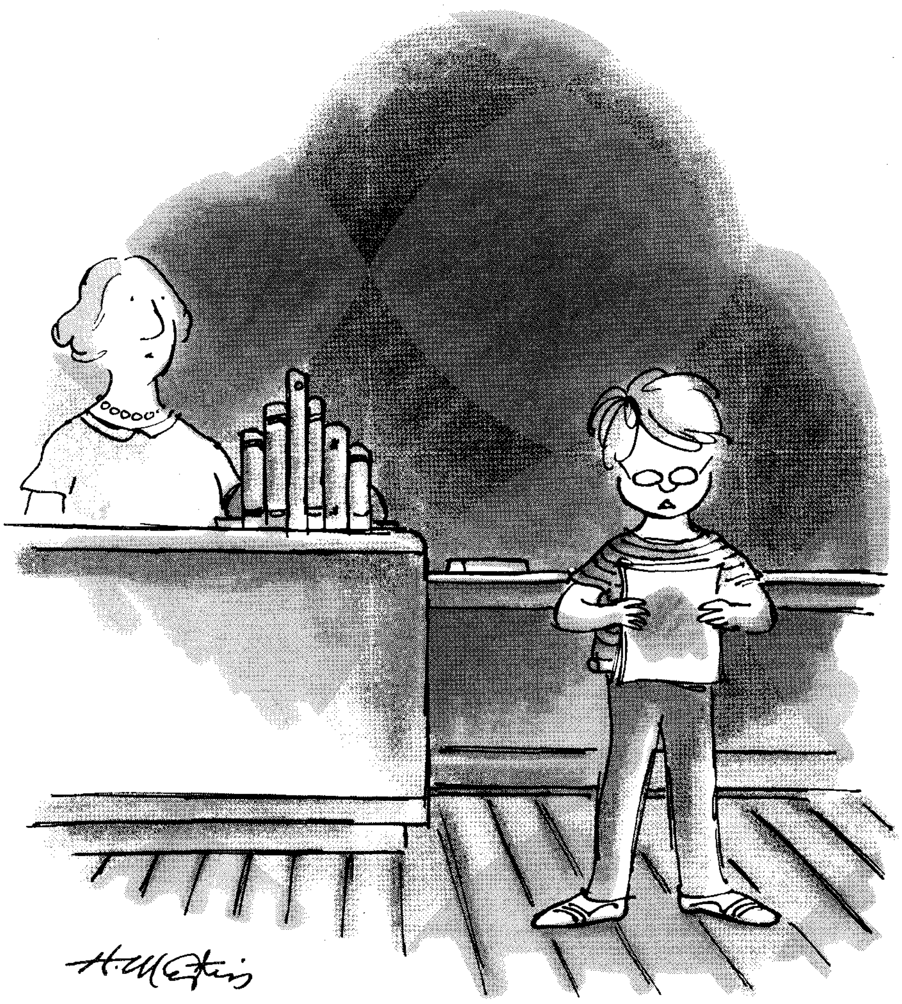
The Warrior Prince

IF ever you had cause to write to Lord Louis Mountbatten, the British Information Services in New York would be quick to warn you that while "Earl Mountbatten, Broadlands, Hampshire, England" would suffice, a letter so addressed would be painfully received by His Lordship. He expected the envelope to catalogue, in processional splendor, all his titles. The resulting two-line collection of honorifics might look like an elephantine joke to the writer but not to the addressee: Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., P.C., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., D.S.O., F.R.S.

Many of the entries in the British *Who's Who*, since they are contributed by the entrants, offer instant clues to residual vanity: the people who omit their birth dates or marriages other than the latest give away more than they intend. After Churchill's death, Mountbatten's standard entry was customarily the longest in the current issue. This interminable biographical summary glaringly reflected the fact that by the end Mountbatten was probably the most decorated Briton alive. It was not so much that the rulers of so many nations panted to acknowledge his achievements as that he knew about their medals and he wanted them. Thus, where Eisenhower, for example, would put down "orders, medals, and decorations from the United States and other governments," Mountbatten listed the lot: from the United States, Greece, China, Spain, Portugal, Rumania (twice), Sweden, Burma, Denmark, the Netherlands, France, and Nepal, not to mention the Order of the White Elephant of Siam and the Grand Cross of the Order of the Seal of Solomon of Ethiopia. The ladder of his naval promotions was built up rung by rung. Every school, ship, committee, society, institute, charitable organization that he ever joined; every local and national honor that was bestowed on him, both foreign and domestic; the complete roster of his clubs, from his undergraduate days at Cambridge to his presidency of the Royal Automobile Club—they composed a record of a much advertised public life, to the extent of a hundred and forty-five lines of small type.

In the new, and official, biography—"Mountbatten" (Knopf; $24.95)—Philip Ziegler begins with the frank passage "Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl Mountbatten of Burma, was a man who, for his own amusement, rarely took up any book unless it were one of genealogy, most especially one relating to his own forebears. During the reaches of the night in the Viceroy's house in Delhi . . . Mountbatten would relax over the tapestry of his ancestry, enumerating the generations that divided him from the Emperor Charlemagne and marvelling at the intricate web of cousinship which bound him many times over to the Wittelsbachs and the Romanoffs, the Habsburgs and the Hohenzollerns." He was of German origin; one of his sisters married a Greek prince, the other married the King of Sweden; he was a great-grandson of Queen Victoria and a godson of both Queen Victoria and Czar Nicholas II.

This was the grandee who, just before noon on the twenty-seventh of August, 1979, went out from an Irish harbor in a fishing boat with his daughter and her husband, Lord Brabourne, and with Brabourne's mother, two grandsons, and an Irish boy. Mountbatten was about to cut the engine as he approached a lobster pot when a remote-control bomb, which had been placed in the engine compartment just beneath where he was most likely to stand, exploded and the boat



"'What I Did This Summer.' This summer, I went to camp. I hated it. I hated every minute of it. I hated my counsellor. I hated the food. I hated the woods. I hated the nature walks and the nature talks. I hated the outings. I hated the campfires. I hated the overnights. I hated . . ."

disintegrated. The Irish boy and one grandson were killed. The other grandson was seriously injured. Lord and Lady Brabourne suffered broken legs. Brabourne's mother, who was eighty-three, died later. Mountbatten was killed instantly; his body, remarkably unscathed, was found floating nearby, face downward. The discredit for this violent and squalid end was proudly, and correctly, claimed by the Irish Republican Army, which put out a bulletin proclaiming that the "execution" had been done to bring home to "the English ruling class and its working-class slaves . . . that their government's war on us is going to cost them as well." It was not a random shot. The opportunity had been there for the nineteen years of Mountbatten's widowerhood, during which he and his family had always spent the August holidays at Classiebawn, a grim neo-Gothic castle in County Sligo. Eight years before the assassination, twelve policemen had been put on guard at the castle, and two years after that, during a spate of I.R.A. violence in Ulster and in London, the guard was increased to twenty-eight. Every summer, Mountbatten had routinely requested formal permission from Scotland Yard to visit the castle, and every summer the Commissioner had routinely granted it.

The seventy-nine-year-old Mountbatten was as elaborately mourned as any dead king in the great Edwardian days of monarchy, and the funeral procession through London was a majestic and flawless theatrical production. Not surprisingly, since in the early *nineteen-seventies* Mountbatten had spent many odd moments throughout nine months dictating the script to the Lord Chamberlain, the producer of royal marriages, christenings, and funerals, and the unquestioned authority on the protocol, the guest list, the orders of precedence for attending royals, statesmen, clerics, and all other dignitaries. But Mountbatten was always eager to assist any authority, including the Queen herself, to get ceremonials exactly right. And over the winter and spring of 1971-72 he patiently checked with the Ministry of Defense, the Admiralty, the British Legion, the Royal Marines, the Army, the Royal Air Force, and the Indian Navy, to be sure that each would make a fitting ceremonial contribution to his memory. To the Master-Gunner of the King's Troop: A nineteen-gun salute, perhaps? To the Second Sea Lord: Was it true

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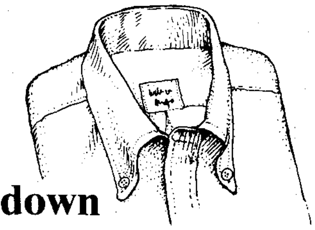
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that twenty-five hundred Navy personnel took part in the funeral of an Admiral of the Fleet? Would American forces wish to take part?

Mr. Ziegler writes that "the world mourned," and while it is authenticated that in Rangoon people lined up for four days to sign a book opened in the Embassy, that "in New Delhi every shop and office was closed," very many ordinary, and even well-informed, people in many lands must have felt a twinge of guilt on reflecting that they knew not much more about Mountbatten than that he was related to the British royal family, had been in some sort of command of Allied forces in the Far East, and had wound up as the last Viceroy of India. Young people, especially, must have been startled by their own ignorance, as if a comet had passed by unnoticed. It cannot be said that his was ever a household name, except in the households of the royals, of the armed services, and—in his early days—of Mayfair and in the London night clubs. Indeed, in his twenties, his only claim on newspaper publicity—and then only through the gossip columns—was his friendship with his wildly popular cousin the Prince of Wales. Mountbatten's picture got in the papers as the useful "beard" (though not so identified) when the Prince went dancing with his mistress, Mrs. Dudley Ward, at the Embassy Club; when Mountbatten married the very rich heiress granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, Edward VII's banker, and had the Prince as his best man; and then when he took off on a transatlantic honeymoon and could be photographed amid the New York whirl of the Follies, baseball games, and evenings with Jerome Kern, and in Hollywood cutting funny capers with Charlie Chaplin. This playboy image faded with the twenties, and little was heard of him until the Second World War. Mountbatten was just as old as the century; he was almost forty before any serious notice was taken of his career. And Mr. Ziegler must be credited with rescuing from those years a life, a character, and a maniacal professional zeal we knew almost nothing about.

Mountbatten was first and last a sailor, and throughout his twenties and thirties, Mr. Ziegler notes, there was little "apart from polo and his family" to divert him from his profession: "His intellectual resources were limited. Beyond the books he read to his children and a rarely indulged af-

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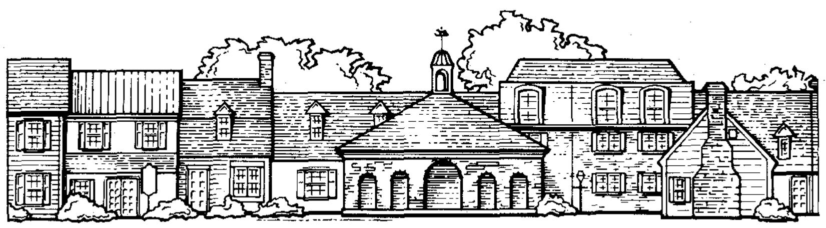

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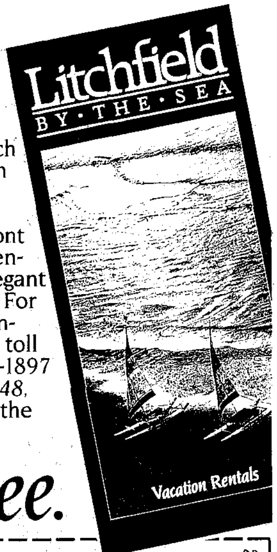

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fection for P. G. Wodehouse, he did not often venture beyond official papers." Religion was a mystery he was content to leave to mystics. ("Today was Easter Sunday," he wrote in a diary, "and so all of us once more trickled off to church and all that sort of thing.") His schoolboy interest in the cataclysms of the First World War was naturally confined to anxiety for his relatives. Thus, his comment on the Russian Revolution: "How awful about what has happened in Russia. I suppose Uncle Nicky is quite safe." Politics, other than the politics of preferment, meant very little, although he read the *New Statesman* and professed vaguely humanitarian leftist leanings, which he flourished later on with the obvious intent of appearing to belong, like Nehru and Franklin Roosevelt, to that rarefied but ever-popular breed the left-wing patrician.

So far, then, we have the royal connections; a string of early and apparently innocent infatuations with this deb and that, with an actress, with the daughter of an Army colonel; the keeping up with his wife's flamboyant social pace in the era of Coward, the Astaires, and the "Bright Young People;" and the enormous, the ever-present vanity. In all this, there is not much to go on by way of redeeming our general unawareness of Mountbatten as a significant figure in the conduct of the Second World War in Europe and Asia, and in the partition of India into two independent nations. Mr. Ziegler, with praiseworthy phlegm, bides his time through the first hundred pages or so and only twice ventures telling guesses at what propelled Mountbatten from the lowly rank of midshipman through many well-earned promotions to become at last the absolutely top British sailor—the chief of naval operations, which the British more lyrically call First Sea Lord. That had been his father's post at the outbreak of the First World War, and one he had filled with scrupulous loyalty and distinction. But he was by birth a German, his name was Prince Louis of Battenberg, and in the chauvinist frenzy of the early autumn of 1914 neither the firm support of the Navy nor the intercession of his close friend and second cousin King George V could save him from dismissal. The popular hatred of Germany was to rise to a peak during the darkest year—1917—and George V concluded that the royal house could no longer bear the titular stigma of

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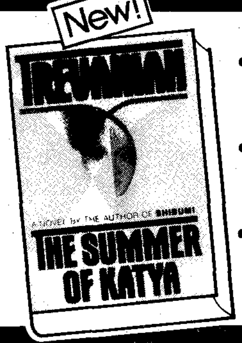

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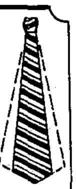

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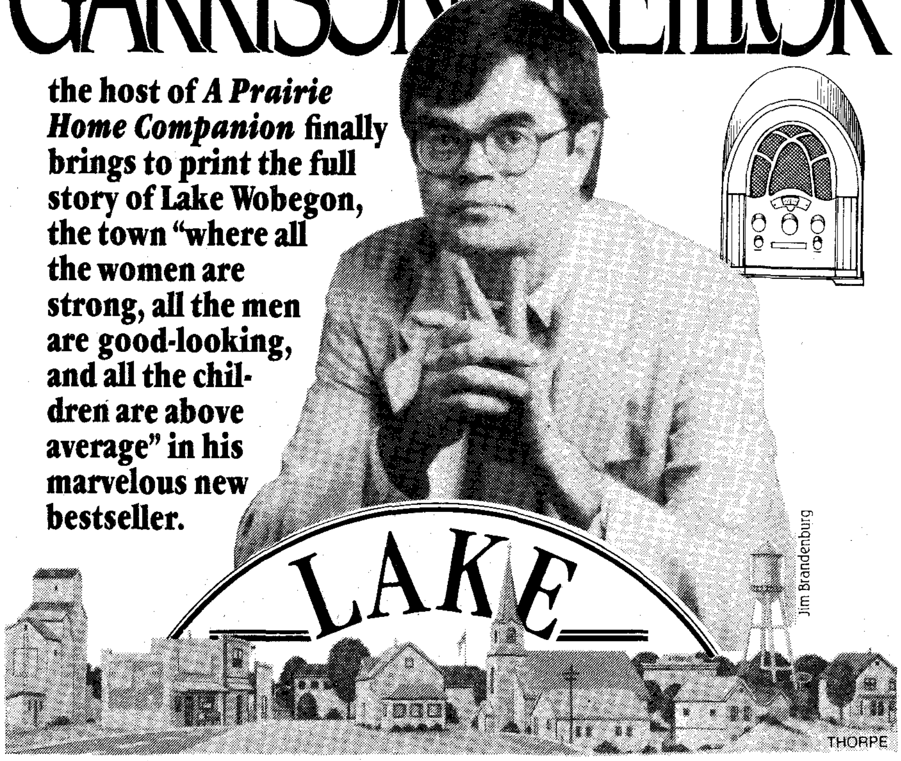

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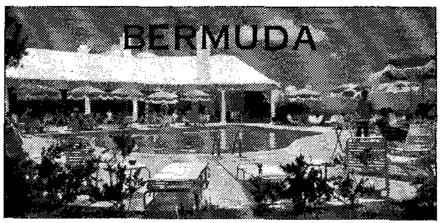

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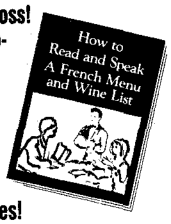
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Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. It was changed to the House of Windsor, and the Battenbergs became Mountbattens. (*The change inspired Mountbatten,* thirty-five years later, to announce to friends, on the death of George VI and the succession of Queen Elizabeth II—along with her consort, Philip Mountbatten, our man's nephew—that the House of Mountbatten now reigned: a barefaced presumption that Prime Minister Churchill, after a meeting with the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Privy Seal, the Home Secretary, and the Leader of the House of Commons, was quick to smother.) The dismissal of his father was a wound that left permanent scar tissue on the psyche of a man whose life does not appear to have been ravaged by deep emotions. Thirty years later, in Southeast Asia, a friend, noticing the photograph of his father kept always on Mountbatten's desk, remarked, "Sir, he was a greatly wronged man." "Yes, he was," Mountbatten replied. "I have only one ambition—I want to go back to sea and then to become First Sea Lord."

Mr. Ziegler's only other dip into psychohistory (a biographical method he forswears as "amateur psychology") has to do with Mountbatten's relations with his wife. They were apparently only briefly passionate. (Mr. Ziegler delivers the ex-cathedra judgment that Mountbatten was not much interested in sex.) Nevertheless, he was proud of her vivacity and beauty and hurt by her chronic infidelities, which were enough to divert his driving ambition into his career: "He would show her that, even if he could not satisfy a wife, he could still impose himself upon the Royal Navy." Through the first seventeen years of his marriage, which take us to the verge of the Second World War, he gave most of his waking hours to absorbing the best traditions of the Navy: he was physically courageous; he learned every humble and skilled job he demanded of his inferiors; and there is no doubt that he earned—short of idolatry—the affection and respect of every crew he commanded. This is true of many career men, and would not have sent Mountbatten—even with his regal and political connections—to the top. But he was a restless and imaginative innovator. Beginning as a boy who tinkered with mechanics, he willed himself into becoming a first-rate naval engineer. He was determined at every stage to modernize the training, the equipment, and the technical skill of his ships' crews, whether as a signals-school teacher, a language interpreter, or the fleet wireless officer. In 1942, after he had seen two and a half years at sea—including much dangerous action and a torpedoing (celebrated, to the disgust of the Navy brass, in Noel Coward's film "In Which We Serve")—the big leap upward came with his appointment by Churchill as Chief of Combined Operations: the bureaucratic euphemism for planning the invasion of Europe. It was a move that shocked the First Sea Lord and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, on the grounds that Mountbatten was too young, had been elevated two ranks, and, because of his royal connections, would be resented as a privileged interloper. He was later to be equally resented, for much the same reasons, as the newly appointed Supreme Commander in Southeast Asia. In these posts, which his many critics and enemies assumed he would fill with not much more than ritual grandeur, Mountbatten in fact turned out to be a goad and a gadfly to whichever establishment he was in charge of. Mr. Ziegler, in recounting this whirlwind progression, cannot bypass the occupational hazard of a biographer: his subject becomes his hero and is bound to appear at the very center of the life of his age. There are times when we are led, albeit gently, to infer that Mountbatten won the war single-handed, displaced Errol Flynn as the conqueror of Burma, and set India free. The facts that Mr. Ziegler unravels with strenuous patience from a skein of controversy, however, are: that Mountbatten is credited by Eisenhower with having invented Mulberry, the system of portable harbors without which the Normandy invasion might have failed, or, at least, faltered with great loss of life; that in Southeast Asia he opened the road to Rangoon, dramatically reduced the malaria rate among the military, invigorated the sagging morale of the British and Indian troops, and astonished the Americans with his democratic demeanor; that in India he turned out, to the surprise of most of his old detractors, to be a skillful organizer of the transition. He managed the remarkable diplomatic feat of persuading the Hindus and the British Parliament to accept the Partition, and, in a document whose authorship is as surprising as MacArthur's Japanese Constitution, he contrived the impossible: a new constitutional role for a lost empire—a sovereign democratic repub-

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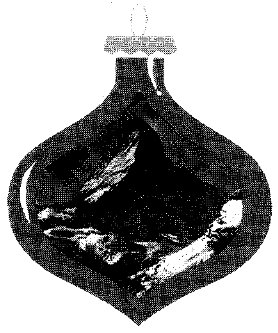

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L. L. Day
Editor-at-Large

DOUBLEDAY publishes James O'Toole's *Vanguard Management: Redesigning the Corporate Future.* It is available at all Doubleday Book Shops and other fine booksellers.

lic within the British Commonwealth.

Mr. Ziegler is nevertheless almost painfully conscientious in conceding Mountbatten's weaknesses—his consuming vanity, his tactlessness, his pushiness, his shameless exploitation of the highest connections, his obsession with the blood royal, his bedazzlement with his own ideas, and his tendency to apply them, as one colleague lamented, "like an elephant trampling down the jungle." There came a time during Mr. Ziegler's labors on this huge and graceful work when he felt compelled to stick on his desk a sign printed in block capitals: "REMEMBER, IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, HE WAS A GREAT MAN." Mr. Ziegler reproduces this desperate inspirational reminder at the end of the book. It must signify many bouts of exasperation in an author so temperate and civilized.

It is just possible that Mr. Ziegler is right, although he is not helped by a jacket blurb that suggests the reader is about to discover "the young idol of the British Navy . . . an unwavering champion of nationalism and democracy," the "adored Governor-General of India," about whom everything was "on a gigantic scale"—in short, a warrior prince who might find his proper niche in history alongside Alexander the Great and the Emperor Napoleon. For those who, on the contrary, find Mountbatten quite life-sized, an original technician, and a not very engaging or even interesting man, and who have little enthusiasm for naval engineering or—at this late date—for the Burma campaign, there is the warming consolation that Mr. Ziegler's biography is so thorough, so circumspect, so fair, so impeccably researched that there will be no need for any other. —Alistair Cooke

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[*From the St. Charles/Batavia/Geneva (Ill.) Chronicle*]

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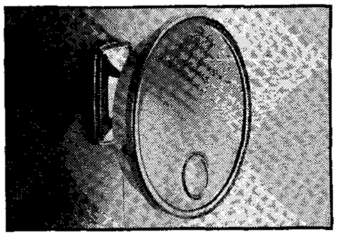

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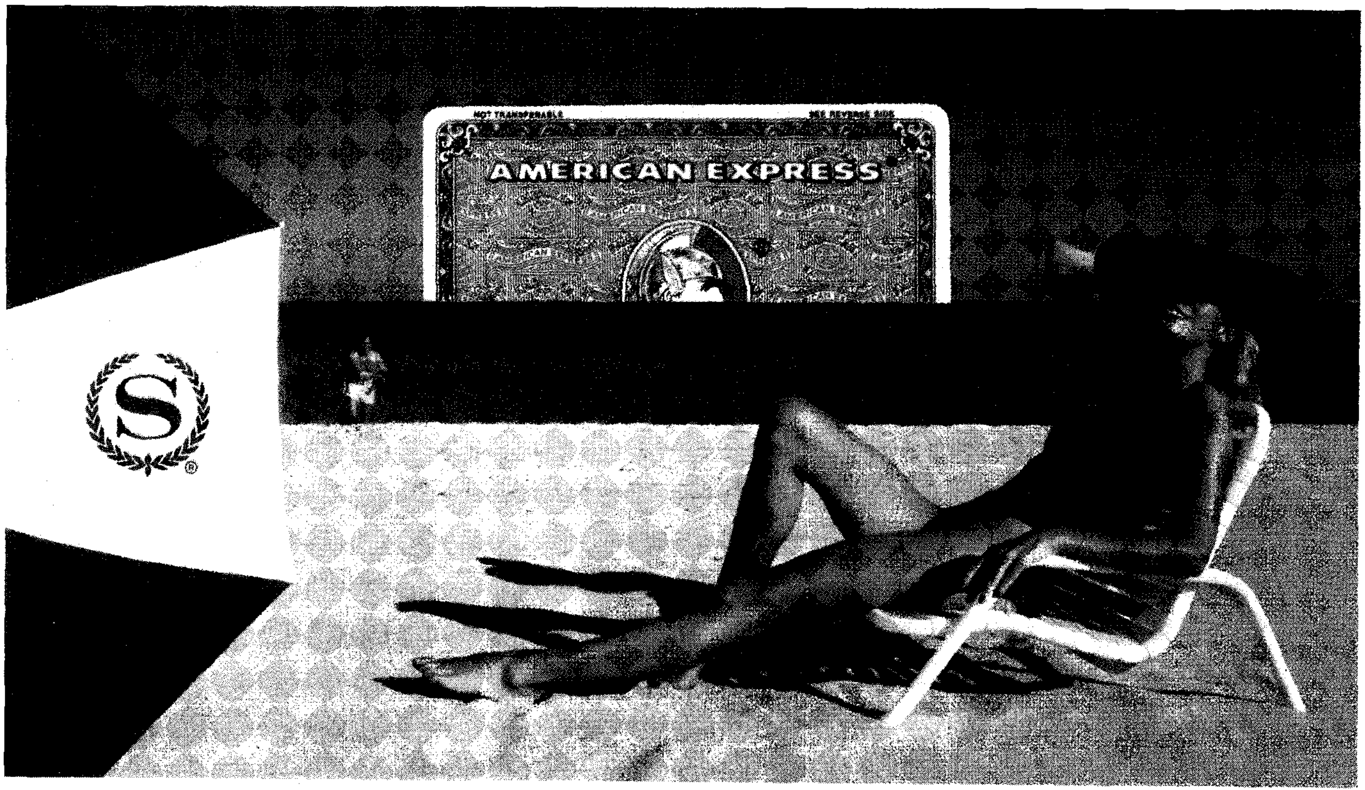

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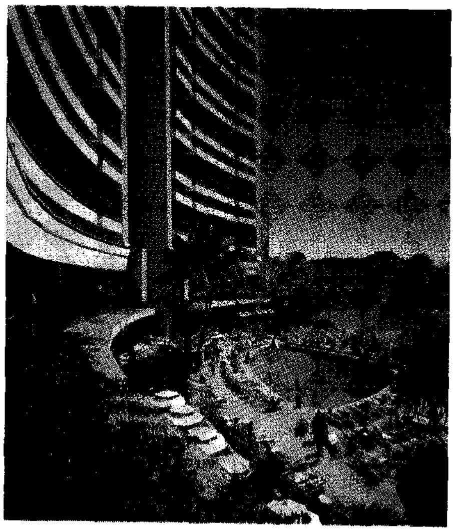

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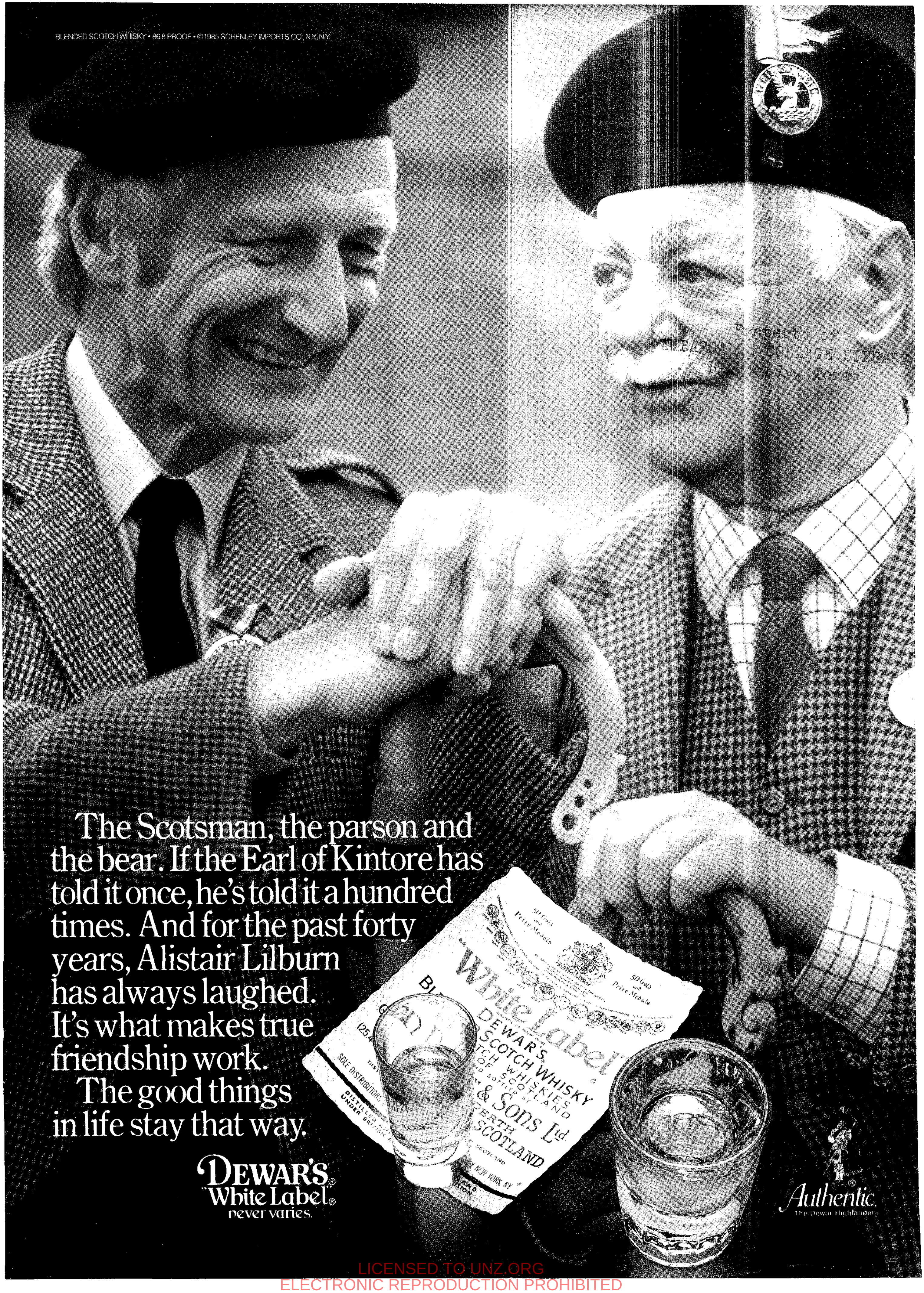
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